

Helen Gaines

With the best wishes of the Owenton Rotary Club

The Student's Code of Ethics

OWENTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS
OWENTON, KENTUCKY

By Miss Juanita Wash

I, a student of the Owenton Public Schools, shall endeavor to base my standards of living on such a high plane that I may become a worthy citizen of the community, state and nation. I, therefore, adopt the following rules and will, to the best of my ability, try to live up to them.

1. To be honest in all my work.
2. To be loyal to my parents, teachers, and classmates.
3. To be a good loser and never a boastful winner.
4. To obey and respect older persons.
5. To be clean in mind, speech, and body.
6. To try to do well whatever I undertake.
7. To do unto others as I would have them do unto me.
8. To be kind to everyone with whom I come in contact.
9. To take advantage of the great opportunities I have in school.
10. To be ready to aid others when aid is needed.

Note: The above "code" was awarded first prize in a code of ethics contest sponsored by the Owenton Rotary Club.

pryant ande saide to hym that he shold assemble all his
folk to counceyll. Ande whan they were alle comen.
Anthenor sayde to hem that for to come to þe peas of the
grikes they muste nedes paye twenty thousande mare
of golde ande of goodde paye / ande as moche of syluer /
Ande also an hunderde thousande quarters of whete.
Ande this muste be maade redy with in certayn terme.
Ande than whan they haue this / they shall sette sewerte
to holde the peas wyth out ony frowde or malengyne.
There it was ordeyned how this some shold be leuepede
and whyke they were besy ther abowtes. Anthenor
wente to the preest þe kepte the palladyum / the whiche
preest had to name Thoant / ande bare to hym a grete
quantite of golde. Ande there were they two at counceyll
Anthenor sayde to hym that he shold take this some of
golde. wherof he shold be ryche all hys lyf / ande that
he shold gyue to hym the palladyum / ande that noman
shold knowe therof / for I haue sayd he grete fere and
as moche drede as thou. that ony man shold knowe
therof. Ande I shall sende hit to vñres / ande he shall bere
the blame vpon hym. ande euery man shall saye that
vñres shall haue stolen hys / ande we shall be quyte
therof bothe two 20.

Thoant the preest resisted longe to the wordes of
Anthenor / but in the ende for covetyse of the
grete some of golde that anthenor gaf to hym.
He consentyd that he shold take the palladyum ande
bere hys away. Than Anthenor toke hys anone ande
sente hys vnto vñres / the same nyght / Ande after the
wys ranne amonge the peple that vñres by his subtilte
hys taken ande born awaye the palladyum out of trope

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF CAXTON'S RECUYELL.

The first book printed in English. See page 38. The passage tells
how Anthenor secured the palladium from the temple in Troy.
(Courtesy of the New York Public Library.)

ENGLISH LITERATURE

NEW EDITION INCLUDING RECENT AUTHORS

BY

ROY BENNETT PACE

LATE ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH
SWARTHMORE COLLEGE



ALLYN AND BACON

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To
CARLETON BROWN

PREFACE

THIS volume follows the general plan of the author's *American Literature*. Simplicity of treatment and usefulness are the chief objects sought.

Detailed treatment is given to those writers only whose works have a basis of appeal to the average student. The personal, biographical element predominates; but consistent effort has been made to bring the writers into relation with the national and world currents of thought of their times.

As in the *American Literature*, much thought has been given to illustrations. The study of what may be called literary geography and topography is a valuable aid to the study of literature. The usefulness of pictures of homes and haunts, and of portraits of the authors themselves, has long been recognized; and it is the experience of many teachers that facsimiles of manuscripts and title-pages are also of much value. Many unusual reproductions appear here, some for the first time in print.

In preparing a book of this kind, where the first and last thought is adaptability to students' needs, it is desirable to get as many points of view as possible. The author has received help from many sources, especially from his colleagues at Swarthmore and from former students now teaching in secondary schools. He is also particularly indebted to Miss Harriet G. Martin, of Wadleigh High School, New York City, and to Miss Emily F. Sleman, of Central High School, Washington, D. C., who read much of the manuscript and made many helpful suggestions.

ROY BENNETT PACE.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE,
July 4, 1918.

PREFATORY NOTE TO THE REVISED EDITION

THE revision of this book represents a substantial enlargement of the original plan. A new chapter has been added, giving a survey of recent writers and their work. The list of *Readings* has been increased by the addition of twenty-two selections from poets and prose-writers of the present day. There is a chapter on oral work, placed at the beginning of the *Readings* (page xiii), which contains a suggestive list of passages suitable for reading aloud, or for memorized recitation. The Supplementary List of Authors has been brought up to date, and the Notes considerably enlarged. The table of contents, indices, etc., have been revised throughout.

A. B. DE MILLE.

SIMMONS COLLEGE,
Boston, Massachusetts.

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A LITERARY MAP OF ENGLAND

ENGLISH LITERATURE

CHAPTER I

FROM THE BEGINNING TO THE NORMAN CONQUEST (Before 1066)

Introduction. — All of us, when we take up the study of a subject, naturally wish to be able to tell others what we are studying. At the very outset of a study of literature, however, we discover that no satisfactory definition has yet been given, and that the prospect of ever giving such a definition is small. Shakspere's dramas, Chaucer's tales in verse, Lamb's informal essays, Macaulay's formal essays in literary criticism, Huxley's formal essays on scientific subjects, Thackeray's novels, Keats's lyrics — here are a few of the kinds of writing that we call literature; and we find difficulty in saying what they have in common. As one great English writer and thinker, Dr. Samuel Johnson, once said: it is easier to say what is *not* literature than to say what *is*.

All of us have, nevertheless, even if we cannot clearly express it, a fairly definite notion of what characteristics a piece of writing must have to be classed as literature, although there is the widest disagreement as to degrees of literary merit. The phrase "English literature" is universally understood to mean the literature produced in the British Isles.

Coming of Angles and Saxons to Britain. — English literature is usually said to have begun about the middle of the

fifth century, when some Teutonic tribes, Angles and Saxons, came to the island of Britain and conquered the native Celts. The writings of the seven centuries following are, in fact, often called Anglo-Saxon.

The Oldest English Poem. — This Anglo-Saxon (or, as it is sometimes called, “Old English”) literature is preserved in several large manuscripts in the libraries of the British



EXETER CATHEDRAL.

Where many valuable manuscripts are kept.

Museum, Oxford University, Exeter Cathedral, and in a few fragments elsewhere. The *Exeter Book* contains many poems, including what is probably the most ancient piece of writing in Anglo-Saxon. This ancient piece is called *Widsith* (pronounced Weedseeth), “Far-Traveler,” possibly the author’s name, but more probably a mere epithet applied to him.

This poem of 143 lines tells the wanderings of the bard, or “scōp,” as he was called, through many lands. He is pictured as a true artist, whose chief delight is in the practice

of his art, though its cordial reception by great folk contributes also to his happiness. The poem has little interest in itself; but it is valuable for its side-light on some characters in *Beowulf*, and for the portrayal of the “scōp,” or professional poet, an important member of every nobleman’s retinue. His business it was to inspire the warriors to battle, to entertain them at night in the mead-hall, and to chant requiems over the great dead.

“**Beowulf.**” — The oldest piece of English literature having real interest to-day is the epic poem, *Beowulf*. Though the date of composition of this hero-poem is unknown, it is certainly the oldest epic in any Teutonic language. Parts of it were undoubtedly written after the Christianizing of the Anglo-Saxons in Britain (*i.e.*, after 597 A.D.); but most of the poem is as certainly pre-Christian. Furthermore, although the only version we have of the story is in the language of England, the hero is a Scandinavian, and the action takes place somewhere on the continent — the geography of the poem is far from clear. The story, in brief, is as follows:

Beowulf, nephew to Hygelac, King of the Geats (in Southern Sweden?), hears that Hrothgar, King of the Danes, is suffering from the nightly ravages of a monster named Grendel. For twelve years this terrible being has been visiting Hrothgar’s great hall, Heorot, and making away with the king’s warriors — with as many as thirty in a single night. When this story reaches Beowulf’s ears, he sets out with fourteen comrades to rid Heorot of its terror. On the night of their arrival a great feast is set forth, graced by the presence of Hrothgar’s queen, Wealhtheow. When the warriors (all except Beowulf) have retired, Grendel comes; and after devouring one of the Danes, attacks Beowulf. Finding that the Geat hero is too strong for him, Grendel escapes, but leaves an arm in Beowulf’s grasp, and dies of the wound in his cave at the bottom of a lake.

Next evening another feast is spread in Beowulf's honor, and rich gifts are presented to him. The time of rejoicing, however, is short; for when the warriors have again sought their beds, Grendel's mother comes seeking vengeance, and carries off Æschere, Hrothgar's dearest counsellor. Beowulf pursues her to her cave under the waters; and after a day of hard fighting returns with the heads of both monsters as trophies. The Geats then set sail for home, laden with treasures sent by Hrothgar to Hygelac and his queen, Hygd.

Subsequently, when Beowulf has been king of the Geats for fifty years, his land is ravaged by a dragon. The old king slays



CAEDMON CROSS AT WHITBY.

the fire-spitting beast, but is himself mortally wounded. In accordance with his dying request, the treasure is brought from the dragon's lair; the dragon's body is thrown into the sea, the hero's body is burned, and the treasure deposited in a mound built on the funeral pyre.

Importance of the Poem. — The poem gives a fairly full account of the life of our ancestors before they came to Britain. Lines 838–1250 present an entire day, from early morning when the warriors gathered in the gift-hall, till the hour when they “sank to sleep,” each with his armor and

weapons at hand. "It was their custom," says the poet, "to be always ready to fight, whether at home or in the field, wherever their liege-lord needed them." We learn that they were a seafaring people; that they believed their lives (and deaths) were ordained by fate (*wyrd*); that music, both vocal and instrumental, was with them a much-loved and all but universally practised art; and that the virtues of courtesy and hospitality were in high esteem among them.

The author, the time, and the scene of *Beowulf* are unknown. Indeed the general belief is that, while in its present form it is the work of one man, it was built up from several separate lays; and that "the formation of the poem . . . must have occupied at least the greater part of a century."¹

Although the authors of these productions of pagan England are unknown, the names of two early Christian poets have come down to us, Cædmon and Cynewulf. (Kǣ'd mun, Kǣ'newulf.) Beyond the characterization of



RUINS OF WHITBY ABBEY.

¹ *Cambridge History of English Literature*, I, 31.

them furnished by their poems, however, it cannot be said that we have any certain knowledge of them.

Cædmon. — The first-named lived at the Abbey of Whitby, in Yorkshire, toward the end of the seventh century. We learn from Bede, the early historian of Britain, that Cædmon was an uneducated man, and that for this reason he used to leave the gatherings in the Abbey at festival times before his turn to sing. One night when he had retired from such a gathering and was sleeping in the stable, a voice said to him: "Cædmon, sing me something." He replied that he could not: the voice repeated its demand. "What shall I sing?" asked he. "Sing the beginning of things," said the voice. Immediately he began a poem in praise of God, which he subsequently enlarged greatly, telling the story of Genesis, Exodus, and Daniel. This poem, commonly referred to as Cædmon's *Paraphrase*, is thought by some to have given Milton hints for *Paradise Lost*.

Cynewulf. — The name of Cynewulf we know from his working it into several of his poems by means of symbols called "runes." Of his life it cannot be said that we really *know* anything, though several more or less plausible theories give him a time and a place. Many poems have been attributed to him which most scholars to-day believe to be not his; but there are three which are still accepted as written by Cynewulf somewhat less than a hundred years after Cædmon. They are *Christ*, treating of the Birth, Ascension, and Second Coming of Christ; *Life of Saint Juliana*; and *Elene*, based on the story of the Emperor Constantine's mother, who found the true cross. These poems of Cynewulf, with *Beowulf*, and the *Phænix*, founded on a Latin poem of the fourth century, but modified into an allegory of the Resurrection, show Anglo-Saxon poetry at its best.

Characteristics of Anglo-Saxon Poetry: (1) Form. — The student who for the first time looks at a page of Anglo-Saxon poetry is naturally bewildered. Not only is the language entirely unfamiliar to him: he is impressed by the utter dissimilarity between the verse and modern English poetry.

Beowulf, on his presentation to Hrothgar, says:

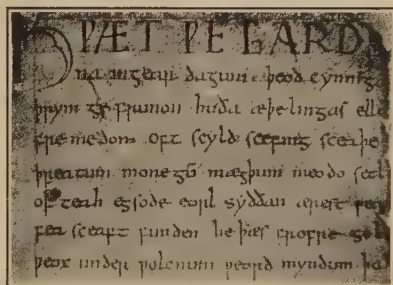
“ Wæs þu, Hroðgar, hal!
mæg ond mago-ðegn;
ongunnen on geogoþe.
on minre eþel-tyrf

Ic eom Higelaces
hæbbe ic mæra fela
Me wearð Grendles þing
undyrne cuð.”¹

There is no end-rhyme; the lines are of varying length; and there is a space in the middle of each line dividing it into two parts.

It is, of course, altogether different from the poetry of, say, Tennyson or Poe. The unit is, not the line, but the half-line; and the half-line is classified, not by the number of syllables it contains, but by the number and position of its accents. The

two parts of the line are bound together by alliteration — *i.e.*, “the riming of the initial sounds of . . . rhythmically accented syllables.”



BEOWULF MANUSCRIPT.

Facsimile of page 1.
(British Museum.)

¹ Free translation: “Hail to thee, Hrothgar! I am Hygelac’s kinsman and retainer; I did many great deeds in my youth. To me in my native land has come news of this affair of Grendel.” (The symbols þ and ð are equivalent to modern *th*; æ is not *a+e*, but a separate vowel sounded nearly like *a* in modern *at*.)

In the passage quoted from *Beowulf* the first line has rhythmical accents on "Hroðgar," "hal," and "Hygelaces;" the second, on "mæg," "mago-," and "mærða;" the third, on "-gun-," "geogoþe," and "Grendles;" the fourth (vowel-alliteration — any vowel alliterating with any other), on the first syllables of "eþel-tyrf" and "undyrne." The first half of the first and second lines and the second half of the third have five syllables each; the second half of the first and the first half of the fourth have six syllables; the second half of the second and the first half of the third line have seven syllables; and the second half of the fourth has four.

(2) **Subject-matter.** — The subject-matter of this poetry is very limited: it deals with religion or with heroes. Nature, except the sea, produces no outbursts of feeling from Anglo-Saxon poets. A sense of humor seems not to have been among their gifts. The emotion of love, which has occasioned so many of the greatest poems in all languages, finds no expression in their verse.

(3) **Style.** — The lack of these features does not, however, signify a lack of interest for the reader. Even in translation we may see the poet's fondness for striking figures of speech, especially metaphors, very frequently in the form of compound words. For example, the body is called the "bone-house," the dragon in *Beowulf* is a "twilight-flier," the sun is "God's bright candle," the sea is "the whale-road," the ship is a "wave-rider." The devotion of warriors to their leader, the bravery and magnanimity of the leader himself, the universal practice of hospitality, make a real appeal to the reader who is not entirely dominated by modern ideas of poetic art.

The "Venerable" Beda. — The earliest prose-writer of Saxon England wrote almost wholly in Latin; and his one

work in Anglo-Saxon — a translation of the Gospel of Saint John — is not extant. This is Bede, or Beda, usually called the “Venerable” Beda, after the epitaph placed over his grave in Durham by a devoted admirer. His whole life (673–735) was spent in the county of Durham, most of it in the monastery of Jarrow, at the mouth of the river Tyne.



DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

Where Beda is buried.

His most important work is *Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Anglorum* (“Ecclesiastical History of the English People”), which is our main dependence for the facts of English history from the time of Cæsar’s invasion (55 B.C.). The “Ecclesiastical History” holds a place in English literature by reason of its translation into Anglo-Saxon by Alfred a century and a half after Beda’s death.

From North to South. — Cædmon, Cynewulf, Beda, all lived in northern England, the country of the Angles. Here in the great monasteries had been gathered extensive libraries in connection with which schools were established. Their influence was felt not only in England but also on the continent, whither some of the English scholars went, taking with them copies of the works treasured in the monastic libraries.¹

With the ninth century, as a result of the Danish invasions, the chief home of England's literary activity shifted from north to south. Landing in the north, the Danes laid waste the country, ruthlessly destroying the monasteries, and threatening the entire land. That they were stopped before making a complete conquest was due to the bravery and effective leadership of Alfred, King of Wessex (*i.e.*, of the West Saxons), called the Great. At Edington in Wiltshire in 878 the Danes were defeated, and shortly afterward, by the Treaty of Wedmore, acknowledged Alfred as chief ruler of the country.

Alfred's Literary Labors. — With the success of Alfred on the field of battle came the ascendancy of his kingdom in literature as well as in politics. From the time of his accession, seven years before the Treaty of Wedmore, he had set himself to arouse interest in education and religion, founding new religious houses and attracting scholars to them, translating many Latin works of interest and profit to Englishmen.

Among the works put into English by Alfred himself or by men associated with him are: *History of the World*, by Orosius, a Spanish priest of the fifth century; *Consolations of Philosophy*, by Boethius (pronounced Bō ē'thī ūs), a Roman

¹ All of these works were, of course, in manuscript. See page 36 ff.

who is supposed to have written the book while in prison for political crimes; the *Pastoral Care* (a hand-book for priests), by Pope Gregory I; and the *Ecclesiastical History* of Beda. The works are not always literally translated, the *Consolations of Philosophy* in particular showing great freedom in rendering, and containing many passages inserted by Alfred himself.

In his *Preface* to the *Pastoral Care* King Alfred laments



STATUE OF KING ALFRED, WINCHESTER.

the decay of learning in England, and lays plans for the revival of it. Writing to his bishops, he says:

“It has very often come into my mind what wise men there were formerly throughout England, both of sacred and secular orders; and how happy times there were then throughout England. . . . So general was the decay of learning in England that there were very few who could understand their rituals in English when I came to the throne. . . . Therefore it seems better to me, if ye think so, for us to translate some books which are most needful for men to know into the language which

we can all understand, and for you to do as we very easily can if we have tranquillity enough, that is that all the youth now in England of free men, who are rich enough to be able to devote themselves to it, be set to learn as long as they are not fit for any other occupation, until they are well able to read English writing; and let those be afterward taught in the Latin language who are to continue learning and be promoted to a higher rank."



ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, NEAR CANTERBURY.

On this site stood the first church in Britain used by Augustine.

"**The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.**" — More important, all things considered, than any of these translations is the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, begun under the inspiration of Alfred's illustrious court at Winchester, if not under the direct supervision of the King. This work, based on Beda's history and the additions from various cathedrals and monasteries, was continued to the death of King Stephen in 1154, and is the basis of our knowledge of twelve centuries of British history. The entries vary greatly in length and importance. For the year 444, for example, the entire record is that "Saint Martin died;" whereas for 449 there

is an account in much detail of the coming of the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes. For 774 we read :

“In this year a red cross appeared in the heavens after sunset; and in this year the Mercians and Kentish men fought at Otford, and wondrous serpents were seen in the South Saxons’ land.”

Occasionally the simple prose of the *Chronicle* is broken by a spirited poem, of which the best are the *Battle of Brunanburh*, celebrating the victory of Alfred’s grandson Athelstan over the Danes in 937; and the *Battle of Maldon*, recording the defeat in 991 of the Saxons under Byrhtnoth by the Danes. A good idea of the *Battle of Brunanburh* may be got from the concluding section of Tennyson’s translation :

“Never had huger
Slaughter of heroes
Slain by the sword-edge —
Such as old writers
Have writ of in histories —
Hapt in this isle, since
Up from the East hither
Saxon and Angle from
Over the broad billow
Broke into Britain with
Haughty war-workers who
Harried the Welshman, when
Earls that were lured by the
Hunger of glory gat
Hold of the land.”¹

Decay of Anglo-Saxon Literature. — With the passing of Alfred a great incentive to literary production passed; and both the Anglo-Saxon literature and the Anglo-Saxon lan-

¹ The translation gives a good idea of the *form* of Anglo-Saxon poetry. See pages 7–8.

guage underwent a rapid decay. During the century and a half between Alfred's death (901) and the Norman Conquest (1066) it seems that no poetry was produced; and the small amount of prose from the same period is not of high order. Besides the *Chronicle* the chief contributions to literature were sermons and saints' lives. Two writers of these are known to us by name — Ælfric, abbot of Eynsham near Oxford, and Wulfstan, Archbishop of York. Their interest for us to-day is very slight. It is merely, says Andrew Lang, "that they upheld a standard of learning and of godly living, in evil times of fire and sword, and that English prose became a rather better literary instrument in their hands."

Under Alfred's successors the Danes regained most of their lost territory; and the decay of national life went along with, possibly helped to bring about, the decay of language and literature. The nation needed new life; and this was brought to it by the great event — the Norman Conquest — with which our next chapter begins.

CHAPTER II

FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST TO THE DEATH OF CHAUCER (1066-1400)

Origin of the Normans. — A few years after Alfred's death some Scandinavian pirates sailed southward and invaded what is now northern France. So bold and pressing were they that Charles the Simple ceded to them the duchy of Normandy to stop their encroachments. The newcomers, called Normans (that is, *North-men*), soon mixed with the natives, producing a new race having the strength and boldness of the North, and the grace and refinement of the South. In 1066 they invaded England, and defeated Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, in the battle of Hastings. The coming of this new race was unquestionably beneficial in every way to the people of Britain.



WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.
Statue at Falaise, his birthplace.

Too much emphasis is usually laid upon the antagonism and separation between Saxons and Normans. In the popular mind the picture in *Ivanhoe* fairly represents conditions at the end of the twelfth century; whereas the distinction between Norman and Saxon had virtually disappeared within half a century after the Conquest. When Henry I, third of the Norman sovereigns of England, married a direct descendant of Alfred the Great, there could be no further ground for calling a man superior or inferior because he was a Norman or a Saxon. Henry, moreover, was born and educated in England, and almost certainly learned the English language in school.

Immediate Effect of Conquest on Language and Literature. — The English began immediately to adopt many Norman-French words, though neither the written nor the spoken language became anything like French. The fact that even at the present time English has more words from other sources than from Anglo-Saxon does not signify that the native element of our vocabulary is small; for of the words used oftenest by us all, the Anglo-Saxon are far more numerous. For about a century and a half after the conquest, moreover, it does not appear that literature was greatly enriched by works in either Norman-French, English, or a mixture of the two. Latin was the literary language of Europe, and the meagre literary product of Britain was in the same language.

Geoffrey of Monmouth: Arthurian Legends. — This British literature in Latin is chiefly in the form of chronicles, of which the work most important to English literature is the *Historia Regum Britanniae* ("History of the Kings of Britain"), written about 1135 by Geoffrey of Monmouth. Geoffrey, a Welsh priest, claimed that he compiled his history from authentic sources; but his learned contemporaries

disputed his claim, and subsequent scholarship has not certainly discovered authorities for any large portion of his work.

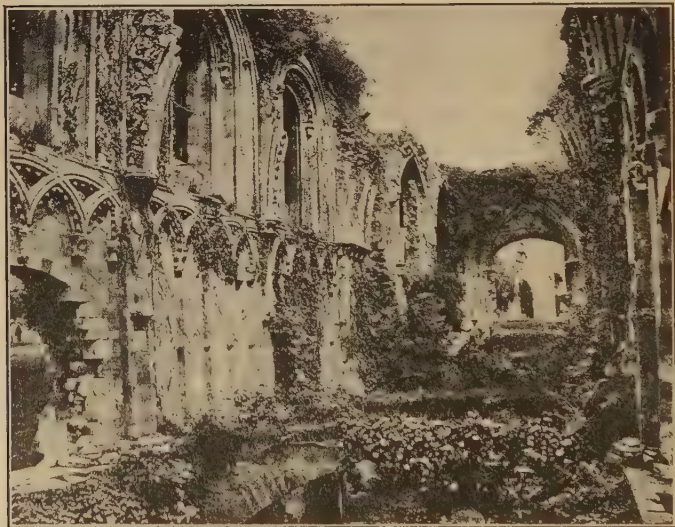
Of Geoffrey's life we know almost nothing; but neither his life nor his literary antecedents can add to or detract from his importance to English literature. It is to Geoffrey's *History* that we must trace the stories used by Shakspeare in *King Lear* and *Cymbeline*; and more important even than these, the stories of King Arthur. Whether or not Geoffrey invented the romance of Arthur will probably never be known; but the important fact to note is that Geoffrey first put the material into literary form. His work was soon done into French verse by one Wace, and from French into English about 1205 by Layamon. Parts of the legend were put into French by Chrétien de Troyes and others, into German by Wolfram von Eschenbach, into numerous anonymous romances, both prose and verse, in all the languages of Europe. A compilation from all sorts of sources was made toward the close of the fifteenth century by Malory;¹ and from that day to our own the legend has attracted the pens of many poets, including Tennyson, Swinburne, Matthew Arnold, and William Morris.

Other Romances. — Besides Arthur and his knights other heroes were made the subjects of romances. Some of these deal with Charlemagne and his peers, others with Alexander the Great, still others with purely Germanic figures like Bevis of Hampton, Havelok the Dane, and King Horn. Of most of these romances versions exist in various other languages, and it is usually impossible to say which is the original or whether the original is extant. Such a thing as literary property was unknown until very modern times; and writers

¹ See page 38.

of either fiction or history were at liberty to use any matter that came to their hands.

Furthermore, in many cases the writers probably drew more largely from folk-tales current in all lands than from any written story. A possible example of this sort of procedure is the account of a hero's boyhood, of which the most famous



RUINS OF MONASTERY AT GLASTONBURY.

Where King Arthur was said to have been buried.

is the story of Perceval, one of Arthur's knights. This is told in romances extant in English, French, German, and Welsh; and in the opinion of most scholars it is impossible to determine whether any one of the four is the "original." The same sort of story, moreover, is told in folk-tales of almost every country, and of numerous heroes, — one of Finn, in an Irish manuscript dating probably from the tenth century.

“**Sir Gawain and the Green Knight.**” — One of the finest of the romances in English is *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, a story belonging to the Arthurian cycle and dating in its extant form from the latter part of the fourteenth century. In this romance, as in many, two stories originally separate are brought together. The second deals with the testing of Gawain's purity. The first, regarding the origin and development of which a vigorous controversy between scholars has raged for years, deals with the testing of his bravery, and runs as follows:

On New Year's Day, when Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table are just beginning a feast, a huge knight clad all in green and riding a horse of that color rides into the hall and demands a boon. In his hand he carries a huge axe; and he desires that some knight give him a blow with the axe, and promise to seek the Green Knight a year from that time and take without resistance a similar blow. Gawain, Arthur's nephew and the most courteous of the Round Table, accepts the challenge. After the blow is given, the Green Knight takes up his head and rides out, the head calling upon Gawain to keep his appointment next New Year's Day at the Green Chapel. Faithful to his word, Gawain reaches the chapel on the appointed day, and finds his antagonist awaiting him. The Green Knight makes only a feint of slaying Gawain, and then explains that the whole performance was planned merely to try “the most faultless knight that ever walked the earth.”

Religious Works. — Side by side with the romances appeared from about the year 1200 numerous religious works, most of which can be called literature only by exercise of great courtesy. Of these the most famous are the *Poema Morale*, or Moral Ode; *Ormulum*, a series of sermons in verse; *Ancren Riwe* (pronounce Riwe as if written “Rula”), or Rule for Nuns, written for the guidance of three noble women who belonged to no order; *Cursor Mundi*, relating in rhyme the whole “course of the world” from creation to

doomsday, and adding many legends to the Bible narrative. With the exception of *Ormulum*, which was so named "because Orm composed it," we can attach no author's name to these works.

From the great mass of religious writing, however, the names of two writers stand out prominently; one by reason of his great influence, the other as producer of perhaps the most famous piece of "vision" literature in English. These writers are John Wiclif and William Langland.

Wiclif. — Although satisfactory evidence regarding many events in Wiclif's life is lacking, we are reasonably sure that



JOHN WICLIF.

he was born from fifteen to twenty years before Chaucer; and we know that he died in 1384 — about the time that Chaucer was maturing the plan for *The Canterbury Tales*. He was educated at Oxford, and in 1360 was master (that is, president) of one of the colleges there, Balliol (Bāl-yol). On becoming rector of a neighboring church not long after, he gave up his college position; and to the end of his life he was a zealous preacher and laborer for the good of the common people. Eight years before

his death he had been summoned before an ecclesiastical court to give account of his preaching; and only the force of

popular feeling in his favor prevented his being arrested on an order from the Pope.

Wiclif's Bible. — Wiclif's offences in the eyes of the church were his objection to various dogmas, and his unsparing criticism of a self-indulgent priesthood. His contribution to literature was a direct result of the first of these: he brought about the translation into English of the entire Bible, that the people might read and interpret for themselves, and that each individual might work out a rule of life for himself. Addressed chiefly to the uneducated, Wiclif's Bible is characterized by the simplicity and directness of style, and by the preference for homely, everyday language that characterized its great successor, the King James, or "Authorized" Version. The reformer had many able assistants, and it is not certain just how much of the translation was done by Wiclif himself, and how much under his direction. Nearly the whole of the New Testament, however, is believed to be his.

Langland. — We have named William Langland as the second great name connected with religious writing of this period. This name is given to the author of a work called the *Vision of Piers the Plowman*, written about 1362, and subsequently revised and extended. For a number of years a controversy has raged over the authorship of the *Vision*, some scholars believing that as many as five authors had a hand in writing it.¹ From the point of view of the average student this question is of little or no consequence. *Piers the Plowman* makes an appeal to all interested in the life of the Middle Ages, in the history of religious thought, or in allegorical and vision literature.

¹ See Manly, in *Cambridge History*, vol. II, chap. I.

“**Piers Plowman.**” — In the “Prologue” the author represents himself as falling asleep, one May morning, on a hill, and having a marvelous dream. In this dream he saw “a fair field of folk,” — folk of all social classes, all occupations, all shades of character. There were farm-laborers, merchants, representatives of various religious orders, jesters and jugglers (“Judas children”), lawyers and beggars, butchers and barons. “All this I saw sleeping, and seven times more.” The people, almost without exception, are engaged in occupations which are either positively harmful or else useless. Besides the persons named from their employments there are numerous personified abstractions — Truth, Falsehood, Guile, Duplicity, Meed, Theology, Conscience; and in the very complicated allegory of the poem the abuses of the day are attacked and the people are exhorted to better living.

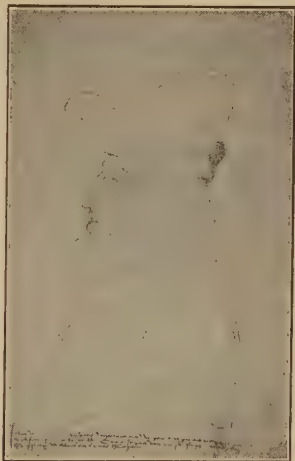
On the formal side *Piers Plowman* is important because it was written in the alliterative, unrhymed metre of Anglo-Saxon verse. No English poem was written subsequently in this form — modern English poetry has followed Chaucer, who adopted and modified the French form, characterized by end-rhyme and a regularly recurring accent or stress.

Mandeville’s “Travels.” — Another work of the fourteenth century of interest to modern as well as mediæval readers is a curious one known as the *Travels of Sir John Mandeville*. This book “had been a household work in eleven languages and for five centuries before it was ascertained that Sir John never lived, that his travels never took place, and that his personal experiences, long the test of others’ veracity, were compiled out of every possible authority, going back to Pliny, if not further.”¹

¹ *Cambridge History*, II, 90.

It pretends to give the experiences of the author, an English knight, on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, starting from St. Albans in Hertfordshire in 1322. It pretends to be a guide for other pilgrims, and hence has somewhat of a religious flavor; but its best claim to distinction now is as the first English prose work of which the aim is entertainment. Its effect comes chiefly from a trick used afterward with great success by Defoe and Swift, the use of exact figures and of numerous circumstantial details in connection with the wonders described.

In a certain lake, for example, grow reeds thirty fathoms long; and others apparently longer, at the roots of which are found precious stones of great virtues. A further evidence of his truthfulness is the occasional admission that he speaks from hearsay; as when we read: "In the Isle of Lango is yet the daughter of Hippocras, in form and like-



MANDEVILLE.

From a drawing in a MS. in the British Museum.

ness of a great dragon, that is a hundred fathoms in length, as men say; for I have not seen her." Or: "Of Paradise I cannot speak properly, for I was not there."

That the work was immensely popular is shown by the existence to-day of some 300 manuscripts of it. Its setting forth what was accepted as fact by the best thinkers of Mandeville's time makes it worthy of attention to-day. Notable examples of this are his account of the cotton plant and his belief in the roundness of the earth. (It must be

remembered that he wrote a century before Columbus sailed westward for India.) The *Travels* is, moreover, written in an almost uniformly easy, smooth style: open the volume quite at random, and one will assuredly find interesting matter.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, 1340-1400

There remains to be treated in this period one writer whose fame rests on a far solidier basis than any yet mentioned.



CHAUCER.

From the Ellesmere MS.
(British Museum.)

No concession need be made on historical or other grounds to place Chaucer high, not only among medieval poets, not only among English poets, but among poets of all times and lands. Even Matthew Arnold, who denies Chaucer a position among "the great classics," admits that his poetry shows a "large, free, simple, clear yet kindly view of human life"; that he is "a genuine source of joy and strength"; and that he has "the power to

survey the world from a central, a truly human point of view."¹ If these admissions are justified, the denial of "classic" standing to the poet must be due to a very restricted use of the term.

We have, along with much uncertainty, more information regarding Chaucer's life than regarding any writer previously considered. For these additional facts we are indebted not at all to great appreciation in his day of his literary efforts,

¹ "The Study of Poetry," in *Essays in Criticism, Second Series*.

but to his activity in public affairs. At various times he held a municipal appointment in London, sat in Parliament, served in the army, and performed diplomatic errands on the Continent.

Early Life. — Geoffrey Chaucer was a Londoner, the son of a wine merchant, who at one time, possibly but by no means surely at the time of the poet's birth, lived in Thames Street. The location gains interest from the fact that near at hand is the bridge across which pilgrims to Canterbury passed. The occupation of the poet's father was no hindrance to social aspirations; and at the age of seventeen Geoffrey was attached to a royal household — that of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III. Although there is no evidence regarding the character or extent of his education, his writings show that he was well informed along all lines of interest in his day. His enjoyment of the King's favor is shown by the fact that, on his being captured while serving in the army in France a few years later, Edward himself contributed to the fund for Chaucer's ransom.

Continued in the Favor of the Great. — Chaucer also profited by the favor of Edward's fourth son, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. One of his earliest poems, *The Death of Blanche the Duchess*, was written in memory of John's first wife. It is thought by some that Philippa, the poet's wife, was a kinswoman of Gaunt. Finally, it is known that Gaunt's son, Henry IV, on his accession to the throne in 1399, restored to Chaucer the pension stopped in the last years of Richard's reign when Gaunt was out of the country. This continued association with great folk was of immense help as a preparation for his work. Even the *Canterbury Tales*, though none of the pilgrims are from the higher walks of life, are written, not for the uneducated, but for the cul-

tured. This fact becomes quite plain when one compares Chaucer's work with Wiclif's or with *Piers Plowman*.

Under Italian Influence. — With the exception of *The Death of Blanche* no work of Chaucer written prior to his



THE OLD TABARD INN, SOUTHWARK.

thirtieth year calls for mention here. Before his next important work appeared he had visited various cities of Italy¹

¹ It should, perhaps, be remarked that the *Life of St. Cecilia*, assigned to the Second Nun in the Canterbury collection, was probably written about the time of the first Italian journey. *The Knight's Tale* also may be a revision of an earlier work of the poet.

on government business, and had come under the influence of the great Italian writers, Boccaccio and Petrarch; and that of Dante, who had been dead fifty years and who was already a literary saint.

To this "period of Italian influence" belong *The Parliament of Fowles* (Assembly of Birds), celebrating the betrothal of King Richard II in 1382; *The House of Fame*, an unfinished dream poem, the meaning of which is still in dispute; *Troilus and Criseyde*, a very free adaptation of Boccaccio's version of the Trojan hero's love story; and the *Legend of Good Women*, an apology (real or pretended) for earlier unfavorable presentations of women.

"The Canterbury Tales"; (1) **The Form.** — While he was writing the *Legend*, Chaucer was probably planning his greatest work, *The Canterbury Tales*, of which the *Prologue* and most of the tales may be dated between his forty-fifth and fiftieth years. For a number of tales sources have been found; for yet another number, close parallels; for the collection as a whole no model has been suggested offering resemblances enough to be worth discussing. The idea of setting a number of stories in a "frame" is very old; but Chaucer's pilgrimage is distinctly a frame of his own making, the material of which he obtained from personal experience.

(2) **The Plan.** — The plan of the *Canterbury Tales*, which should be read by all in Chaucer's own words, *Prologue*, lines 1-42, 715-858, is as follows:

The poet stopping one April evening at the Tabard Inn in Southwark (south side of the Thames, just across the bridge from Thames Street) finds a party of twenty-nine "sundry folk" gathered, ready to start next day on a pilgrimage to Canterbury — especially to the tomb of Thomas à Becket the martyr. He becomes one "of their fellowship" immediately,

and decides to accompany them. The Host of the Tabard, Harry Bailly, also decides to join the party; and proposes that, in order to pass the time pleasantly, they tell stories on the road. Each pilgrim (except the Host) is to tell two stories on the way to Canterbury, and two on the way back; and he who tells the best will have a supper at the Tabard at the expense of the rest — Harry Bailly being the judge, and (though he does not call attention to the fact) the provider of the meal.

(3) **The Pilgrims.** — The portion of the *Prologue* from line 42 to line 715 contains descriptions of the pilgrims. This



CHAUCER'S PRIORESS.
From the Ellesmere MS.

is the famous gallery of portraits which justifies Arnold's words of praise quoted above. Of gentle folk there are a Knight, a Prioress, a Clerk (Scholar), a Lawyer, a Doctor; of tradespeople, a Shipman, a Woman from Bath, a Manciple (Steward), a Merchant; of common people, a Miller, a Friar, a Summoner (a knavish official of the ecclesiastical court), a Cook, a Pardoner.

Although in a sense these figures are types, they are strongly individualized. The poet has created persons representative of certain classes, yet with physical, mental, or moral peculiarities that distinguish each of them.

The Lawyer, for example, was the busiest man one could find —

“And yet he semed bisier than he was.”

The Cook was admirable in every part of his business; but it was a great pity that he had a bad sore on

his shin. The Squire was singing or playing the flute all day —

“He was as fresh as is the month of May.”

The Prioress had the daintiest table manners possible, and in addition —

“She wolde wepe, if that she sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
Of smale houndes had she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel-breed.
But sore weep she if oon of hem were deed,
Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte :
And al was conscience and tendre herte.”

In contrast with the Prioress is the Wife of Bath, who, though she was “a worthy woman all her life,” was nevertheless furious if any woman took precedence of her in church. Every student should know at least a few of these pictures exactly as the artist drew them.

If the plan set forth in the *Prologue* had been carried out, there would be about 125 tales. There are, in fact, only twenty-four, of which two are not finished (the Squire's, and Chaucer's own “Sir Thopas”) and a third (the Cook's) is not even well begun. To fulfil such a plan would require the whole of a long working life, and probably no poet at the outset of his career is capable of projecting so ambitious a work.

(4) **The Tales.** — Of the completed tales probably the company (which would judge, naturally, by standards of their day, not of ours) would have voted the Knight's to be the best. This tale of the brothers Palamon and Arcite and their love for Emily has a wealth of detail of chivalric custom, and many magnificent pictures.

The pilgrims would doubtless have been highly entertained by the ribald tales of some of the commons, and touched by

the tragedy of Virginia as recounted by the Doctor. It is hard to think that they did more than endure the Parson's discourse on "The Seven Deadly Sins," eminently fitting though it was that he should choose such a theme. The



PLACE OF BECKET'S MARTYRDOM.

In Canterbury Cathedral.

appropriateness of tale to teller is further shown by the Nun's Priest's Cock and Fox story, with its wholesome morals of "never trust to flattery," and "never talk when you should hold your peace;" by "Patient Griselda" from the Clerk, which he learned from Petrarch, "the laureate poet;" by the Pardoner's story of the three "rioters" who met violent deaths at each other's hands because of their cupidity.

Merits of the "Canterbury Tales." — We must say, then, that, even with no other work before us than the *Can-*

terbury Tales, the author is entitled to rank very high among literary artists for (1) the originality of his conception, (2) the wonderful group of human portraits, (3) the fitting of tale to teller, and (4) his power as a story-teller.

Reversal of Fortune. — When Chaucer was working at the *Legend* and planning the *Canterbury Tales*, he was still an official of the crown — Controller of Customs in London.



POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The bust in the foreground is of Longfellow.

In 1386 he represented the county of Kent in Parliament; but from now on his fortunes were at a low ebb for many years, probably through no incompetence, and through no

fault save his attachment to John of Gaunt. John lost his influence with the King, and Chaucer was deprived of his position.

Not long after this Philippa Chaucer died, and her pension was discontinued. He was compelled to dispose of his own pensions for a fixed sum; and after receiving in 1394 another pension of £20 a year had frequently to procure loans before the payments were due. During these years of financial embarrassment he wrote little; no long work except the *Astro-labe*, a prose treatise on astronomy written for "little Lewis my son," about whom we know nothing more.

Last Days. — With the accession of Henry IV in 1399, Chaucer's prospects improved. Another substantial pension was granted to him, on the basis of which he leased a house in Westminster. Fate did not allow him a long residence here: by the best information we have, it appears that he died in less than a year — on October 25, 1400. He was the first poet to be buried in that portion of the Abbey now known as Poets' Corner.

CHAPTER III

FROM THE DEATH OF CHAUCER TO THE ACCESSION OF ELIZABETH (1400-1558)

1. THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

Fifteenth-century Literature. — Fifteenth-century literature was strikingly inferior to that of the fourteenth. No poet appeared who showed more than occasional traces of power. Chaucer's professed disciples, Lydgate and Occleve, failed utterly to give evidence of profit by study of their master. Some Scotch poets, notably William Dunbar and Gavin Douglas, showed talent of a somewhat higher order; but they would scarcely deserve mention except in a rather barren period. With a single exception, Malory, no prose writer appeared who would be read with pleasure to-day; and in the case of Malory our interest is rather in his subject-matter and the use of his work by poets of later ages than in any great literary merit of his own.

A Period of Unrest. — The century was marked by much unrest, yet was without any great movement or accomplishment. The insurrection of the Percies and the religious persecutions under Henry IV; the war with France, begun by Henry V, and brought to an inglorious close under Henry VI; Jack Cade's rebellion, under the last-named sovereign; the Wars of the Roses, the civil conflict which distracted the country from 1455 to 1485:—these events occupied the people with other things than literature.

War does, it is true, often bring out the best there is in a people, including fit record in prose and verse of their deeds; but England's wars and fightings in the fifteenth century were not of that sort. The Percies fought because the King did not live up to his pre-coronation promises to them; Henry V fought as a means of gaining wealth, and at the same time quieting his own dominions; the Wars of the Roses were the outcome of the disregard by Henry IV of the direct order of succession to the throne; Cade's rebellion, the result of restrictions of the franchise, was utterly lacking in heroic elements.

Importance of the Period. — It must not, however, be assumed that this period is unimportant in English literature. A great number of those poems known as "popular" ballads (*i.e.*, poems originating with the people, the *folk*), seem to have been committed to writing at this time, though many may have been composed earlier. An event of the greatest significance to literature took place about the middle of the century — the invention of printing from movable types. The invention reached England about a quarter of a century later; and before the year 1500 nearly 400 books had been printed. The use that subsequent writers made of Malory's great work on the legends of Arthur has been mentioned. Through the century also the drama was making slow but sure progress.

The "Popular" Ballad: (1) Definition. — In taking up the ballads the first thing necessary is a definition. We are here not concerned with such poems as Tennyson's *The Revenge* (sub-title, "A Ballad of the Fleet"); or Kipling's *Ballad of East and West*; or Oliver Wendell Holmes's *Ballad of the Oysterman*; or any of the poems in the volume of Wordsworth and Coleridge called *Lyrical Ballads*. By "ballad"

in this book we mean a narrative poem of limited extent, unknown authorship, originally intended to be sung, and handed down among the folk by oral tradition. In the great collection of Professor Child are more than three hundred ballads, of which very few can be traced to a date earlier than 1400, and very few are believed to have originated after 1500.

(2) **Subjects.** — The subjects of the ballads are as varied as the interests of the age that produced them. Many deal with the outlaws, particularly Robin Hood and his “merry men,” who robbed the rich and befriended the poor. Many deal with various aspects of the supernatural; as *Thomas Rymer*, the hero of which was carried off by a fairy, or *Kemp Owyne*, telling a story of disenchantment by kissing. Great battles are the subjects of not a few, of which the most famous perhaps is *The Battle of Otterburn*. One of the best is *Sir Patrick Spens*, recounting the ready self-sacrifice of a Scotch sailor knight for his king. There is much more tragedy than comedy in the ballads, reflecting doubtless an age when love and hate were strong, when feuds were numerous, and when life was held not so dear.

(3) **Style.** — As to style, the ballads are notably direct and simple. They often begin abruptly, apparently assuming among the auditors knowledge of events or stories unknown to-day. The narrative is often so condensed that much reading between the lines is necessary; and not seldom the ending is as abrupt as was the beginning of the story. Figures of speech are few, and the vocabulary is that of everyday conversation rather than of men of letters. Simple rhyme and stanza forms are the rule.

Still another characteristic that even the casual reader of a few ballads would observe is repetition. In all five stanzas

of *Lord Randal*, for example, the four lines are partly alike; the first line ends, "Lord Randal, my son"; the second, "my handsome young man"; the third, "mother, make my bed soon"; the fourth, "fain would lie down." The three stanzas of *Bonnie George Campbell* end with the line —

"But never cam he!"

(4) **Communal Origin.** — Even so brief a treatment of ballads as this should not end without an addition to the definition given above. Not only is the typical ballad of unknown authorship: the theory finding almost universal acceptance to-day is that it is of "communal origin." By this is meant that the ballad has its beginning in the "communal dance," the meeting of the tribe; and that the form of it we possess is due to a singer, "a skilful recording secretary, one might say, who stands between us and the community."¹

Some modern writers — Coleridge, for example — have to some extent caught the trick of ballad writing; but *The Ancient Mariner* is clearly the work of one individual writing in a more or less literary language for distinctly educated readers. The gap, therefore, is wide between it and the genuine ballad, with its anonymous, collective authorship, and its uncultured audience.

The introduction of printing may on first thought sound like a contradiction of the statement above that the fifteenth century was marked by no great accomplishment in Eng-

¹ F. B. Gummere, *Old English Ballads*, page lxviii. Other writings of Professor Gummere necessary to any extended study of ballads are: *The Beginnings of Poetry*, *The Popular Ballad*, and volume II, chapter XVII, of the *Cambridge History of English Literature*. Professor Kirtledge's introduction to *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, Cambridge Edition, should also be read.

land. Since, however, the art was practised in seventy cities of eight other countries before the first press was set up in London, it does not seem necessary to modify our first statement. Nevertheless, the time when the first books in the English language were printed in England is worthy of note, as is the name of the first printer, William Caxton.



CAXTON AND HIS PRINTERS READING HIS FIRST PROOF.

From an old print.

William Caxton (1422?–1490). — Caxton was born in Kent about 1422. At the age of sixteen or seventeen he was apprenticed to a London cloth merchant. A few years later he went to the continent, and subsequently became head of an English trading company at Bruges (Brūzh). Leaving this business he entered the service of Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy, and there began the series of translations which

give him a place in literature as well as in the history of printing.

At Cologne in 1471 he had his first sight of a press; and three or four years later, probably at Bruges, he turned out the first book printed in English — *The Recuyell* (Collection) of the *Histories of Troy*, the first of the translations just mentioned. In 1476 he set up a press in London, near Westminster Abbey; and the following year issued from this press the *Dictes and Notable Wise Sayings of the Philosophers*, the first book which we can certainly say was printed in England.

During the fourteen years between this event and his death Caxton printed nearly one hundred works, of which a number were translations made by himself. He recognized the unfortunate condition of the English language arising from lack of uniformity, and in the preface to a version of the *Æneid* set forth in entertaining fashion the differences of dialect and the difficulties arising therefrom.

Sir Thomas Malory. — Among the works early printed by Caxton was *Morte d'Arthur*, 1485, the great work of Sir Thomas Malory already alluded to. Of Sir Thomas's life virtually nothing is known. Since the publication in 1897 of a paper by Professor Kittredge¹ it has seemed reasonable to identify the author of the *Morte* with a Sir Thomas Malory who represented Warwickshire in Parliament in 1445, and who died in 1470.

"Morte d'Arthur." — Whatever the facts regarding the author's life, his book is of intense and lasting interest. In it we are informed that the matter came from "the French book," as if it had but one source. Scholars have, however,

¹ "Who was Sir Thomas Malory?" in [*Harvard*] *Studies and Notes*, vol. V.

discovered a number of sources, and it is properly described as "a mosaic of adaptations," a fact which explains the gaps in the narrative and other causes of confusion. For some parts no sources have been found, and for others Malory did not select what a compiler would to-day consider the best source. An example of the latter proceeding is his drawing of Sir Gawain along the lines of the French *prose* romances, in which he is a far from admirable character. In the verse romances he is "brave, chivalrous, loyally faithful to his plighted word, scrupulously heedful of his own and others' honour" (J. L. Weston).

We are indebted, however, to the *Morte* for many Arthur stories and versions of stories not extant elsewhere. In the opinion of many critics also we have from Malory the first piece of modern English prose, the first work showing "the rhythmical flow and gracious music of which our language is so richly capable." Though lacking a sense of humor, Malory possesses real power in the field of pathos. As a whole the *Morte* must be called a rambling book, but it contains many effective passages in a rapid and direct style. It is a real achievement to have made so excellent a compilation of such varied, extensive, and at times inharmonious materials.

2. THE RENAISSANCE

The coming of the printing press was the first clear evidence that a new movement called the Renaissance¹ (*i.e.*, "New Birth") had reached England. This movement, which may be said to have had its beginning in Italy about the fourteenth century, spread over the whole of Western Europe during the two centuries following. Its main factor was, in the words of

¹ A French word, from the verb *renaitre*, meaning "to be born again."

Sidney Lee,¹ “a passion for extending the limits of human knowledge, and for employing man’s capabilities to new and better advantage than of old.” It manifested itself not only in literature, but in art (Michael Angelo, Raphael,



THE RIVER CAM.

Tower of St. John’s College in the distance.

Albert Dürer), in religious thought (Luther), in science (Copernicus, Galileo), in exploration (Columbus, Vasco da Gama, Vespucci, Drake, Hawkins).

Versatility the Key-note. — Although in these pages we are interested chiefly in its manifestation in literature, it should be remembered that few great men of the Renaissance confined their efforts to one line. Michael Angelo was architect, engineer, and poet, as well as painter. “Versatility of interest and experience was the accepted token of human excellence.” Francis

Bacon’s words — “I have taken all knowledge for my province” — form an appropriate motto for numerous others.

¹ *Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century*, page 3.

Beginnings. — Nothing approaching an exact date for the beginning of the Renaissance can be given. Some say that the English Chaucer and Wiclif are as truly of the movement as are Luther and Spenser. Others are inclined to regard Dante (1265–1321) as the first to show the change in human thought and aspirations. Still others would find “forerunners” of the movement even in the twelfth century, as, for example, Abelard (1079–1142), and St. Francis of Assisi (1182–1226). From the point of view of influence on English literature of the sixteenth century we need not look further than fourteenth-century Italy—to Petrarch, the sonnet-writer. The first English writers clearly to be called Renaissance figures are Sir Thomas Wyatt, and Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503–1542). — Wyatt was born in Kent in 1503. He attended St. John’s College, Cambridge, from which he received a degree at the age of fifteen. He became a member of the household of Henry VIII, and was



HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

knighted. An extensive acquaintance with Europe came to him as a result of appointment on various embassies—to France, Spain, Italy, and the Netherlands. Like most of Henry’s followers he had periods of disfavor, was several times imprisoned, and quite possibly would have travelled

Henry's well-worn path from the prison to the block had not a natural death taken him off at the age of thirty-nine.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (1517?-1547). — Surrey was born somewhat later than Wyatt — about 1517, and was of noble blood. He, like Wyatt, visited Europe on government business, not as diplomat, but as soldier. Shortly after a military reverse of his command he fell under the suspicion of the King, and was imprisoned and executed at the age of thirty.

Wyatt and Surrey in "Tottel's Miscellany." — Neither Wyatt's nor Surrey's poems were published by the writers. They were written for their "private friends," as were Shakspeare's "sugared sonnets" somewhat later. They appeared first in *Tottel's Miscellany*, a collection of poems by various authors, published in 1557, the year before Elizabeth came to the throne. Though, as is evident from the dates of their lives, Surrey's and Wyatt's poems were written from ten to twenty-five years before publication of the *Miscellany*, this volume is generally regarded as marking the beginning of the great Elizabethan Age, and, indeed of modern English poetry.

Wyatt's Poetry. — Wyatt's distinguished position in English poetry is due to his introduction of the sonnet, a very restricted form of verse which had been highly developed by Petrarch. It consists of fourteen ten-syllable lines, falling into two parts of eight and six lines, and developing a single thought. Wyatt adopted the Italian's subject as well as his form. Nearly all his poems deal with love; and since they do so after a quite conventional fashion, one is led to the conclusion that behind them is no true or deep feeling.

Titles of some of Wyatt's sonnets will indicate the kind of subjects: "The Lover Waxeth Wiser, and Will not Die for Affection," "How the Lover Perisheth in his Delight, as the Fly in the Fire," "Description of the Contrarious Passions in a Lover," "Complaint for True Love Unrequited." His rhymes are not always good, and his lines are frequently rough; but he often shows real poetic thought and power of



TOWER OF LONDON.

Scene of execution of great numbers of political offenders in England.

phrasing, which would give him a not unworthy place in literature apart from his great service in introducing the sonnet-form to English poets.

Surrey's Poetry. — While Surrey wrote sonnets superior in many respects to Wyatt's, his place in literature rests on other grounds. For his introduction of blank verse into English, and for his occasional realistic presentation of nature he merits a high place among the beginners of the English Renaissance. The latter is well illustrated by his

sonnet, "Description of Spring," and by some passages in the poem called "Prisoned in Windsor."

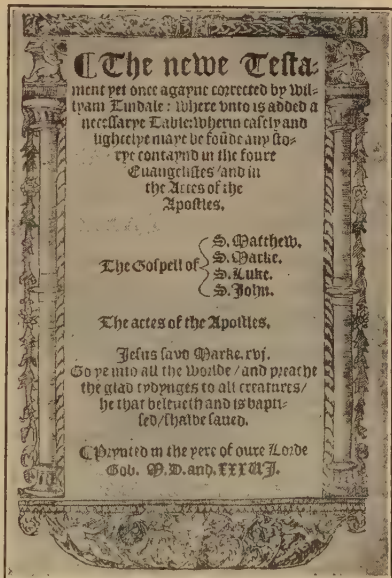
Blank verse, like the sonnet, was not the invention of its first English user, but a borrowing from the Italian. While the Italian use of it is found, as is Surrey's, in a translation of the *Æneid*, the English form is not a mere imitation, but has undeniable individuality. When we try to imagine the Elizabethan drama in any other metrical form, we can realize our debt to Surrey for bringing it to his countrymen. Blank verse has also been used in most of the really great long poems in the language, from Milton's *Paradise Lost* to Tennyson's *Idylls*; and it is generally regarded as the most characteristic verse form of English.

Indirect Italian Influence. — Italy exerted a strong influence in the Renaissance in England not only by such direct means as have been set forth above, but in indirect ways also. At the fall of Constantinople in 1453 Greek scholars fled to Italy with their precious manuscripts, which gave the West its first direct acquaintance with the Greek language and literature. Italian scholars were eagerly sought out by students visiting Italy, and one was induced before 1500 to begin teaching Greek at Oxford.

The place in the Renaissance of this concern with the past is a large one, showing most readily to the young student, perhaps, in Shakspeare's use of Plutarch in the Roman plays. Along with the interest in Greek antiquity went a similar interest in British antiquity, evident in Shakspeare's *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Cymbeline*, all based on legendary British history.

Religious Aspect of the Renaissance. — An important aspect of the English Renaissance not clearly due to any outside influence is the religious. Luther's defiance of the Pope antedated by seventeen years, it is true, Tyndale's

translation of the Bible (1534); but the translator's plans were forming many years before, and it does not appear that Tyndale had any other inspiration or spur than his own "passion for extending the limits of human knowledge" in a direction necessarily of benefit to mankind. His translation served its religious purpose chiefly by being more accurate than any then existing. Its further contribution to the New Birth consisted in its merit as English, wherein it marks an important point in the history of English prose. Tyndale has been called by some "the father of modern English prose;" a not undeserved title if, as one writer says, he "fixed the character of the English translations [of the Bible] forevermore."¹



FACSIMILE TITLE-PAGE OF TYNDALE'S
TESTAMENT.

(New York Public Library.)

¹ Professor Whitney, in *Cambridge History*, III, 48. It is only proper to state that scholars are not unanimous in crediting Tyndale with the superior merits of the translation bearing his name. To the present writer Tyndale's claims seem unquestionably the best.

ple divided into two opposing parties, each suspicious of the other. Elizabeth set herself to bring them together; and her efforts met with success when Philip II of Spain attempted to invade England. Then it was that "patriotism proved stronger than religious fanaticism in the hearts of the English Catholics;" and their loyalty decided the fate of Philip's scheme.

(2) **The People.** — One result of the Renaissance was, naturally, a great advance of the people as a whole in knowledge and intelligence. Accompanying this was a great increase in prosperity and in freedom of individual action. A man's chances in life were no longer limited by his rank or his purse.

A Yorkshire yeoman's son, Roger Ascham, devoted himself to learning, and became tutor to the Queen. A boy of humble birth, apprenticed at an early age on a small coasting vessel, developed a passion for exploration, was aided by the Queen, and is known in history as Sir Francis Drake, Admiral, circumnavigator of the earth. A Warwickshire peasant, who in some way got to London when he was about twenty-one years old, obtained work of some sort in a theatre; and ten or twelve years later he was acknowledged the foremost writer of both comedies and tragedies in English.

(3) **Manner of Living.** — The national prosperity expressed itself in many ways. Houses were built more substantially. There was a great increase in the comforts of life; and among all classes except the very poor there was a great variety of food, especially meats. Great care and expense were given to dress, even by yeomen and men of low rank. There was a great fondness for amusements and a widespread indulgence in them; facts which doubtless did much to make the high development of the drama possible.

To summarize, it may be said that the chief national characteristic, found in all classes from the Queen and her advisers to the humblest peasants, was a "youthful exuberance of spirit." The Age of Elizabeth deserves the description "Merry England" more than any period before or since. It is not surprising that from such a period came the nation's greatest literature.



RUINS OF KENILWORTH CASTLE.

Here one of the most splendid entertainments of Elizabeth took place.
See Scott's *Kenilworth*.

The first writer whom we are to take up is not one of the greatest. He fills only a small niche; but we should add that he fills it completely. This writer, whose field is that of prose, is

John Lyly (1554?–1606?). — John Lyly, one of whose works has been named as marking the end of the period of preparation, was born in Kent about the year 1554. Nothing is positively known of his life until he became a student at

Magdalen College (Maudlin), Oxford, from which he was graduated A.B. and A.M. In 1579, the year of the appearance of *Euphues*, Lyly was connected with the university at Cambridge. Later he wrote nine comedies of the "romantic" type, the direct ancestors of Shakspeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *As You Like it*. There are no other known facts about Lyly's life, though some have identified him with a man who served several years in Parliament. It is generally believed that he died in 1606.

Lyly's importance in literature arises from his romantic comedies, his lyrics, and his popularizing of the prose style known as "euphuism." One of his best-known and delightful lyrics is that appearing in his play, *Alexander and Campaspe*, and beginning:

"Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid."

"**Euphues,**" and **Euphuism.** — *Euphues, or the Anatomy of Wit* (1579), and its sequel, *Euphues and His England*, form together a sort of novel. The main story in the first is of a young Athenian, Euphues, who goes to Naples, becomes a great friend of one Philautus, falls in love with Lucilla, Philautus's betrothed, and is rejected by her. In the sequel Philautus and Euphues visit England, Philautus has an unfortunate love affair and then a fortunate one, Euphues indulges in extravagant praise of England and Englishwomen (especially Elizabeth), and departs.

The story, it will be seen, is slight, and the bare outline does not promise much entertainment. As a whole, *Euphues* is not what one would to-day call a "readable" book. Read in brief extracts, however, it is of not a little interest on the side of style, of which the striking features are alliteration, balanced phrases, and far-fetched figures.

Naples is said to be “a place of more pleasure than profit, and yet of more profit than piety.” Elizabeth, we read, “was called from a prisoner to be a prince, from the castle to the crown.” And later: “God for his mercy’s sake, Christ for his merit’s sake, the Holy Ghost for his name’s sake” grant the Queen long life, because the writer saw her “to surpass all in beauty, and yet a virgin, to excel all in piety, and yet a prince, to be inferior to none in all the lineaments of the body, and yet superior to every one in all gifts of the mind.” “I lived,” says Euphues, “*as the elephant doth by air*, with the sight of my lady.”

Popularity of the Style.

—This sort of writing became the fashion: almost every writer, sometimes consciously, sometimes unconsciously, drops into the style. Shakspeare has not a few euphuistic speeches in his best comedies; and it is by no means certain, as it was formerly said to be, that in *Love’s Labour’s Lost* he ridicules the popular style.



SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Most romantic figure of the Renaissance in England.

Sir Philip Sidney (1554?–

1586). — An excellent example of the many-sided life lived by gifted Elizabethans is that of Sir Philip Sidney. Man of letters, distinguished in several lines, traveler, diplomat, and courtier, he crowded into a life of thirty-two years action and accomplishment enough for an average life twice as long.

He, like Lyly, was born in Kent, probably in the same year, but unlike Lyly, was of distinguished ancestry. After a preparatory course in one of the leading English schools, Sidney entered Christ Church College, Oxford, at the age



FACSIMILE TITLE-PAGE OF THE *ARCADIA*.

This copy belonged to Sidney's sister, the Countess of Pembroke, for whom he wrote it.

(Widener Memorial Library, Harvard University.)

of fourteen, not a conspicuously early age for that day. An epidemic in Oxford caused him to leave without a degree, and he did not return. For four years he travelled, visiting under the most advantageous conditions France, Germany, Austria, and Italy, and coming under the influence of every expression of Renaissance spirit in the Continent.

Varying Fortunes. —

Returning to England, he became a prominent figure at Court, and a year or so later was intrusted with governmental business which took him to Vienna a

second time, to Heidelberg, and to Antwerp. Falling into royal disfavor for a time, he retired to the country, and during his retirement wrote *Arcadia*, a pastoral romance, and *Defence of Poesy*, a critical essay. In 1583 he was knighted,

and married to the fourteen-year-old daughter of the Queen's secretary. It does not appear to have been a love match; and it does appear that he had previously loved and been loved by Penelope Devereaux, daughter of the first Earl of Essex, and afterward the wife of Lord Rich. It was to Penelope that Sidney addressed most of the hundred and odd sonnets entitled *Astrophel and Stella*.

Heroism. — In 1585 he went with an English party to help the Dutch against the Spanish, was mortally wounded the following year, and died within a month. The oft-repeated story of his death is a classic incident of heroism and self-denial. Being very thirsty, he was about to drink, when seeing a poor soldier cast longing eyes at the liquid, Sidney passed it to him with the words: "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

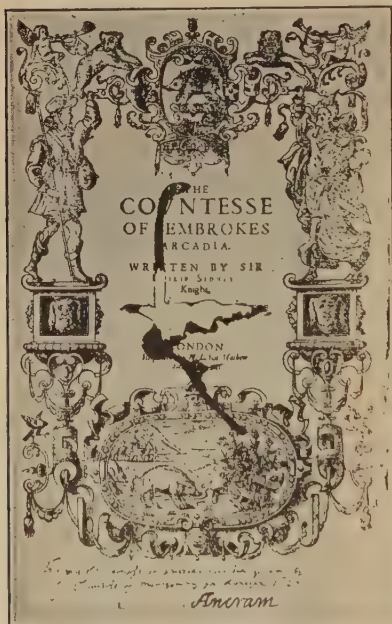
Sidney's Rank. — It may well be doubted whether, without the glamour of his romantic career, Sidney's name would stand so high as it does in the annals of literature. As author, however, of the first English essay in literary criticism, of the first English pastoral romance, and of a sonnet-sequence which perhaps inspired the similar productions of Spenser and Shakspeare, he has a clear title to a place all his own.

EDMUND SPENSER, 1552-1599

The one great non-dramatic poet of the English Renaissance holds no such position to-day as he held with his contemporaries. In the words of a recent writer¹ and manifest lover of this poet: "Spenser is not a popular poet. He has never been in any marked degree even fashionable. . . .

¹ Prof. C. G. Osgood, in preface to *A Concordance to the Poems of Edmund Spenser*. (The Carnegie Institution of Washington: 1915.)

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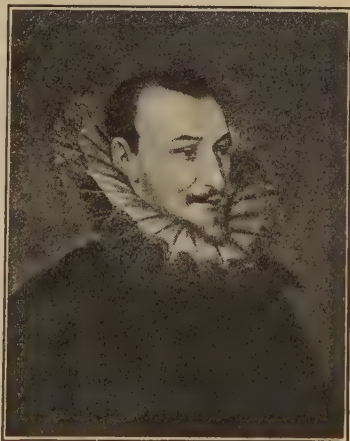
His materials, quality, and intention forbid that a multitude of readers should ever gather about him." According to Professor Osgood, however, one's attitude toward Spenser is a test of one's fitness to appreciate the higher things of life: "To all men of finer perceptions and sensibilities he is all things." If there be truth in this judgment, it is worth one's while to gain some knowledge of his work.

Education. — Edmund Spenser, like his great predecessor Chaucer, his great contemporary Bacon, and many illustrious writers since, was a Londoner by birth. Though his family were in poor circumstances, he managed to secure a good education, at the Merchant Tailors' School, and at Pembroke College, Cambridge. He came to be a close friend of men of standing and influence, through whom, after leaving the University as a Master of Arts, he became acquainted with Sidney and the Earl of Leicester. Three years after leaving the University he published *The Shepherd's Calender*, a pastoral poem in twelve parts, "everywhere answering to the seasons of the twelve months." Drawing its inspiration from Theocritus and Virgil, it is another evidence of the interest in antiquity which was one of the distinctive marks of the Renaissance (see page 44).

In Ireland. — "**The Faerie Queene.**" — Wishing political preferment, he secured a not very desirable appointment as private secretary to Lord Grey, deputy to Ireland. There he spent the greater part of the time till his death, being unable to secure a more congenial position in England. Among other rewards for his Irish service he received as a grant Kilcolman Castle, with an estate of about 3000 acres. At Kilcolman, Spenser was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh, who saw the first three books of *The Faerie Queene*, and advised the poet to bring them to the attention of Elizabeth. This Spenser did;

but though the poem was pleasing to the Queen and met with a splendid popular reception, its prime object was not accomplished. He received only a meagre pension, and no promotion.

Last Years and Death. — In 1594, three years after the publication just mentioned, Spenser married Elizabeth Boyle, of whose life and associations nothing is known. To the marriage English literature is indebted for an excellent sonnet-series called *Amoretti*, and for what is universally acclaimed the greatest wedding hymn in the language, *Epithalamion*. Two years afterward Spenser went again to London to publish the rest of *The Faerie Queene*. Some time after his return to Ireland, a new rebellion broke out in that part of the country, and Kilcolman Castle was destroyed. The poet escaped with his family to Cork, then to London, where, in January, 1599, after a month's illness he died.



EDMUND SPENSER.

The "Amoretti." — Although Spenser wrote other poems and one piece of prose which are extant, and nine comedies which are lost, the works having greatest general interest to-day are the *Amoretti* and *The Faerie Queene*. The sonnets of the *Amoretti* are an interesting example of the practice made fashionable by Sidney. While they certainly have basis in fact, being inspired by his courtship of Elizabeth

Boyle, they are full of the phraseology and figures belonging to that type of literature in his day. Spenser, however, invented a rhyme-scheme for himself as did Shakspeare, instead of adopting Sidney's scheme, itself adopted from the Italian.

"The Faerie Queene." — The ambitious plan of the *Faerie Queene* is set forth in a letter to Raleigh prefixed to the publication of the first three books. The poet was to "fashion a gentleman," choosing as his model King Arthur, in whom he found exemplified "the twelve private moral virtues," and devoting a section (or "book") of the poem to each virtue. The *Faerie Queene* herself he meant "for glory in general intention," but for Elizabeth "in particular." The queen's part in the fiction was this: she was to hold a feast for twelve days, on each of which an adventure happened; each adventure was undertaken by a different Knight, and each made the subject of a book. The six books which Spenser completed relate the adventures of knights representing the virtues of Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice, Courtesy.

The course of the story is interrupted by innumerable other stories, not always clearly connected with the main theme, and sometimes bearing evidence of having been separately composed. The deliberately archaic vocabulary is for many a deterrent to sympathetic reading. While it is probable that *The Faerie Queene* has been read entire by few but specialists, carefully made selections should interest a large circle of readers; for the tone of moral earnestness, the charm of highly imaginative word-paintings, and the graceful music of the verse are ever-present sources of general appeal.

The "Spenserian" Stanza. — The Spenserian stanza deserves examination by any reader of English poetry. It

contains nine lines, of which the first eight are iambic pentameter (*i.e.*, made up of five feet, ten syllables, with the accent on the even-numbered syllables), and the ninth iambic hexameter (six feet, twelve syllables). These lines rhyme as follows: first and third; second, fourth, fifth, and seventh; sixth, eighth, and ninth (or, as rhyme-schemes are usually given — ababbcbcc). It has been found an excellent meter for various kinds of poems of considerable length, among notable examples of which may be mentioned Shelley's *Adonais* (an elegy), Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes* (a unified narrative), Byron's *Childe Harold* (a leisurely narrative and descriptive travel record), and the introduction to Tennyson's *Lotos-Eaters* (a poetic picture).

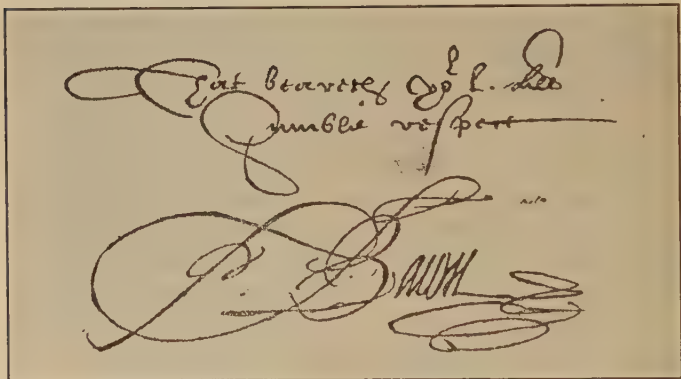
FRANCIS BACON, 1561-1626

Between the writings and the life of Francis Bacon there is a striking contradiction. "Wisdom for a man's self" (meaning "self-love"), he writes, "is, in many branches thereof, a depraved thing;" yet when his own prospects seemed to be at stake, he, as attorney for the crown, prosecuted his best, once most influential, friend. Concerning judges he writes: "Above all things, integrity is their portion and proper virtue;" yet at the age of sixty he pleaded guilty to the charge of corruption in accepting gifts of money from suitors in his court. He disclaimed ever having been influenced by a gift in making a decision; but he apparently lacked the confidence in his disclaimer necessary to a reasonable defence.

Life, to End of Elizabeth's Reign. — He was born in London, January 22, 1561, the son of Elizabeth's Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. At the age of twelve he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, which he left three years later without

a degree. After a year's study of law at Gray's Inn, London, he spent three years in Paris as an attaché of the English embassy, from which employment he was recalled by his father's death. He began the practice of law, and became a member of parliament; but believing from the first that influence was necessary to advancement, he sought the favor of his kinsman, Lord Burghley.

When Essex replaced Burghley in the Queen's good graces, Bacon promptly attached himself to Essex's following. The



FACSIMILE OF BACON'S SIGNATURE. (British Museum.)

patron was unable to advance the young lawyer's political fortunes, but presented him with a handsome estate. In 1597 appeared in print the first edition of Bacon's *Essays*, ten in all. The first blot on the page of the author's life came four years later, when, as special attorney, he aided in prosecuting Essex for treason, and was the chief instrument in sending him to the block.

Rapid Rise to Fame. — The time was at hand when Bacon's powers were to be recognized and his ambitions

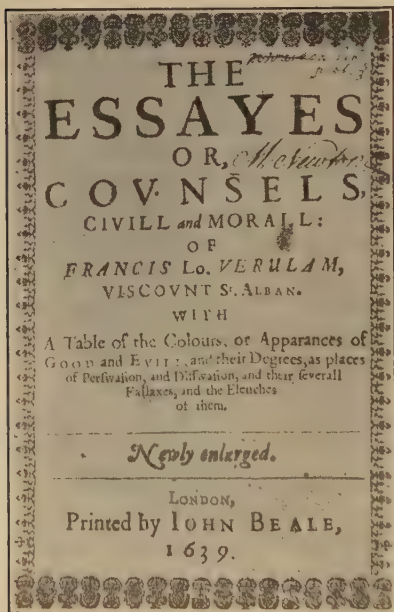
gratified. Elizabeth died in 1603 without aiding in either of these; but under her successor, James, his recognition was prompt and his promotion rapid. In 1607 he became Solicitor-General; in 1613, Attorney-General; in 1617, Lord Keeper; in 1619, Lord Chancellor. In 1618 he was raised to the peerage with the title of Baron Verulam: and in 1621 received his last honor — the raising to higher rank as Viscount St. Albans.

Sudden Fall. — His fall was sudden: within six months he was disgraced as a result of charges of corruption in his office as judge in the Court of Chancery. He was dismissed from office and declared incapable of holding office again, fined £40,000, sentenced to prison during the King's pleasure, and banished from Court forever. He was released after a few weeks' imprisonment, and his fine was remitted; but the remainder of the punishment was enforced.

Death. — Bacon then retired to his estate at St. Albans in Hertfordshire, and devoted the remaining five years of his life to writing and experimentation. The end came April 9, 1626. It has often been said that he died a martyr to science; and it would be pleasant to think that, if "nothing in his life became him like the leaving it," at least the leaving was becoming — even heroic.

The original statement regarding his death, however, does not bear out this idea. He went out to gather snow with which to stuff a hen, in order to see whether cold would preserve flesh, and he died a few days later of bronchitis. The disease was brought on, however (according to his friend, the philosopher Thomas Hobbes), not by the exposure incident to the experiment, but by the dampness of the bed in which he was put. Indirectly, of course, the experiment caused his death, but hardly in heroic fashion.

Works of Minor Interest. — Besides the essays Bacon wrote *The Wisdom of the Ancients*, an interpretation of mythology; *The History of Henry VII*; *The New Atlantis*, a picture of an ideal state; and *The Advancement of Learning*,



FACSIMILE TITLE-PAGE OF AN EARLY COMPLETE EDITION OF BACON'S ESSAYS.

(Swarthmore College Library.)

and *Novum Organum*, scientific works important not so much for their contents as for the author's insistence on the superiority of induction to deduction in scientific investigation. Most of the advance in science since Bacon's day is attributed to the acceptance of this principle first emphasized by him.

Greatness of the "Essays." — However valuable his scientific labors, they would give Bacon a small place in literature in comparison with the place the *Essays* give him. The

sense of the word *essays* used by Bacon he states in his dedication — "dispersed meditations;" and later "certain brief notes set down rather significantly than curiously" — that is, more for meaning than for style. With these characterizations in mind a reader is not surprised to find that the essays are not always coherent — that the sentences, as

Carlyle said of Emerson's, do not always "rightly stick to their foregoers and their followers." The most memorable sentences are often terse ones which stand out by themselves as if not meant for parts of wholes.

In the essay *Of Adversity*, for example, we read: "Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes;" this between a sentence dealing with the predominance of sadness over joy in the Old Testament, and one which by an unusual figure of speech suggests that we "judge of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye." The essay *Of Studies* is really a collection of texts, upon any one of which an extended discourse might well be written. In a period when long, involved sentences were the fashion, the directness and pithiness of Bacon's make his style especially noteworthy.

The "Essays" and the Renaissance Spirit. — The range of subjects treated in the *Essays* reflects the spirit of the Renaissance — its unwillingness to endure any limitation of its inquiry, its ambition to extend knowledge, to take "all knowledge for [its] province." Matters of personal concern, such as Friendship, Honour and Reputation, Adversity; matters relating to government, such as Seditions and Troubles, Faction, The True Greatness of Kingdoms and Estates, Judicature; matters of concern to all mankind, such as Truth, Beauty, Deformity, Youth and Age: — these topics give a hint of the fields of thought entered in the fifty-eight essays of the final edition (published in 1625). The fact that they cover subjects so clearly universal in their appeal, that, in the author's words, they "come home to men's business and bosoms," explains their interest for readers of to-day as well as for those of the seventeenth century.

THE DRAMA

The glory of the Elizabethan period, and therefore of all English literature, is the drama. Before treating the leading writers of drama in this period we shall trace the development of this form of literature somewhat in detail.

Origin of Drama—in the Church. —The drama in England began soon after the Norman Conquest, with a composition called the *Play of St. Katharine*. The connection between religion and the drama suggested by this title is very vital. Whoever has attended high mass in a Roman Catholic church to-day must on reflection realize the dramatic elements in the service. The procession of priests and acolytes, the bowing before the altar, the elevation of the host, the chanted responses, the changing of the priest's costume, — all these involve *action* making a definite appeal to the eye, which is the distinguishing element in all drama. At Christmas and Easter there are in many churches additions to the setting and the service, such as the placing of a babe in an improvised manger in the chancel, and the unveiling of crucifixes hidden from sight for three days.

"Miracle" Plays. — In the olden time such additions were many, and resulted (as the clergy hoped they would) in increased attendance on the church services. Similar extended services were held on saints' days. Before long crowds became too large for the church buildings, and services were then held outside — the church porch serving as stage. Once outside the building the productions, called now Miracle or Mystery Plays, were rapidly secularized, — that is, elements were added by no means chiefly religious, and others than priests and altar-boys performed.

Drama in Secular Hands. — The next step took the Miracle Plays out of the hands of the clergy. So popular had they become that even the largest churchyard could not accommodate the crowds; and the productions were now taken



A PAGEANT CAR PERFORMANCE AT COVENTRY.

From an old print.

over by the guilds, the trades unions of the Middle Ages. Each of these organizations had a patron saint, and was accustomed to celebrate that saint's day in some public fashion. They made use of a moving stage, or pageant car,

upon which the play was produced in different parts of a city. Under their control were developed "cycles" of plays of which four containing from twenty-five to fifty plays each are extant — those of Chester, Coventry, York, and Towneley. A "cycle" of Miracle Plays was a series depicting selected scenes from Creation to the Day of Judgment.

Non-Scriptural Incidents in Plays. — When these dramatic compositions had reached their full development (fourteenth or fifteenth century), they contained many incidents not found in the scriptural narrative or in the accepted lives of the saints. In a play called *Noah's Flood*, for example, a comic incident is introduced when Noah's wife, refusing to believe in the coming deluge, objects to entering the ark without her "gossips," or boon companions. When efforts at persuasion fail, Noah vigorously applies the lash and drives his partner unwillingly aboard.

In a *Play of the Shepherds*, before the announcement of Christ's birth, one shepherd misses a sheep; the rest immediately suspect one Mak (who apparently has been in such scrapes before), and follow him to his home. After searching high and low and finding no sheep, the visitors feel rather guilty; and as they are about to depart they decide to make a peace-offering to Mak's baby in the cradle. Examination shows, however, that the supposed baby is nothing else than the missing sheep. The shepherds toss Mak in a blanket till they are exhausted; they then lie down in the field and sleep till they are aroused by the "Gloria in excelsis" of the Christmas angels.

The comic element was further brought out in the antics of Herod, who was allowed to get down from the pageant car and circulate among the crowd playing practical jokes.

Rise of the "Morality" Play. — When the Miracle Plays passed from the control of the church to that of the guilds, the secularizing process already mentioned went further. The plays, instead of containing *some incidents* not taken from Scripture, became *chiefly* non-scriptural in character. From this condition it was but a short step to the Morality Play, in which the characters are personified abstractions, representing virtues and vices, and qualities of the human mind. In the Morality of *Everyman*, for example, some of the characters are Death, Fellowship, Knowledge, Good-Deeds, Discretion. In *Hycke-scorner* (*i.e.*, rascal, scoffer) we find Imagination, Pity, and Perseverance. Popular characters usually found are Vice and the Devil, who took the place of Herod as chief comic figures. Their part in the plays is alluded to in Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*, where the clown sings :

"I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, aha! to the devil."

The "Interlude." — It seems that Miracle Plays and Moralities ran side by side until nearly the end of the sixteenth century. A third form of dramatic entertainment that some think grew out of the Moralities is called the Interlude, from having originally been performed between the courses at a feast or between the acts of a serious and longer play. Whatever its origin, its contribution to the development of drama is important.

Roughly speaking, we may say that, as the Miracle Play furnished the plot-ancestry of the drama, the Morality the character-ancestry, so the Interlude furnished the dialogue-

ancestry. In general, the Interlude had little plot, little characterization; the writer's aim was to write as clever dialogue as he could — to write talk purely for talk's sake. An outline of one of the best-known interludes, *The Four P's*, by John Heywood, the most famous name that has come down to us connected with this form, will demonstrate this fact.

A Palmer, a Potycary (= apothecary), and a Pardoner,¹ meeting by chance, decide to contest for the distinction of being the biggest liar; and a Pedlar who chances to come along is asked to act as judge. After Palmer and Pardoner have told elaborate stories to show their power of mendacity, the Potycary wins the prize with a narrative of about twenty lines, concluding:

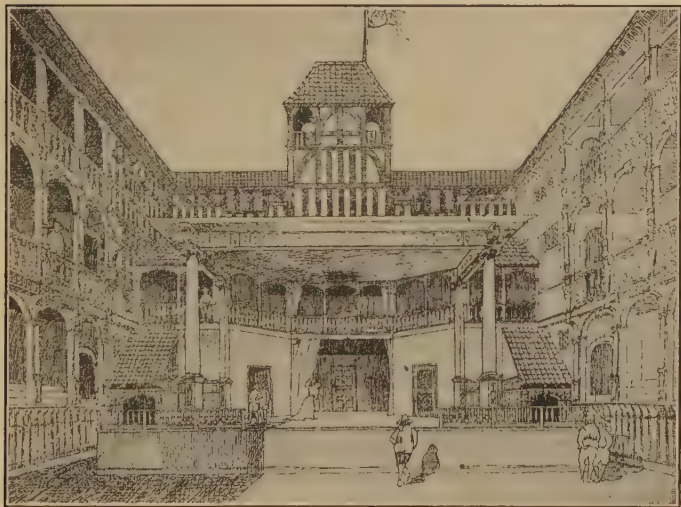
“Yet in all places where I have been,
Of all the women that I have seen,
I never saw nor knew, in my conscience,
Any one woman out of patience.”

Earliest Real Dramas. — The first productions that are properly called dramas date from about 1550 to 1570. The first in time was *King John*, a sort of chronicle history. The next, *Ralph Roister Doister*, usually named as the first English comedy, is built on the model of the Latin comedies of Plautus. Although this play is quite un-English and artificial, with type characters and with situations almost transferred from the Latin, it was of much value as a specimen of well-constructed plot.

The first genuine tragedy, written some ten years after the history and comedy just mentioned, was *Gorboduc*, or

¹ A Palmer was a man who had been on some religious pilgrimage, usually to the Holy Land. A Pardoner had a special license from the Pope to enter any parish without permission, to preach, and to dispose of pardons, usually for money. Most pardoners were scoundrels, not a few palmers were, and apothecaries were under suspicion much oftener in the sixteenth century than they are now.

Ferrex and Porrex, based on British legendary history and modeled on the plays of the greatest Latin tragic writer, Seneca. Following this model Shakspeare's great tragedies would have been impossible; for as in the Senecan tragedies always, the action takes place off the scene and is reported by messengers. *Gorboduc*, however, like the Latin



INTERIOR OF AN ELIZABETHAN THEATRE.

As reconstructed by Godfrey.

comedy, helped in fixing for later writers the idea of construction.

The last of these four early dramas, *Gammer Gurton's Needle* (Gammer means "Grandmother") is a comedy as well constructed as *Ralph Roister Doister*, and far superior to that in substance. The plot is absurd — the hunt for a lost needle, discovered at last by one of the characters in

the seat of his trousers; but the characters and setting are English, and the dialogue is a faithful reproduction of peasant life of the day.

The First Theatres. — The interludes, and the early plays just described, were not performed on the pageant wagons of the later miracle plays. Until 1576 they were given in inn-yards, on public lands in towns, or in any kind of building that could be had. In the year named the first building designed solely for the acting of plays was erected in London, and was called merely "The Theatre." When Shakspeare left London some thirty years later, there were probably ten or twelve theatres, in two of which — the Globe and the Blackfriars — the dramatist was a shareholder.

Structure of the Elizabethan Theatre. — Continued research has brought out much information regarding the structure of these buildings, and the manner of presentation of plays in them about 1590–1610. There was no roof except over the stage and the balconies. In the pit, where now are the most desirable seats in a theatre, there were no seats, and the spectator had to stand unless he carried a box or stool along with him. Here would be found the laborers and servants, who not infrequently engaged in fist fights over choice positions or purloined seats.

Balconies and Stage. — The better classes of society had seats in the balconies extending around three sides of the building, though some of the young "sports" were allowed, on paying an extra fee, to sit on the stage. Instead of being shut off from the auditorium by a curtain such as is used to-day, the stage extended out into the room. At the rear was a raised portion used as Juliet's balcony, as the walls of a city, or as a hill from which a distant view might be had.

Costumes and Scenery. — The actors' costumes, though often elaborate, made no pretence of appropriateness. Very little scenery was used; a bed, a throne, a desk, or a few trees in wooden tubs indicated the place of the action. The absence of realistic appeals to the eye resulted in a greater demand on the imagination. To this situation, perhaps, are due many of the superb descriptions in Elizabethan drama, such, for example, as that of Dover Cliff in *King Lear*, or Duncan's description of Macbeth's castle.

Since there was no artificial lighting in the house, performances were given in the afternoon. A flag flying from the roof was the notice that a performance was to take place; but one had to come near enough to read the sign on the building to know what play was to be performed.

Women in the Theatre. — Probably the fact most surprising to an investigator is that there were few women in an Elizabethan theatre. Respectable women in the audience wore masks; and more remarkable still, there were no women on the stage. Women's parts were taken by boys until after the middle of the seventeenth century; and strange as it may seem to think of a boy playing Lady Macbeth or Portia or Ophelia, these parts were apparently played with real success.

Chief Dramatists before Shakspeare. — Of the chief dramatists belonging to the two decades preceding the beginning of Shakspeare's work (about 1570–1590) very brief mention is sufficient. George Peele wrote *Edward I*, worthy of note in the development of the chronicle-history play; and *David and Bethsabe*, based on the Biblical story, and containing passages of admirable poetry. Robert Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* is a pure English comedy carrying forward the tradition of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*; and

his *James IV* contains a theme worked out delightfully several times by Shakspeare — a heroine leaving home in the disguise of a man to avoid some unwelcome situation. Thomas Kyd, in his *Spanish Tragedy*, produced a play which has striking points of resemblance to *Hamlet*, and which one can but think the greater dramatist studied when writing his play. John Lyly's comedies have been mentioned as important forerunners of the best type of Shakspearean comedy.



CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, 1564–1593

Life. — The greatest name in drama before Shakspeare is Christopher Marlowe, son of a shoemaker, born a few months before Shakspeare in Canterbury, County of Kent. By the aid of influential friends he attended Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, from which he was graduated in 1583. Four years later, at the early age of twenty-three, his first play was produced in London. In the six years between this and his death, Marlowe wrote six more plays, a few notable lyrics, and the intense love-narrative in verse, *Hero and Leander*. Like many of his profession in his day, he led a wild life; and his death in 1593 resulted from a tavern brawl.

Character of Marlowe's Plays. — Four of Marlowe's plays are, by general consent, assigned an important place in English dramatic history — *Tamburlaine*, *Doctor Faustus*, *The Jew of Malta*, and *Edward II*. A feature common to them all is the presentation of a particular ambition in exaggerated form. *Tamburlaine* aspires to be the world's master; and in each of nine acts (the play is in two parts) he conquers an empire. The ambition of *Faustus* is for knowledge, in the pursuit of which he sells his soul to the devil.

Barabbas the Jew, prototype of Shylock, desires wealth and commits a series of crimes to attain his desire. In Edward II the ambition which causes the tragedy is for affection, presumably received by the King from an unscrupulous follower and rewarded by power wrongly used.

The device of making the action turn on one large central character helped to a unity of interest which preceding dramas had lacked. The high-sounding rhetorical style of Mar-



CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE.

lowe's plays — what Ben Jonson called his “mighty line” — gave an effect of dignity and substance most desirable for the drama at this time.

Contributions to English Drama. — For these two features — unity of interest and forceful style — Marlowe, despite the structural defects and over-emphasis of his plays, holds a high place in the development of the drama. It is manifest that he exerted a good influence on Shakspeare; and a graceful though slight acknowledgment of indebted-

ness is found in a passage in *As You Like It* (3. 5. 82), where Phebe says :

“Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
‘Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?’”

The “saw” (*i.e.*, saying) which Phebe found “of might” (*i.e.*, true) is taken from Marlowe’s *Hero and Leander*.



SHAKSPERE'S BIRTHPLACE.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, 1564-1616

Concerning the life and works of the greatest figure of the greatest literary period in English literature thousands of books and essays have been written. Theories almost without number have been advanced which have very slight claims to consideration. In the sketch here given effort is made to state as facts only what are known to be such, and to refrain from even a mention of many possibilities often mentioned, but resting on very slight evidence.

Early Life in Stratford. — Shakspeare¹ was baptized in the Church of the Holy Trinity at Stratford on April 26, 1564; and what we know of the practice of baptism at that period leads us to suppose that he was less than a week old. Nothing is known of his boyhood, not even that he went to school. Though there is no record of his marriage, there is documentary evidence making it certain that in November, 1582, he was married to Anne Hathaway, of the village of Shottery



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE AT SHOTTERY.

A most picturesque little house a short distance from Stratford.

near Stratford. A daughter was baptized in 1583, and twins, son and daughter, in 1585.

In London; and First Appearances in Print. — When Shakspeare went to London and why, and how he first occu-

¹ How the dramatist preferred to spell his name is not known. His father's name appears in the Stratford records in sixteen different forms, and the six authentic signatures of his own seem to show three forms. The spelling here adopted is used by Professors Dowden, Wendell, and Kittredge, and by the New Shakspeare Society of London.

pied himself after his arrival there, are not known. By 1592 he had become successful enough at play-writing to arouse the jealousy of one Robert Greene. In a pamphlet called *A Groatsworth of Wit* Greene alludes to Shakspeare as "an upstart crow," who has beautified himself with the feathers of Greene and other successful dramatists. The following year appeared the poet's first published work, the narrative poem *Venus and Adonis*,



INTERIOR OF ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

with a dedication signed with the poet's name; and in 1594 came *Lucrece*.

The next bit of fact comes from the Stratford records, from which we learn that the poet's only son died in August, 1596. The year following Shakspeare bought the largest house in Stratford; and from this time to his death he was conspicuous in the life of the town, not so much because of his artistic as because of his financial success.

Early Recognition. — Perhaps the best evidence that his contemporaries recognized his greatness is found in a publication of the year 1598, called *Palladis Tamia*, or “Wit’s Treasury,” by Frances Meres (Mērz). From a long passage in this book we learn that Shakspeare was “accounted” the best among the English in both comedy and tragedy; and that the poems of the “mellifluous and honey-tongued” were thought of as keeping alive “the sweet witty soul of Ovid.” Six comedies and six tragedies are named as Shakspeare’s.

Success. — In addition to being preëminent as playwright Shakspeare was regarded before 1600 as, if not the best actor in his company, yet the best-known; for his name heads the list of the “Lord Chamberlain’s Servants,” the company to which he had for some time belonged. By 1600 he was also one of the principal owners of the Globe and Blackfriars theatres; and there are other indisputable evidences of his material prosperity.

Last Years — in Stratford. — The poet’s father died in 1601; his mother in 1608. That the poet himself spent his last years in Stratford is known from various references to him in the town records; but when or why he retired permanently from his London occupations of actor, playwright, and manager, is not known. In these references the appellation of “Gentleman” is usually added to his name, a result of the granting of a coat of arms to his father in 1599. Shakspeare was buried April 25, 1616, and the inscription on the memorial states that he died April 23. There is no record of his death, and we do not certainly know when the memorial was erected or who was authority for the date on it.

Text of the Plays. — Of the thirty-seven plays included in Shakspeare's complete works, only sixteen were published during his lifetime. There is no evidence that he sanctioned the publication of any one of them. If he did not do so, it



THE DROESHOUT PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPERE.

From the First Folio.

was because his plays were written to be acted by his own company, and could be performed exclusively by it only so long as the text could be kept from rival companies.

For the remaining plays we are dependent on what is called the "First Folio," a collection of the plays published in 1623, seven years after Shakspeare's death. There is no manuscript of any play

extant. This combination of circumstances indicates why many passages in the plays are either not entirely clear or are even quite unintelligible: the most accurate text we have is in books rather carelessly printed, which the author had no opportunity to correct or revise.

Uncertainties regarding Elizabethan Writers. — In six of the thirty-seven plays bearing Shakspeare's name it is very

generally believed that a second writer had a hand ; in four, that Shakspeare had only a small share. Nearly every play contains a passage or passages which some critics believe should be assigned to some other author. Any one disturbed by these uncertainties and led to doubt Shakspeare's accomplishment will find with even a superficial glance at the his-



HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Shakspeare is buried in the chancel.

tory of Elizabethan drama that such uncertainties exist in connection with many writers. A very little time spent in investigation of the lives and work of Thomas Middleton, Thomas Heywood, John Marston, and John Webster (to cite only a few) will show that we have more information about Shakspeare than about these, all of them noted playwrights of the day.

After many years of thorough exploration of every byway likely to lead to a better understanding of Shakspeare's work,

we are now able to say, with a fair approach to certainty, in what order the plays were written. Differences of opinion exist, it is true, regarding the place of individual works;

but four fairly well-defined periods are universally recognized.



CHANCEL OF HOLY TRINITY CHURCH,
STRATFORD.

The tablet and bust on the wall are a memorial to Shakspeare and the large tablet in the floor shows where he is buried.

manner to an earlier play on the subject (not extant);

Early Plays. — In the first period, extending to about 1595 and called by Dowden¹ "In the Workshop," were produced probably four comedies, three histories, and one or two tragedies, which are plainly experimental, imitative. For example, *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Two Gentlemen of Verona* show clearly the influence of Lyly, the most successful writer of romantic comedy (see page 50). *Richard III* and *Richard II* are modeled upon plays of Marlowe. *Romeo and Juliet* is certainly indebted for its dramatic

¹ These figurative titles are given in Dowden's *Shakspeare Primer*, now somewhat out of date, but still an admirable book for the be-

just as for its story it is indebted to an extant novel and poem.

The Great Comedies and Histories. — The second period, "In the World," extends roughly from 1596 to 1601, and includes the great comedies — *Merchant of Venice*, *Twelfth Night*, *As You Like It*; and the great histories — *Henry IV*, in two parts, and *Henry V*. During these years Shakspeare worked in the fields in which he had made most of his experiments, leaving tragedy for the next division of his work. The result was a series of most entertaining poetic comedies, with the first three of Shakspeare's wonderful gallery of charming women — Portia, Viola, Rosalind.

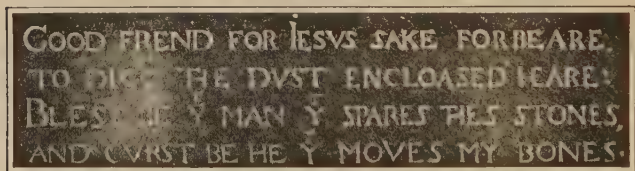
The Tragedies. — The period from 1601 to about 1608, Dowden's "Out of the Depths," is the period of the tragedies, of which the greatest are known to almost every schoolboy — *Julius Cæsar*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*. Only in these years is Shakspeare consistently serious; and an effort is usually made to explain the tone of this period by supposed events of the poet's life. Whatever the cause, the plays of this period picture the world's sorrows, and the working of the human soul under the stress of them.

The Romances. — In the closing period, which Dowden calls "On the Heights," were written three plays to which the designation "dramatic romances" is generally applied — *Cymbeline*, *Winter's Tale*, *The Tempest*. These plays show the author again experimenting not, as in his first period, to discover whether he could write as well as others, but to create new problems which only a master's hand could solve.

ginner. A recent (1913) small volume embodying the conclusions of Shakspearean scholarship to date, Neilson and Thorndike's *The Facts about Shakespeare*, is perhaps the best single book for students of all ranks.

Interesting from every viewpoint, from none are they more so than in their additions to Shakspeare's collection of heroines — Imogen, Perdita, Miranda.

Shakspeare's Merits of Minor Interest. — Scattered through the plays, from "When daisies pied and violets blue" of *Love's Labour's Lost* to "Where the bee sucks, there suck I" of *The Tempest*, are found a number of songs which place Shakspeare as high among lyric poets as among dramatic. His blank verse and his prose, aside from their perfect adaptation to use in drama, are not surpassed in the English language. Although there are many improbabilities in the



INSCRIPTION ON SHAKSPEARE'S TOMB.

plays, and some apparent inconsistencies, Shakspeare shows a mastery in construction of his plots unequaled by contemporaries or successors.

His Great Achievements: (1) Range of his Characters. — Not in any of these aspects, however, is to be found the reason for Shakspeare's preëminence in our literature: it is in his portrayal of human nature. Over two hundred definite personalities figure in the plays; and it is hardly too much to say that he has left untouched no type of character or situation. From the foolish servant Launcelot Gobbo to the superlatively subtle villain Iago; from the bold, impulsive Hotspur — "He that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife:

‘Fie upon this quiet life! I want work’ — to the vacillating, meditative, self-analyzing Hamlet; from the modest, true, gentle Cordelia to the assertive, unscrupulous Lady Macbeth: the range of human emotions shown is as broad as life itself.

(2) **Universality of his Characters.** — The characters are, moreover, as in life, seldom perfectly simple and readily understood; there is a mixture of motives and not infrequently a lack of sufficient motive, just as there is in the persons and actions we see every day. Was Lady Macbeth spurred on solely by love of her husband? or did she too have an ambition for distinction? Did Queen Gertrude know of the plot against the elder Hamlet’s life? or was she merely an intellectually and morally weak woman who became easy prey to the murderer? Is Antony merely a self-seeking politician? (note his “Mischief, thou art afoot, Take thou what course thou wilt!”) or does his espousal of Cæsar’s cause against Brutus arise from devotion to the dead and real belief in his cause? Had Iago’s diabolical plot against Othello no other motive than desire to avenge a small personal injury?

Parallels to such questions can and always will be found by every man in contemplating the conduct of people coming under his observation. To the universal truth to nature of Shakspeare’s portraits is due his continued wide appeal. As his friend Ben Jonson said:

“He was not of an age, but for all time.”

Chief Dramatists after Shakspeare. — As the drama was the form of literature most favored by the Elizabethan Age, most writers wrote plays. Of the host of playwrights who came into prominence about 1600–1625, few require extended treatment. John Ford is remembered for his

strength in pathetic scenes, and one of his tragedies, *The Broken Heart*, is still readable. Thomas Dekker wrote one realistic comedy, *The Shoemakers' Holiday*, which is still effective on the stage. George Chapman, memorable as translator of Homer, wrote several rather bombastic dramas based on contemporary French history, of which *Bussy d'Ambois* is the best. John Webster excelled in portraying the terrible, and his *Duchess of Malfi*, though melodramatic, is a powerful play.

More important than any of these are Francis Beaumont (1584-1616) and John Fletcher (1579-1625), each of whom wrote plays, but who are best known for plays they wrote in collaboration. Nearly all of the joint plays were written before Shakspeare's retirement from London; but they belong chiefly to the years following Shakspeare's greatest period, — that is, after the drama had passed its zenith. Of the fifty-two plays attributed to Beaumont and Fletcher the best are *The Maid's Tragedy*, *Philaster*, and *A King and No King*. Virtually none are acceptable to the modern stage or to modern readers because of their low moral tone and the authors' too frequent use of "common-place extravagances and theatrical tricks" (Hazlitt).

BEN JONSON, 1573?-1637

The greatest of all Shakspeare's successors in the drama was Ben Jonson, already named as Shakspeare's friend. He it was who said that the author of *Julius Cæsar* and *Troilus and Cressida* had "small Latin and less Greek;" and the phrase has by many been taken to mean that Shakspeare was uneducated. That the words should not be so interpreted becomes clear when we learn that the expression is found in a poem by Ben Jonson; for Ben Jonson was the most scholarly poet and dramatist of the age, and the advocate of the classic drama as model for the English.

Life. — Ben Jonson was born in London about 1573. Of his early life we know merely that he was sent to Westminster School, and that he served a short time abroad in the British army. Though he seems not to have attended any university he received honorary degrees from both Oxford and Cambridge. By 1598 he was sufficiently well known to be named by Meres (see page 75) among the foremost writers of tragedy. He was a favorite with James I, who named him the first Poet Laureate in 1616.



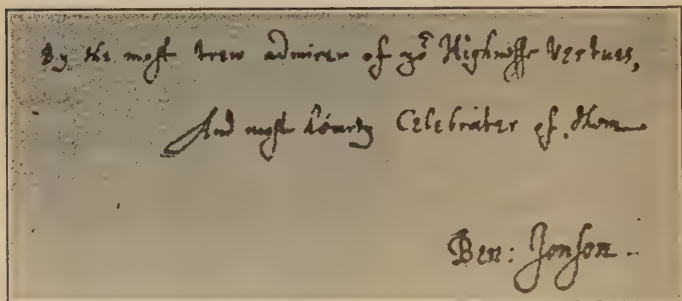
"O RARE BEN JONSON."

Jonson was afflicted with disease all his life, and aggravated his trouble by high living. Though he received great sums from the King, he was prodigal with them, frequently got into debt, and died in poverty in 1637. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

His Dramas. — Jonson's dramatic work stands out in strong contrast to Shakspeare's. In two Roman tragedies, *Sejanus* and *Catiline*, his learning shows in the extreme accuracy with which he portrays the life of ancient Rome; but not a character in either play has the reality of five

or six in *Julius Cæsar*, a very unscholarly play. His comedies show the same essential characteristics. *The Alchemist*, for example (the plot of which Coleridge called one of the three best in all literature), shows a minute knowledge of the processes and terminology of the so-called science which aimed to transmute base metals into gold; but it suffers for lack of real people.

Jonson's ideal comedy could scarcely show *characters*, as we use that word in dealing with Shakspeare. He wrote



FACSIMILE OF JONSON'S AUTOGRAPH.

(British Museum.)

what has been called "humour" comedy, in which each person is known by a peculiarity, whim, idiosyncrasy. Each of his three best comedies, indeed, is given to setting forth the whim or "humour" of one person: *Volpone*, or *The Fox*, avarice; *The Alchemist*, hypocrisy; *Epicæne*, or *The Silent Woman*, hatred of noise. The method was well adapted to what he aimed at — stripping "the ragged follies of the day;" but apparently so many of these required his attention that his efforts at reform were unproductive.

His Masks. — A form of dramatic composition in which Jonson particularly excelled is the *mask*. In this kind of

drama, usually given in noblemen's homes, music and dancing were prominent, and much care and expense were devoted to costumes and scenery. Both professional and amateur actors took part in them; and the author, who was generally also the director of the performance, received large financial returns. Jonson was by far the most successful writer of masks in the day of their greatest popularity; and the only really great specimen of the form written after him is Milton's *Comus*.

Minor Works. — Besides his dramatic work, Jonson wrote a discursive prose work called *Timber, or Discoveries Made upon Men and Matter*. Doubtless the passage in this work most interesting to modern readers is the criticism of Shakspeare, concluding: "I loved the man and honor his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any." Another field in which Jonson wrote much, and some of considerable merit, is lyric poetry. His best-known song is that beginning:

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,"

to the popularity of which the fine old musical setting has certainly contributed.

The King James Bible. — With all their claims to distinction, the writings of Spenser, Bacon, even Shakspeare, are of less importance than the translation of the Bible made under King James and first published in 1611. Various editions had appeared in the half-century after Tyn-dale's, and all met with a considerable measure of success. The superiority of the King James, or "Authorized" Version, to its predecessors, however, soon became apparent; and the superiority of its style is still unquestioned. Its influence on the English language is incalculable: its influence on the styles of our greatest prose writers is hardly less.



CHAPTER V

FROM THE CLOSING OF THE THEATRES TO THE RESTORATION OF CHARLES II (1642-1660)

Rise of the Puritans. — The period upon which we are about to enter is usually called the “Puritan Age,” because the literature and the social, civil, and political life of the time were dominated by the ideals of the Puritans. The name Puritan was applied in derision first about the middle of the sixteenth century to a party within the Church of England who sought to “purify” it of its unscriptural forms and ceremonies. As they grew in numbers and influence, they became more and more intolerant of the so-called popish abuses, and finally seceded from the Church of England and formed an independent sect.

Independence in religious belief was soon accompanied by independence in political belief. Opposition to the Stuart doctrine of “divine right of kings,” and to the autocratic carrying out of the doctrine by Charles I, turned their activity toward purification of the government. In addition to reform of State and Church they attempted the reformation of mankind, by setting before each individual a picture of that other world to come for which (in their belief) this world was merely a preparation.

The Puritans and Literature. — This otherworldliness could have no good effect on literature. One of the prin-

cial objects of literature always has been to give pleasure; and if the chief business of men is to prepare for a life after death, there is little reason for seeking to give or gain pleasure in this life before death. The Bible, the hymn-book, and the two-hour sermon were all the Puritan needed for intellectual food. These have value, though that of the seventeenth-century sermon is not quite clear to the twentieth-century reader, and there are comparatively few hymns that combine the poetical and the pious. Cardinal Newman's *Lead, Kindly Light*, for example, belongs to quite another school of thought: it is a great poem as well as a popular hymn.

The greatest literature of the Elizabethan Age — the drama, since its only aim was pleasure, very naturally met with Puritan disfavor, which brought about the closing of the theatres. Milton, indeed, who is undoubtedly the greatest writer produced by the Puritans, was by no means typical of the party. The poem of his old age, written to "justify the ways of God to man," doubtless satisfied Puritan desires; but the same cannot be said of that poem of his young manhood in which he summoned Mirth and her crew to keep him company:



CROMWELL.

After the portrait by Sir Peter Lely.

"Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathed Smiles."

Nor is it likely that they would have agreed with Milton's estimate of Shakspeare —

"That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

The Royalists and Literature. — It should be noted also that, while the period was dominated by Puritan ideals, by



CHARLES I.

After one of Van Dyck's numerous portraits.

no means all the literature from Elizabeth's time to the Restoration was of a Puritan cast. The cause of the Stuarts never lacked followers and sympathizers; and among these were not a few who regarded literature as a fine art, and devoted themselves to writing with aims quite opposed to those of the ruling party.

In Masterman's *Age of Milton*, a small handbook, are treated seven royalist theologians who used their pens to better purpose than edifica-

tion of the elect by long-winded sermons. Besides these there were the philosophers, whose investigations almost invariably put them into an attitude never characterized by the Puritans as less than sceptical. More important than either of these classes are the lyrists, nearly all of whom threw in their lot with the royalist or "cavalier" cause, and the greatest of whom — Carew, Lovelace, Suck-

ling, and Herrick — are commonly referred to as the Cavalier poets.

Instead of the designation "Puritan Age," or the "Age of Milton," then, it is more accurate to call this the "Age of Cavalier and Puritan," to indicate that the literature of the time is the product of two opposed theories of government and attitudes toward life. The lover of literature would not wish to dispense with either portion.

Overlapping of Periods. — Not all the writers and works treated in this chapter come within the dates given on the first page. Milton's minor poems (except some of his sonnets) were written before 1642, as were many of the songs of Herrick and Lovelace; Suckling died in 1642, Carew in 1638. Milton was born eight years before the death of Shakspeare, Herrick about the time when Shakspeare was beginning to write; and both Herrick and Milton lived fourteen years after the Restoration. Sir Thomas Browne, the antiquarian doctor who requires a place here, was born three years before Milton, and outlived the poet eight years.

It is, nevertheless, proper to separate the writers of the present chapter from the Elizabethan period on one side and the Restoration on the other. Few of them possessed the dramatic gift, none were so intent on the new and untried, none so much the captive of an unfettered imagination, as were the Elizabethans. Yet imagination in no small degree is evident in these poets, delicacy of feeling and expression is found not universally but in a large number of poems, and the prose is marked by dignity and formality — qualities at variance with much the larger part of Restoration literature.

THE CAVALIER POETS

We have remarked above that many of the lyric poets of the early seventeenth century adhered to the Cavalier cause, and were therefore called "Cavalier" poets. They are also referred to as "Caroline" poets, from their close association with the court of Charles I. ("Caroline" is from *Carolus*,



RECEPTION HALL IN A TYPICAL CAVALIER MANSION.

Home of Sir Edward Giles, Herrick's most distinguished parishioner.

Latin for Charles.) The four named as greatest we are now to study somewhat at length: Thomas Carew (1598?-1638?), Sir John Suckling (1609-1642), Richard Lovelace (1618-1658), and Robert Herrick (1591-1674).

Common Characteristics. — While their writings show many individual traits, and while they are of by no means equal rank, they show characteristics enough in common to

justify our considering them briefly together. All four were born in the vicinity of the "City;" all except Herrick belonged to prominent families; all came in early manhood to enjoy the favor of Charles; all were university men; all except Herrick seem to have indulged in the evil life of the Court circle; and only Herrick lived past the age of forty.

Writers of "Society Verse." — The best poems of all (except Herrick's religious verse, which need not concern us here) belong to a type known as "society verse." It is admirably characterized by Professor Schelling:

"This variety of the lyric recognizes in the highly complex conditions of modern society fitting themes for poetry, and makes out of the conventions of social life a subject for art. . . . It makes demand not only on the poet's breeding and intimate acquaintance with the usages and varieties of conduct and carriage which distinguish his time; it demands also control, ease, elegance of manner, delicacy of touch, . . . perfection of technique and finish."¹

Faults of this Kind of Poetry. — It will readily be seen that the satisfying of these demands requires no little skill; and it will not surprise one to discover that few successful writers of "society verse" avoid altogether certain faults belonging to the type. It is charged with a lack of seriousness, and we declare it guilty on finding many poems of the tone of this from Suckling:

"Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather."

The charge of trivial subjects seems to be sustained by numerous titles such as *To My Inconstant Mistress* (Carew),

¹ *The English Lyric*, pages 91-92.

Upon Julia's Hair Fill'd with Dew (Herrick), *Ellinda's Glove* (Lovelace). The fault of too many "conceits" (*i.e.*, thoughts "far-fetched and ingenious rather than natural and obvious") is frequent, and not seldom ridiculous. Suckling writes :

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out."

Herrick matches this with :

"Her pretty feet
Like snails did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they started at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again."

Ellinda's glove is thus addressed by the poet :

"Thou snowy farm with thy five tenements!"

And Carew surpasses them all :

"No more the frost
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake or crystal stream."

Lovelace. — Of the merits of this school of poetry the words "ease," "elegance," "delicacy," and "finish" in Professor Schelling's definition are the best indication. Of the four Lovelace is perhaps the least a poet; yet two of his poems — *To Lucasta, On Going to the Wars*, and *To Althea, from Prison* — would certainly be selected for any English anthology. The first contains two lines familiar to all :

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more;"

and the whole poem is equally worthy of remembrance. In the second are found also two lines that have met universal and deserved favor :

“Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.”

Suckling. — Carew and Suckling were closely associated in life, and more continuously in the Court circle than the rest of the group. Though Suckling was far inferior to his friend in accomplishment, his genius shows, according to Edmund Gosse, in his great influence on succeeding seventeenth-century writers of love songs. Very few of his poems show the best of which he was capable — he reproved Carew for spending too much time in polishing. *Constancy*, from which a stanza has been quoted (page 91), and the facetious *Why so pale and wan, fond lover?* are fair representatives of Suckling's skill.

Carew. — Carew's work is often marred by overemphasis of the sensual, which it should be remembered, however, was no offence in the eyes of his contemporaries. It is said on a fair basis of probability that in his last years Carew reformed, and sincerely repented the wildness of his life and early verse. Disregarding those he condemned we find many poems of Carew that are delightful reading, such as *Disdain Returned*, beginning:

“He that loves a rosy cheek,”

and

“Would you know what's sort?”

and *In Praise of his Mistress*, which might almost be set up as a model of what a love-tribute in verse should be.

ROBERT HERRICK, 1591–1674

Robert Herrick was so greatly the superior of his fellows that no apology is needed for giving him fuller treatment. In our introductory paragraph we noted that he was dif-

ferent from them in the circumstance of birth, and in his relation to the life of the Court circle. He was also the only one of the group to complete his university course; and his life-work, the ministry, was far removed from theirs of soldier, courtier, diplomat, "fine gentleman."

Life. — Herrick was the son of a London goldsmith, and was born in London in 1591. Upon the death of his father



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Attended by Herrick, also by Wyatt, Ascham, Jonson, and Wordsworth.

in the following year, his mother removed to the village of Hampton, about twelve miles away, where she and her son remained until his sixteenth year. Apprenticed then to his uncle, he spent six years at the goldsmith's trade in the City, during which time he met Ben Jonson and wrote some poems. In 1613, at the very late age (for those days — compare Bacon, page 57) of twenty-two, Herrick entered the university at Cambridge, from which he received the Master's degree four years later. Of his life for the succeeding ten years little is known; but in 1627 he entered the minis-

try, and in 1629 was made by Charles I rector of the church at Dean Prior, a village in Devonshire. It was an easy, comfortable position for a man of letters; and for eighteen years (*i.e.*, until removed by Cromwell's government), in addition to performing satisfactorily his clerical duties, he gave much time to "wooing the muse." When turned out of his pulpit, he had composed over 1200 poems, which



DEAN PRIOR CHURCH.

were published shortly after in London with the title *Hesperides*. No important incident of his subsequent life is recorded. Soon after the Restoration he was reappointed to his position at Dean Prior, and lived there till 1674.

Range of His Poetry. — One respect in which Herrick's work surpasses that of the other Cavaliers is range of subjects, a range claimed by the author in the opening poem of the *Hesperides*:

"I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers;
 Of April, May, of June, and July flowers.
 I sing of May-poles, hock-carts,¹ wassails, wakes;
 Of bride-grooms, brides, and of their bridal-cakes,
 I write of youth, of love, ...

 I sing of dews, of rains, ...

 I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
 The court of Mab, and of the Fairy-king.
 I write of hell; I sing, and ever shall
 Of heaven, and hope to have it after all."

This poem suggests that he drew on every portion of his experience for subjects: and it is clear that his experience was far broader than that of his companions in "society verse." His long residence in Devonshire is responsible for his verses dealing with the various aspects of nature, and his vocation naturally led to meditation on the future life.

That he aimed as did hardly another (unless Carew) at "perfection of technique and finish" is shown by *His Request to Julia*:

"Julia, if I chance to die
 Ere I print my poetry,
 I most humbly thee desire
 To commit it to the fire:
 Better 'twere my book were dead,
 Than to live not perfected."

Pastoral Poems. — Judged by an absolute standard, — if such a thing be possible, — Herrick is probably more the artist in his poems to Julia, Silvia, Sapho, in *How Roses Came Red*, *To the Virgins to Make Much of Time*, and other

¹ The *hock-cart* (for "hockey-cart") was the last cart loaded at harvest.

little masterpieces in the field of "society verse." The most competent critics agree, however, that his country poems, his "English pastorals," are altogether admirable. *Corinna's Going a-Maying* is a charming picture of one phase of life in a Devonshire village, idealized, it is true, but none the less charming for that reason. The song, *To Phillis*, beginning —

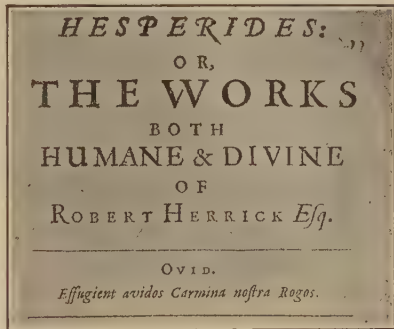
"Live, live with me, and thou shalt see
The pleasures I'll prepare for thee,"

does not suffer by comparison with Marlowe's

"Come, live with me, and be my love,"

and is not without merit when set over against *L'Allegro*.

Herrick's Limitations. — With all his merits Herrick can not be called a poet of the first rank. We demand of our great poets something more than good taste, elegance, ease, finish: we demand something vital in the content of their work, something that touches deep chords in human experience, something that points the way to better things. This no one will find in Herrick.



FACSIMILE TITLE-PAGE OF *Hesperides*.

Not only are his poems of the earth earthy: they are of the earth of Charles the First's England, an unusually earthy time. He was in entire harmony with his surroundings, and these neither gave rise to nor desired

literature which should uplift or inspire. The utter worldliness of this literature, reflecting the time, gives us a clew to the progress of the Puritan movement and to the final (though temporary) triumph of the "otherworldliness" to which reference has been made. The chief representative of the triumphant spirit was



JOHN MILTON, 1608-1674

The opinion has been expressed above that Milton was not typical of Puritanism, and that certain sentiments in his early poems can hardly have met with Puritan approval. His whole-souled devotion to literature as an art, except during the time of his government service, is another characteristic that shows lack of sympathy with his sect. His attitude toward life and toward his work is remote, indeed, from that of the Cavalier poets; but it is almost equally remote from anything expressed in literature by members of the opposite party. The mirth of



MILTON.

L'Allegro is not of close kin to that of Charles the First's poets; and the melancholy of *Il Penseroso* has equally slight resemblance to that of the followers of Cromwell. The former is always under the control of a cultured mind; the latter shows no trace of the long face or the whine of the Protector's psalm-singing "Ironsides."

Periods of Milton's Life. — Milton's life and writings fall into three clearly defined periods: first, his education and foreign travel, and his minor poems; second, his secretaryship for foreign tongues under Cromwell, and his prose works; third, his retirement from public view, and his major poems.



MILTON'S MULBERRY.

In Christ's College Gardens — said to have been planted by Milton in 1632.

Early Life and Education. — The poet was born in London, December 9, 1608, in a house which came to be a literary shrine, but which was destroyed in the great fire of 1666. His father was a scrivener, an occupation combining duties of a lawyer and broker. Of his mother virtually nothing is known. After a careful preliminary training under tutors and at St. Paul's School, London, Milton entered Christ's College, Cambridge, at the age of seventeen. There he remained seven years, receiving the degrees of A.B. and A.M.

Partly from his delicate beauty, partly from the correctness of his life, probably not at all from any effeminacy or excessive display of religion, he was nicknamed at the University "The Lady of Christ's." He himself expresses satisfaction at the "more than ordinary respect" shown him in his College.

Retirement at Horton; and Foreign Travel. — Though from an early age Milton had been designed for the ministry, he was not disposed, on graduation, to enter that calling. He was, in fact, not disposed to take up any remunerative occupation; and with his father's full consent, he spent the succeeding five years in self-directed study at Horton, a country place some twenty miles from London, where his father had settled on retiring from business.

A desire to complete his education in accepted fashion led him to make a tour on the Continent. With excellent introductions to literary and learned circles, he left England in April, 1638, and spent sixteen months abroad, visiting Paris, Genoa, Florence, Rome, Naples, and meeting Grotius, the famous Swedish diplomat, and Galileo. Milton's original itinerary included Sicily and Greece; but at Naples, he received news of impending civil war in England, and turned back. "For I considered it base," said he, "that, while my countrymen were fighting at home for liberty, I should be travelling abroad at ease for intellectual culture."

Poems of the First Period. — With his landing in England in August, 1639, the first period of Milton's life ends. His writings during this time include some poems in Latin and Italian, paraphrases of two of the Psalms, two sonnets, and seventeen other English poems. Of these the most worthy of notice are *L' Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, the companion pieces on mirth and melancholy already mentioned; *On the Morn-*

ing of Christ's Nativity; the mask of *Comus*; and the pastoral, memorial poem *Lycidas*. The *Nativity* ode was composed while he was still at the University; *Comus* and *Lycidas* belong to the Horton years; and all the available evidence justifies us in assigning *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* also to Horton.

“**Comus.**” — *Comus* is considered by Masson¹ the most important of Milton's minor poems. It is, as has been said,² the only great mask written after the time of Ben Jonson. A mask usually inculcated a moral; and Milton's moral is quite suited to the Puritan. *Comus*, the god of sensual pleasure, after being withstood for a time by youthful innocence, is finally routed by an Attendant Spirit sent from heaven. The closing lines of the poem express the moral in a speech by the Spirit:

“Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free.
She can teach ye how to climb —
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.”

“**Lycidas.**” — *Lycidas* was written for a collection of poems in memory of Edward King, a college friend of Milton, who was drowned in the Irish Sea. The name *Lycidas* is common in classic and pastoral poetry, and was used by Milton because King was ambitious

“To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,”

that is, to write poetry. It is full of classical allusions and imagery, but is amply worth any effort necessary to under-

¹ David Masson is the authority on Milton's life, and wrote an exhaustive biography in six volumes. He also edited Milton's poetical works in three volumes, with extensive introductions and notes.

² See page 85.

stand it. Perhaps the finest and certainly the most memorable passages in *Lycidas* are those dealing with the low state

John Milton was born the 9th of December
1608 die Venery half an hour after 6 in the
morning

Christopher Milton was born on Friday about
a month before Christmass at 5 in the morning.
1615

Edward Phillips was 15 year old August 1645
John Phillips is a year younger about Octob.

My daughter Anne was born July the 29th
on the fast at evening about half an hour
after six 1646

My daughter Mary was born on Wednesday
Octob. 25th on the fast^{day} in the morning about
6 a clock 1648.

My son John was born on Sunday March the
16th about half an hour past nine at night 1650

My daughter Deborah was born the 2^d of May
being Sunday somewhat before 3 of the clock in the
morning. 1652.

~~My~~ My wife her mother dyed about 3 days after. And my
son about 6 weeks after his mother

Katherin my daughter by Katherin my second wife, was
borne ye. 19th of October, between 5 and 6 in ye morning
and dyed ye. 17th of March following, 6 weeks after her
mother, who dyed ye. 3rd of Feb. 1654

MILTON'S BIBLE.

The first six entries are believed to be in his handwriting.

(British Museum.)

of contemporary poetry (lines 64-83) and the corruption in the clergy (lines 108-131). Although, as has been often

said, these passages are in a sense digressions, they are justified by the facts that King wrote poetry and that he was destined for the ministry.

“*L’Allegro*” and “*Il Penseroso*.” — *L’Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* are constructed on exactly the same plan, beginning with the exorcism (in ten lines) of the opposing spirit —

in *L’Allegro*,

“Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born;”

in *Il Penseroso*,

“Hence, vain, deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!”

Then follows the invitation to the congenial spirit —

in *L’Allegro*,

“But come, thou Goddess fair and free
In heaven yeleft Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth;”

in *Il Penseroso*,

“But, hail! thou Goddess sage and holy!
Hail, divinest Melancholy!”

A list of characters (mostly personified figures) desired for company is given; and the remainder of each poem outlines an ideal day. The day of *L’Allegro*, that is, of the mirthful or cheerful man, begins with the lark’s song before dawn, proceeds through a series of rural occupations till bedtime, and then removes to “towered cities,” where after attending “high triumphs” (elaborate entertainments) for a time:

"Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock¹ be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild."

The day of *Il Penseroso*, that is, of the thoughtful or contemplative² man, begins at evening, with the nightingale's song, spends the night in study or quiet recreations; and



WINDSOR CASTLE.

The "towers and battlements" of *L'Allegro*.

when the sun comes up, seeks protection from its beams in groves or the "studious cloister's pale."

Milton's Prose Period. — We resume now the account of Milton's life, which we interrupted at the time of his return from the Continent in 1639. The storm of the Civil War did not burst immediately, and Milton set up as schoolmaster

¹ The *sock* stands for comedy.

² These adjectives express better the idea of Milton than does "melancholy."

primarily to teach two nephews, but taking other pupils in addition. Partly as a result of this experience, he wrote a treatise on education, the first of the works written with his "left hand" (as he himself described his prose works). Other prose works belonging to this period, of which we need not give even the titles, were attacks on the church as it had come to be conducted under Charles's unprincipled assistant, Archbishop Laud; and a series of papers defending divorce.

Papers on Divorce. — The occasion of these last was his marriage to Mary Powell, a girl about half his age; and her virtual desertion of him in two months. She went ostensibly for a short visit to her parents; and when she did not return at the appointed time, or yet after several requests by her husband, he wrote his first divorce paper, in which he showed no personal interest. In three following papers, however, he made a vigorous argument for divorce; and in the last intimated that, if his wife did not return, he might marry again, with the sanction of the law or without. Not many months afterward Mary Powell Milton again took up her residence with the poet, after an absence of two years. She lived until 1653, and was survived by three daughters.

"Areopagitica." — Milton's one essay in prose which is still of interest to the general reader is *Areopagitica*, a plea for the liberty of the press; that is, for the liberty of publishing books without authority of the censor. When Milton said that in writing prose he had the use of only his left hand, he meant that prose was not his proper vehicle of expression; and this fact is apparent even in *Areopagitica*, great as are its merits. Sentences of more than a hundred words are frequent; and he uses an involved sentence struc-

ture that sounds like literal translation from Latin. When we think, however, of what the world would be to-day without freedom of the press, we realize the interest an eloquent plea for that freedom is likely to have for us. This of Milton's has, moreover, many passages so forceful and every way admirable that they have passed into common speech:

"Opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making."

"As good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye."

"Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely, above all other liberties."

Papers on the Execution of Charles. — The remainder of Milton's prose is occupied with a defence of the Puritans for their execution of Charles. The papers are all controversial, and are marred by undignified and harsh language that one would wish to think not natural to the writer.

In 1656 Milton married Catherine Woodcock, with whom (if we may judge from his twenty-third sonnet) he lived not unhappily until her death, fifteen months afterward. Since 1652 he had been totally blind, a result, doubtless, of excessive use of his eyes. On the subject of his blindness he wrote one of his greatest sonnets, closing with the memorable line,

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Milton's Sonnets. — A word should be said regarding Milton's contribution to the development of the English sonnet. In the words of Mark Pattison: "Milton emancipated the sonnet as to subject-matter." The Elizabethan sonnet, we have seen, was usually concerned with love; and Shakspeare, Sidney, Spenser, and the rest wrote sonnet

sequences in praise of their beloveds. Not a single one of Milton's twenty-three sonnets deals with love. Besides *On His Blindness*, some other titles are: *When the Assault was Intended to the City*, *On the Lord General Fairfax*, *To the Lord General Cromwell*, *On the Late Massacre in Piedmont*. After him the sonnet fell into disuse for a century and a



LIBRARY OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Depository of Milton manuscripts.

quarter; and it is open to question whether Wordsworth, innovator that he was, would have been impelled to so frequent use of the form had not Milton pointed the way to its use in other service than that of love.

Life after the Restoration. — While much is to be said of Milton's writings after the Restoration, little need be said of his life. When the change in government came, he, like all others who had been prominent in the Commonwealth, was

in grave danger. For a short time he was imprisoned, and for some time after release it was necessary for him to remain in hiding. In 1667 *Paradise Lost* was published; in 1671, *Paradise Regained*, and the dramatic poem *Samson Agonistes*. He died in

1674, so peacefully that those in the room were not aware when he actually breathed his last.



MEMORIAL TO MILTON.

In the Church at St. Giles.

“*Paradise Lost*”:

(1) *Its Influence.* —

The influence of *Paradise Lost* upon the thought of English-speaking people has been perhaps greater than that of any other poem, the most important phase of the in-

fluence being the doctrine of creation. Huxley, in the first of his lectures on evolution, delivered in America in 1876, attacked what he called the “Miltonic hypothesis” of creation. He asserted that, although he did not know the meaning of the first chapter of Genesis, and although Hebrew scholars were not agreed as to its meaning, Milton’s interpretation in the seventh book of *Paradise Lost* is quite clear, and is also clearly the interpretation “instilled into every one of us in our childhood.” Wherever the truth may lie, it is surely a great accomplishment to have formulated a great doctrine for so large a portion of mankind.

(2) *Its Planning and Maturing.* — The actual composition of *Paradise Lost* appears to have occupied Milton for eight

years, beginning in 1657 and ending in 1665, two years before it was published. The intention to write a long poem had been in his mind for at least twenty years. When he returned from his foreign tour, he indicated a plan for an epic of King Arthur, although he was considering about a hundred other subjects at the same time — some from the Bible, some from British history, and a few from Scottish. (The list in his own handwriting is preserved in Trinity College Library, Cambridge.)

While he was weighing these subjects, he expressed in a pamphlet the hope that he "might perhaps leave something so written to

aftertimes as they should not willingly let it die." How soon he determined on subject and form we cannot say. His nephew says that the speech of Satan in Book IV, beginning:

"O, thou that with surpassing glory crowned,"

was recited to him by the poet as the beginning of his poem; and it is thought by some that these lines date from 1640—



FACSIMILE TITLE-PAGE OF *Paradise Lost*.

Under the portrait of this edition (Tonsen's, 1688) are Dryden's famous lines, beginning,

"Three poets in three distant ages born."

1642. Through long years full of hindrances and uncongenial employment under the Commonwealth he cherished the design for a great literary work which later times would value.

(3) **Theme of the Poem.** — The theme of *Paradise Lost* has been stated above (page 87). The invocation to the Spirit at the beginning of the poem concludes :

. . . "what in me is dark
 Illumine, what is low, raise and support :
 That to the highth of this great argument,
 I may assert Eternal Providence,
 And justify the ways of God to man."

(4) **Outline.** — The action (but not the poem) begins in Heaven before the creation of the world, the fall of Lucifer, or the begetting of the Son. In Book V we learn that Raphael has been sent to warn Adam of his enemy's approach ; and from the narrative of Raphael to Adam we learn how the jealousy of Lucifer and his rebellion occurred. In Book VI we are told how the forces of Lucifer (now called Satan), after two days of drawn battles with God's legions are routed the third day by the Messiah, and sent down to Hell. In Book IX comes the temptation and fall of Adam and Eve ; and at the close of the last Book (XII) they are led out of Eden by the Archangel Michael, with the fiery sword of God behind them :

"They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
 Waved over by that flaming brand ; the gate
 With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.
 Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon ;
 The world was all before them, where to choose
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
 They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
 Through Eden took their solitary way."

(5) **The Sublimity of the Poem.** — A stupendous task, truly, the poet set himself; and the nature of his subject was such that, if he attained a measure of success in handling it, the epithet “sublime” would properly attach to it; and the “sublimity” of *Paradise Lost* has been repeatedly dwelt upon. Of no other work of literature is the word more fittingly used. The speeches of Satan deserve it no less than those of Uriel and Raphael; as, for example, that in Book II (lines 119–225) containing among many memorable passages this:

“And that must end us; that must be our cure —
To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated Night
Devoid of sense and motion?”

The many “muster-rolls of names,” as Macaulay calls them, almost equally deserve the epithet (cf. I, 392 ff., beginning, “First, Moloch, horrid king”).

The elaborate similes, so numerous in the poem, are likewise worthy to be called sublime; such as the famous one in Book IX (lines 445 ff.), beginning

“As one who, long in populous city pent,”

The faults of *Paradise Lost* it is not worth while to mention here: compared with its merits, they sink almost into insignificance. When everything possible by way of criticism has been said, it is still universally admitted that the poem has “a sustained magnificence of poetic conception, and of poetic treatment in the solemn and serious way” possessed by no other English poem and by not more than two or three of the world’s poems.

“*Paradise Regained*.” — Tradition, powerfully aided by Macaulay, says that Milton preferred *Paradise Regained*, sequel of *Paradise Lost*, to its predecessor. The idea seems to be traceable to a statement of one of the poet’s nephews, who merely said that Milton “could not hear with patience” the second epic criticised as inferior to the first. Both critical



MILTON DICTATING *PARADISE LOST*.

From the painting by Munkacsy.

and uncritical opinion in general believes that *Paradise Regained* is inferior, though enthusiasts (Masson and Saintsbury, for example) assert that the difference between them is rather of kind than of degree of merit.

“*Samson Agonistes*.” — Milton’s last work was *Samson Agonistes*, a tragedy in verse built on the classic model instead of on the English, and not intended to be staged. It derives some interest from the parallelism of Samson’s story

(see the sixteenth chapter of *Judges*) with Milton's own. The poem has unquestionably noble passages; but dramatic blank verse should be of a different kind from epic, and it cannot be said without qualification that *Samson* is a great English poem. Some have thought that in one speech of Samson's (lines 594-596) the writer voices his own consciousness of something very like failure:

"So much I feel my genial spirits droop,
My hopes all flat: Nature within me seems
In all her functions weary of herself."

A Soul Dwelling Apart. — Noble and glorious as is Milton's career in many aspects, in none is it more so than in that which considers the work of his last years beside the work turned out to meet a popular demand. A dissolute and debauched Court called for and obtained a literature as dissolute and debauched as any nation can show, of which more must be said in our next chapter. It was in such an environment, and utterly regardless of the reception accorded them, that Milton produced the three great poems just discussed. In the language of Wordsworth's sonnet:

"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay." ¹

SIR THOMAS BROWNE, 1605-1682

A Seventeenth-century Neutral. — During the great conflict which shook England in the seventeenth century

¹ The sonnet is entitled *London 1802*, and begins "Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour."

few men of force remained aloof. Whether they joined whole-souled one side or the other, most men felt it necessary to ally themselves with Puritans or Royalists. Among those who pursued the even tenor of their way was Thomas Browne,



SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

physician, antiquarian, and master of a sonorous and finely rhetorical English prose. Had he felt with Macaulay, that it was a "conflict between Oromasdes and Arimanes,¹ liberty and despotism, reason and prejudice," we do not imagine he would have hesitated to place his allegiance. Possessing a singularly well-balanced mind, he could see even at close range that there was "a good deal of Arimanes on both sides" (Matthew Arnold). Hence he did not join either of the contending parties, but lived his long life in the peaceful practice of his profession and the indulgence of his passion for the strange and the ancient.

Life. — He was born in London in 1605, son of a prosperous merchant. After attending school in Winchester, he entered at the age of eighteen Pembroke College, Oxford, from which he was graduated A.B. and A.M. He then traveled on the Continent, studying at several famous medical schools, and receiving his first medical degree from Leyden in 1633. On his return he took up residence in a hamlet in Yorkshire, and began the practice of his profession. Four years later he received his M.D. from Oxford, and then moved to Norwich, county of Norfolk, where he spent the

¹ These are the names of the spirit of good and the spirit of evil in Persian mythology. The more usual forms are Ormazd and Ahriman.

remaining forty-five years of his life. Of him and the lady whom he married it was said that "they seemed to come together by a kind of mutual magnetism." They reared twelve children, of whom, however, only four outlived their father. In 1671 Charles II, while on a visit to Norwich, recognized the learned doctor of the city by knighting him. Sir Thomas died in 1682.

Four works of Browne appeared during his lifetime: *Religio Medici* ("Religion of a Physician"); *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, or *Enquiries into Vulgar Errors*; *Hydriotaphia*, or *Urn-Burial*; and *The Garden of Cyrus*. A volume on *Christian Morals*, and some letters, were published after his death. Though *Urn-Burial* is by the learned proclaimed to be Browne's best work, *Religio Medici* is certainly of more general interest.

HYDRIOTAPHIA URNE-BURIAL,

OR,

A Discourse of the Sepulchrell

Urnes lately found in

N O R F O L K.

Together with

The Garden of C Y R U S,

OR THE

Quincunciall, Lozenge, or

Net-work Plantations of the An-
cients, Artificially, Naturally,
Mystically Considered.

With Sundry Observations.

By Thomas Browne D. of Physick.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Hen. Browne at the Signe of the
Gun in Ivy-lane. 1658.

FACSIMILE TITLE-PAGE OF *HYDRIOTAP-
PHIA*, FIRST EDITION.

(New York Public Library.)

"*Religio Medici*." — In the preface we are informed that the author did not write his confession of faith for publica-

tion. It was, instead, written, he says, "for my private exercise and satisfaction; . . . and being a private exercise directed to myself, what is delivered therein was rather a memorial unto *me* than an example or rule unto any other." Circulated in manuscript, it was copied by many; and finally got into print "in a most depraved copy." In order to justify himself he published in the following year an authorized edition.

How *Religio Medici* could have been a "rule" to many is difficult to see. It contains a curious mixture of so-called orthodoxy and heresy, of the most conventional thinking and the most progressive. He accepts the doctrine of eternal punishment, but rejects the doctrine of a hell of fire: "I feel sometimes a hell within myself; Lucifer keeps his Court in my breast." His belief in miracles would satisfy the extreme Puritan; but he also believed that "many are saved who to men seem reprobated, and many are reprobated who in the opinion and sentence of man stand elected" — a belief to which scarcely a follower of Cromwell would assent.

The second part of the book is devoted to the "virtue of charity," with which the author's contemporaries were so slightly blessed, and the author himself so richly. Nothing could show better than does this section Browne's lack of sympathy with his time — "I am of a constitution so general," he says, "that it consorts and sympathiseth with all things." And again: "In all disputes, so much as there is of passion, so much there is of nothing to the purpose; for then reason, like a bad hound, spends upon a false scent, and forsakes the question first started." What a commentary on this sentiment is the action of Parliament in conferring virtually absolute power on Cromwell just seven years after it had executed Charles for exercising power no more absolute!

A typical passage, showing the characteristics of his vocabulary and his sentence-structure, is a fine one on music, which in DeQuincey's opinion is one of the two things "said adequately on the subject of music in all literature."¹

"It is my temper, and I like it the better, to affect all harmony; and sure there is music even in the beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument. For there is music wherever there is a harmony, order, or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres; for those well-ordered motions and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony. Whosoever is harmonically composed delights in harmony; which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church music. For myself, not only from my obedience, but my particular genius, I do embrace it; for even that vulgar and tavern music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the First Composer."

¹ The other cited by DeQuincey is in *Twelfth Night*, I, i.

CHAPTER VI

FROM THE RESTORATION OF CHARLES II TO THE DEATH OF DRYDEN (1660-1700)

Puritan Repression. — It will be readily inferred from what has been said in the preceding chapter that life under Puritan government was not happy. A certain sort of people will perhaps always derive a certain sort of pleasure from a life of repression, self-denial, and prohibition of all forms of amusement; but the class is never numerous, and it is likely to decrease when the period of repression is too long extended. It must be kept in mind that in this instance the prohibitions arose not because of the effect on the amusers, but because of that on the amused. The Puritans prohibited bear baiting, not because it gave pain to the bears but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.

The Change in Government. — The great majority of Englishmen had doubtless wearied of the Puritan régime long before the end came. Cromwell, however, by his overmastering personality, became autocrat in fact if not in name in 1653; and he forced the distasteful life on the people for five years longer. At his death his son Richard succeeded to the title of Lord Protector; but having no ability or taste for leadership, he resigned in six months. After about nine months of a pretence of government by the military leaders, General Monk gained control of London, and brought about the election of a "free Parliament," which immediately invited Charles II to return and take his kingdom.

The Change in Life. — Charles and his followers had been in exile on the Continent, chiefly in France, during the Commonwealth. They were a pleasure-loving, extravagant lot, who had been entertained almost to satiety by the gay nation. On reaching England they set to work to make over the nation on a French pattern; and it was not long before French standards pervaded the life of the City, and the literature of England. The literature most in demand was drama, and a host of writers appeared to give the Court and the City what was demanded. Life — at least that of the theatre-going circles — was on an exceedingly low moral plane, and it was accurately reflected in Restoration drama, especially comedy.

Restoration Comedy. — Of the comic writers of this period it is difficult to speak too severely, and unnecessary here to speak at length. They not only made no effort at originality: they did not even travel far for their models and materials. They worked over the greatest of French dramas, chiefly the comedies of Molière, according to French dramatic theory. They remade Shakspeare and other Elizabethans to suit the taste of an age not so "barbarous." Worse, however, than lack of originality, is the unblushing immorality of Restoration drama, which constantly pictures vice triumphant, which "laughs not merely indulgently at vice, but harshly at the semblance of virtue."¹

The Swing of the Pendulum. — That this standard was allowed to remain for forty years recalls the fact that a pendulum swings as far in one direction as the other. An enforced seriousness, morality, restraint, gave way to a deliberately sought levity, immorality, licence. If people thought of sin

¹ Nettleton, *English Drama of the Restoration*, page 7.

at all, they took the position expressed by one of the Cavalier poets, that sin consists, not in doing wrong, but in being found out. Not that the entire nation fell to this low level: there were many exceptions. But the upper class in state and society was morally down, and this class determined the literature of the period.

Before studying the greatest writer of the day it will be well to look briefly at a work which admirably supplements Restoration comedy in picturing the life of the time. This work is the *Diary* of Samuel Pepys.¹

SAMUEL PEPYS, 1633-1703

Life. — Pepys was born in London, the son of a tailor. He attended St. Paul's School in the City, and Magdalene College, Cambridge, being graduated in 1650. At the age of twenty-two, without occupation or prospects, he married; and of his life for the succeeding four or five years we have no information. Having, however, secured the favor and patronage of his distant kinsman, Sir Edward Montagu, an influential man in the Restoration, Pepys became in 1660 Clerk of the Acts of the Navy Board. Soon afterward he became Secretary of the Admiralty; and to him, it is said, much credit is due for improvements in administration of the navy.

The *Diary*, begun in 1660, Pepys was compelled to discontinue in 1669 because of the weakness of his eyes. He was an early member of the Royal Society and became its presi-

¹ According to H. B. Wheatley, authority on Pepys, the most usual pronunciation of the name to-day is *Peps*, though most bearers of the name say *Peeps*, and one branch of the family has said *Pep-pis* for at least a hundred years. Mr. Wheatley thinks the pronunciation of the diarist's own day was undoubtedly *Peeps*. — See *Samuel Pepys and the World He Lived In*. second edition, preface.

dent in 1684. With the Revolution of 1688 he lost his position in the Admiralty, and spent his last fifteen years in a suburb of London, maintaining acquaintance and correspondence with prominent men, including Christopher Wren the architect, and Isaac Newton the philosopher and scientist. He also in these last years kept up an active interest in many public affairs.

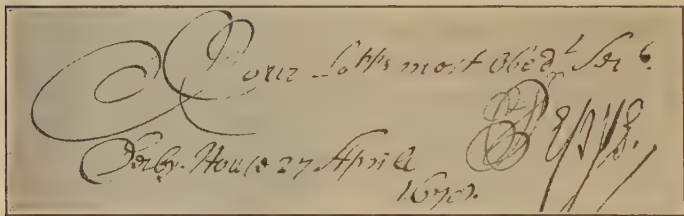


PEPYS.

Character Revealed in the Diary.—The character of the author, revealed on every page—almost in every entry—of the *Diary*, is most interesting. The manuscript is in shorthand; and that it was written with not the remotest thought of publication, is clear. He shows the weaknesses and vices of the day: avarice, with no great scruples in gratifying it; love of amusement, satisfied by the typical amusements of the Restoration; love of wine, indulgence in which caused him inconvenience, and therefore, pain; vanity, which led him, while complaining of even the small expenditures of his wife, to lay out great sums for attire for himself. "Up, and make myself as fine as I could, with the linen stockings on and wide canons [*i.e.*, ornamental rolls around the bottom of his trousers] that I bought the other day at Hague." (May 24, 1660.) The list of plays which he saw, many of them over and over again, numbers nearly one hundred and fifty, and there were frequent merry-makings,

not all of unquestionable character, at his own and friends' houses, and at taverns of all kinds.

A Business Man. — On the other hand, he certainly devoted himself faithfully to the business of his office, with benefit to the service, as has been mentioned. For many a day the entry is as brief as the following: "At the office all the morning, and merry at noon, at dinner; and after dinner to the office, where all the afternoon, doing much business, late." (Nov. 15, 1668.) That he earnestly wished



FACSIMILE OF PEPPY'S SIGNATURE.

(British Museum.)

to be freed from his bad habits is evidenced by the number of times he "prays" that he may overcome them. Sometimes in a sentence he seems rightly to estimate a business acquaintance: "I thought it dangerous to be free with him, for I do not think he can keep counsel; because he blabs to me of what hath passed between other people and him." (Aug. 13, 1666.)

Life of the Time Pictured. — The satisfaction of the people with the new government appears from two passages for 1660. On March 6 he writes: "Everybody now drinks the King's health without any fear, whereas before it was very private (*i.e.*, secretly) that a man dare do it:" and on

October 13: "I went out to Charing Cross, to see Major-General Harrison¹ hanged, drawn, and quartered. . . . He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which time there were great shouts of joy." The most famous long entry is that describing the great fire of 1666, containing much of interest regarding phases of Restoration London which a regular historian would have ignored.

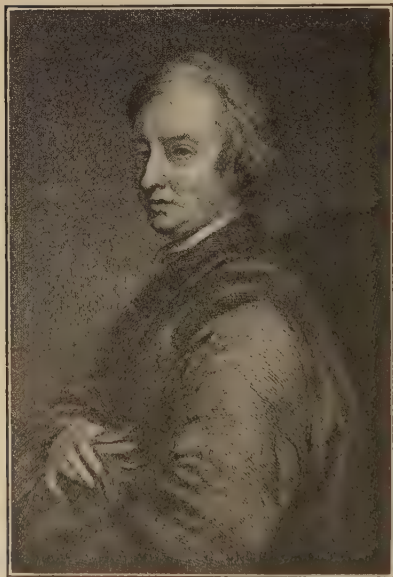
The Supreme Diarist. — As Boswell (see page 184) is the world's greatest biographer, Samuel Pepys is its greatest diarist. His *Diary*, says Richard Garnett, is "a model to which not only no one ever will attain, but to which no one will endeavor to attain." As indicating the difficulty of accomplishing what Pepys accomplished Garnett adds: "He is as supreme in his own sphere as Milton in his; and another Milton is more likely to appear than another Pepys."

JOHN DRYDEN, 1631-1700

The dominant literary figure of the age was John Dryden, who possessed skill much above the average writer, but lacked the force of character necessary to raise the tone of the literature. His life of sixty-nine years stretched over the period of the Commonwealth and those of four sovereigns — the two Charleses, James II, and William and Mary. His literary life, which began at the death of Cromwell, shows a series of changes in standards and theories of writing; and his writings show great changes in thought, particularly religious thought. Regarding all these changes a controversy has lasted to the present day; and scholars are not yet agreed whether greater praise or blame is due him.

¹ A Puritan officer who signed Charles the First's death warrant.

Life to the End of the Commonwealth. — Dryden was born in a Northamptonshire village about eighty miles north of London, August 9, 1631. He attended Westminster School under Doctor Busby (who, it will be remembered, once whipped Sir Roger de Coverley's grandfather — see *The Spectator*, No. 329), and Trinity College, Cambridge.



DRYDEN.

After the portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Though he did not obtain a fellowship, he remained in Cambridge for three years after his graduation in 1654, apparently engaged in study. On the death of his father he inherited property enough to support him; and from Cambridge he moved to London, which from that time was his residence.

First Poems. — At the death of Cromwell Dryden published his first poem — *Heroic*

Stanzas, Consecrated to the Memory of His Highness, Oliver, Late Lord Protector of this Commonwealth. The poet's ancestry was Puritan in sympathy, and this poem is quite orthodox, saying:

“His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone,
For he was great, ere Fortune made him so.”

The concluding stanza reads :

“His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest ;
 His name a great example stands to show
 How strangely high endeavors may be blessed
 Where piety and valour jointly go.”

Less than two years later appeared from the same pen *Astræa Redux, a Poem on the Happy Restoration and Return of His Sacred Majesty Charles the Second*. This is the first of Dryden's changes and the easiest to explain. In the words of Doctor Johnson: “If he *changed*, he changed with the nation.” Why and to what extent the nation changed, has been stated above. In passing we should note that *Astræa Redux* is written in heroic couplets,¹ the measure which Dryden was to fix as the standard measure for English poetry for more than a century.

First Plays and Essays. — In the third year of Charles II, Dryden produced *The Wild Gallant* and *The Rival Ladies*, the first of a long list of plays of little merit and of the tone he believed to be in demand by Restoration play-goers. Four years later came a work of dramatic criticism of more importance to English literature than all his plays — *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, in which he argues for the use of rhyme in tragedy. Although the subject of the essay is of no importance, the essay itself deserves high place as the first composition in what is called *modern* prose. By this term is meant prose employed “as an instrument for promoting

¹ The heroic couplet consists of two rhymed lines of iambic pentameter. Examples from *Astræa Redux*:

“How shall I speak of that triumphant day,
 When you renewed the expiring pomp of May,
 A month that owns an interest in your name;
 You and the flowers are its peculiar claim.”

My Lord

I have no shelter my Lord Sunderland has interceded with your Lord-
 ship for half a year of my salary. But I have two other solicitudes;
 my carriage wants even almost to mending, & my ill health which
 cannot be repaired without immediate retiring into the Country.
 A quarterly allowance is but the brittle powder to my distemper.
 He that will return a great many thanks. If I durst I would
 print a Greek merit, & save hazards of my life from the Common
 Causers; no not some advantages offered by them, & expecting my
 political Gadgets for the Kings Service: But I only think I
 write not so flatter. I never applyd my self to any interest con-
 -ry to your Lordship, and on some occasions, perhaps not known to
 you I have been unforissable to the memory & reputation of
 My Lord your Father: After this, My Lord, my continuance assures me
 I may write boldly, though I cannot speak to you. I have three
 sons, married to maidens. I breed them all up to Learning, by
 my School, but they are too apt to be neglected through want
 of pleasure to learn, or with an eye of compassion; some small
 Employment would render my condition easy. If I had a little con-
 sidered of me, the Duke has often promised me his assistance. &
 your Lordship is the Conduit through which their favours pass.
 Either in the Colours, or the Appointments of his Service, or some other
 way; means could be devised if you please to have the will
 to enough to me to have repaired the Conduit, and saved
 the Publick. But neither of them had the Request to live but your
 Lordships Ministry. He that comes in to please to give me a pension
 and yearly agrees to my present request of half a years pension
 for my necessities. I am going to write somewhat of his Majesty's
 command, & cannot think you the Conduit for my health and studies
 till I secure my family from want. You have many petitions of
 this nature, & cannot satisfy all. But I hope from your goodness
 to be made an exception to the general rule, because I am, with
 all respect.

Your Lordships most obedient
 Humble Servant

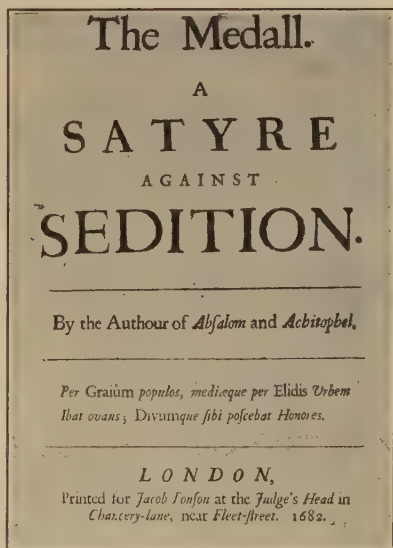
John Dryden.

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER OF DRYDEN.

(British Museum.)

social intercourse and refinement" as distinguished from that used "for the various purposes of instruction."¹ This was followed by *Defence of the Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, and by various other defences, prefaces, and dedications, which taken together justify our naming Dryden the "Father of Modern English Prose."

Dryden was made Poet Laureate in 1670, and held the position until the Revolution (1688). Eight years later, in *All for Love*, an imitation and adaptation of Shakspeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, he abandoned rhyme for blank verse in tragedy; another of his changes of standard, which he felt it necessary to "defend" in a preface.



FACSIMILE TITLE-PAGE OF DRYDEN'S
THE MEDAL.

(New York Public Library.)

Satirical Poems. — Neither Dryden's plays nor his critical essays, however, could have given him the position he occupied in Restoration life and literature. That position at the top came to him as a result chiefly of another sort of writing, begun when he was fifty years old — political satire. The first of his satirical poems was *Absalom and Achitophel*,

¹ Courthope, in *Craik's English Prose*, III, 139.

directed against the Earl of Shaftesbury, who favored the Protestant Duke of Monmouth as Charles's successor rather than the Roman Catholic Duke of York (afterwards James II). When Shaftesbury was tried for high treason and acquitted, and his friends had a medal struck in commemoration of the event, Dryden wrote another satire with the same aim, entitled *The Medal*.

"**Mac Flecknoe.**" — Among the replies was one by Thomas Shadwell, whose taking part in the wit-combat would be quite forgotten but for Dryden's rejoinder to it. It may almost be said that Shadwell's very name would be forgotten but for Dryden's *Mac Flecknoe*, a poem in which Shadwell is made successor to the throne of dulness. Such lines as the following were quite beyond Shadwell, and they hit hard :

"Shadwell alone, of all my ¹ sons is he
 Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
 But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
 So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
 That he till death true dulness would maintain;
 And in his father's right, and realm's defence,
 Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense."

Religious Poems. — The year of the Shadwell poem was signalized by a venture of Dryden's into a field entirely new to him — religion. This venture was *Religio Laici* ("Religion of a Layman"), a poem setting forth the fallacy of the Roman Catholic doctrine of infallibility. After the accession of James II appeared *The Hind and the Panther*, an allegorical satire in verse proving the Roman Church to be the true and only church. This was the last of those changes

¹ Flecknoe, King of Nonsense, is speaking.

of which mention was made in our introductory paragraph on Dryden; and it seems probable that he was at heart more a Catholic than anything else. In the poem various sects are represented by animals, from the Church of Rome ("the milk-white Hind") and that of England (the Panther — "fairest creature of the spotted kind") to the Baptist ("the bristled Boar") and the Quaker (the Hare — that "Professed neutrality, but would not swear").

Last Years. — With the exile of James at the Revolution and the accession of the Protestants William and Mary (1688-1689), Dryden lost the position of laureate; and from that time until his death in 1700 he suffered from physical ills and from lack of income to relieve them. What is by some, however, considered his best work was written in the last ten years of his life: translations, including the *Æneid* of Virgil; the *Fables*, including translations from Ovid and Boccaccio, and modernizations of Chaucer; and the ode called *Alexander's Feast*.

JOHN BUNYAN, 1628-1688

Although John Bunyan was a Puritan of Puritans, it seems more correct to assign him to the Restoration period for two reasons. In the first place all of his works that have any claim on our consideration were written after 1660; and in the second, it is very doubtful whether his great works would ever have been written had it not been for the religious persecution he suffered under Charles's government.

Birth and Education. — Bunyan was born in Elstow, Bedfordshire, in 1628, "of a low and inconsiderable generation," as he himself says. His father, Thomas Bunyan, who called himself a "brazier," was called by the son's first biographer a "tinker," that is, "a mender of pots and kettles;" and

the son followed the same trade. His schooling must have been very limited, but his literary training was of the best. "The Bible," says Froude, "is a literature in itself — the rarest and richest in all departments of thought or imagination which exists;" and Bunyan *knew* his Bible. Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* is said to be the only other book with which he was at all well acquainted.

Conversion; and Marriage. — According to his own narrative after his conversion, he was a very wicked youth and young man, the chief of sinners; but it is now very generally believed that he exaggerated, quite unconsciously, his early wickedness. In the great ardor of his changed life, very slight lapses from propriety seemed to him the blackest of crimes against his Maker. For three years he served in the army, on the side of Parliament, as is now established.¹ Shortly after his release he married. His wife brought as her dowry two religious books, which he took pleasure in reading with her, but which had no effect on his life. His change resulted from a new and sympathetic reading of the Bible; he joined a dissenting sect in 1653; and three years later was regularly engaged in preaching.

Works Written while in Prison. — Six months after the Restoration of Charles and of the Established Church, Bunyan, with many other dissenting preachers, was arrested; and on his refusal to discontinue preaching, was imprisoned. During the twelve years of his confinement he wrote a number of books, including one of "the four outstanding creations of his genius" — *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*, his autobiography. It is in this volume that he charges himself with the extreme sinfulness already referred

¹ See *Cambridge History*, VII, 192.

to. Released from prison in 1672, Bunyan became pastor of the Bedford church; but after a service of only three years he was again arrested and imprisoned. This second imprisonment of six months is for the world the most important episode in Bunyan's life; for it was then that he wrote the first part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

"*The Pilgrim's Progress*." — *The Pilgrim's Progress from This World to that which is to Come* is "delivered under the



JAIL ON BEDFORD BRIDGE.

Here Bunyan was imprisoned for years.

similitude of a dream." The author of *Piers Plowman*, it will be recalled (see page 22), lay down on Malvern Hills one morning, and had a dream in which appeared a "field full of folk." So Bunyan says he lay down in a "den" (i.e., Bedford Jail), and dreamed. At the end of the story, he "awoke, and behold it was a dream."

The story is of Christian, who, reading in a Book (the Bible) that his city was to be destroyed by fire, set out for a place of safety. Evangelist gives him directions; his

neighbors, Obstinate and Pliable, follow him and try to turn him back. Christian, however, refuses to return, and after a long and toilsome journey is conducted by two Shining Ones into the Celestial City.

In striving to reach his goal he has experienced many and distressing hindrances. Among them are the Slough of Despond, into which he falls; the Hill of Difficulty; Doubting Castle, the home of Giant Despair; the Valley of Humiliation, where he has to fight the fiend Apollyon; the town of Vanity, where he and a companion named Faithful are tried for disturbing the peace by talking against a fair to be held in the town. He is enabled to overcome these hindrances by the aid of the shepherds Knowledge, Experience, and Sincere, dwellers in the Delectable Mountains; an Interpreter, who has a house on the road; the porter Watchful, and the damsels Prudence, Piety, and Charity, who occupy the Palace Beautiful; and Hopeful, who joins Christian after the execution of Faithful at Vanity Fair, and accompanies him to the end of the journey.

The reception accorded *The Pilgrim's Progress* is shown by the appearance of fifty-nine editions in the hundred years following its publication. Before 1700 it was translated into French, German, and Dutch; and at the present time versions exist in more than one hundred languages and dialects.

Later Works. — The period between the release from his second imprisonment and his death was a happy and prosperous one for Bunyan. The second part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, setting forth the journey of Christian's wife, Christiana, and their children, appeared; and though unquestionably inferior to the first part, it met with a most cordial reception. Two more of his great works were published — *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, a reversal of Christian's

journey and less interesting because of the simple character of the central figure; and *The Holy War*, an allegory the idea of which is plainly taken from *Paradise Lost*, and in which the banished spirits, led by Diabolus (Satan), attack the forces of Emmanuel (Christ), defending the town of Mansoul. In addition to attaining great fame as a writer, Bunyan had now come to be recognized as a great preacher. Offers of more prominent and more lucrative positions came to him, but he declined to leave Bedford permanently, though he made an annual visit to London and preached to large and enthusiastic audiences.



BUNYAN.

From a portrait by Sadler.

Death.—He gave himself freely to humanity, and his death resulted from exposure on a journey that he certainly would have called one of Christian duty. The journey was to bring about a reconciliation between a father and son, and was successful. Riding afterward to London in a heavy rain, he caught cold, which developed into fever. In about ten days he died, and was buried in London.

A Humble Man.—In view of Bunyan's phenomenal success, especially with such an unpromising start in life, no

characteristic is more noteworthy than his humility. A single incident will illustrate this. A member of his congregation once complimented him on a sermon he had preached, calling it a "sweet" sermon. The great man, to whose imagination the forces of evil were very real and always present, replied: "You need not tell me that, for the devil whispered it to me before I was well out of the pulpit."

A Noteworthy Pamphlet. — This chapter should not end without mention of a publication that had a great effect on the drama of this period, and incidentally upon the moral tone of the literature as a whole. This was a pamphlet entitled, *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*, by Jeremy Collier, a dissenting clergyman. It appeared in 1698, two years, that is, before Dryden's death; and it was very specific as to names of both authors and plays, Dryden receiving a due share of condemnation. He differed from other offenders in admitting the justice of the charges, and making a feeble apology.

That such a spectacle as the comedy of the Restoration must have come to an end in time is doubtless true; but it is also true that the reform was hastened by the clergyman's blast. While the pamphlet is an absolutely uncritical performance, it appeared at a moment when merely a vigorous statement of the situation would contribute much toward a removal of the evil.

CHAPTER VII

FROM THE DEATH OF DRYDEN TO THE PUBLICATION OF THE "LYRICAL BALLADS" (1700-1798)

General Character of Eighteenth-century Literature. — Despite repeated assertions to the contrary, Matthew Arnold's characterization of the eighteenth century as "our age of prose and reason" remains the most accurate brief characterization yet offered. The objectors to the phrase apparently labor under the impression that the critic was disparaging the age, overlooking the fact that he also described it as "excellent and indispensable." After Chaucer, Shakspeare, and Milton (to name only the greatest poets before 1700) English literature could well afford an entire century for perfecting its prose.

An Age of Prose. — Even an age of prose may produce poets, and Arnold counts Gray a classic and Burns a poet of great power. In the opinion of most students it requires no indulgence to add the names of Thomson, Cowper, Collins, and Goldsmith to the list of real poets. When all is said, however, the fact stands out that not by reason of all six of these names does the eighteenth century hold its high place in our literary annals. That place is due to a number of prose writers of the highest merit — Defoe and Swift, Addison and Steele, Johnson and Goldsmith, Boswell and Burke; to the founders of the novel¹ — Richardson,

¹ The novelists are separated from other prose writers because their contribution is to the establishment of a literary form rather than "a fit prose" style.

Fielding, Smollett, Sterne; and to one poet — Pope — who, as we shall presently see, treated in metrical form just the sort of subjects treated by the others in prose and in a not dissimilar fashion.

An Age of Reason. — It was an age of reason in that the appeal of its writers was largely to the intellect and slightly to the imagination or to the emotions. This assertion may be disputed by one who recalls that *Gulliver's Travels*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *Sir Roger de Coverley* belong to the first half of the century. But the De Coverley Papers were popular because readers found in them so much of the life of their own day; and *Robinson Crusoe* was read not as a creation of the imagination, but as sober narrative of real experiences. Swift's object in *Gulliver's Travels* was not to entertain, but to satirize politics, religion, learning, and well nigh every phase of life. Even the titles of Pope's poems show lack of imagination and feeling, qualities inseparably connected in most minds with any poetry worthy the name. He wrote an *Essay on Criticism*, *Essay on Man*, *Moral Essays*, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* (his closest friend), *Epistle on Taste*, *Satires* (imitations of Horace), *The Dunciad* (a long series of spiteful, personal attacks on contemporaries).

Although some characteristics run through the literature of the entire century, certain differences between the first half of the century and the second half make a subdivision desirable. It is convenient to name these subdivisions from the men whose influence dominated each: the age of Pope (to his death in 1744), and the age of Johnson.

THE AGE OF POPE

The "Augustan" Age. — The age of Pope is sometimes called the "Augustan" age, because of some resemblances

between conditions in England at the time and conditions in Rome under the Emperor Augustus. "The parallel between the two eras," says Professor Sellar,¹ "consists in the relation which poets and writers held to men eminent in the State, and also in the finished execution and moderation of tone common to both." Statesmen vied with each other in the encouragement and substantial patronage of men of



MAP OF LONDON AND VICINITY.

Augustan writers were interested chiefly in city life. Places connected with writers of other periods may be noted.

letters. Great emphasis was laid on literary "finish," on elegance. Said Dryden:

"Polish, repolish, every color lay,
And sometimes add, but oftener take away."

Following Dryden's example, the early eighteenth-century writers busied themselves much with theories of poetry

¹ *The Roman Poets of the Augustan Age: Virgil*, 3d ed., page 5.

and were greatly influenced by the Latin writer Horace. "There was never an age in which great writers trained themselves so carefully for their office, strove so much to conform to recognized principles of art, reflected so much on the plan and purpose of their compositions, or used more patient industry in bringing their conceptions to maturity." An important difference between the two Augustan ages is that the Roman age followed Rome's greatest *prose* period, and was almost wholly devoted to *poetry*. The prose of Cæsar, Salust, and Cicero preceded the poetry of Virgil and Horace.

Subject-matter and Treatment. — On the side of subject-matter and treatment the literature of the age of Pope is very largely satiric, moral, and didactic. Satire was its heritage from Dryden, and was the form naturally favored by men writing "for the critics in the coffee-houses, for the noblemen from whom they expected patronage, and for the political party they were pledged to support." Why an age so far from moral should show partiality to moral treatises is perhaps not quite clear; but partial to them it was. Pope's lines,

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies,"

found no exemplification in the author's life or in the lives of many of his notable contemporaries; yet it is the kind of sentiment applauded on all sides in Pope's day. His contemporaries enjoyed repeating

"Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man,"

even though the object of most men's study (notably of Pope's) was to find the weak points in their adversaries with a view to verbal attack.

Widespread Writing in Verse. — Nearly every discussion of the eighteenth century undertakes to decide whether Pope and his followers are or are not poets. No such effort will be made here. The terms “poet” and “poetry” are used with such a variety of meanings that there is no common ground for classifying a writer like Pope. We may avoid committing ourselves by saying that virtually every writer of the time did on occasion express himself in verse. Of the eight chief prose writers named at the beginning of this chapter, six also wrote compositions which their contemporaries had no hesitancy in calling poems.

Conclusion. — In concluding this general characterization of the eighteenth century three points must be mentioned: First, the average writer was a better writer than was the average in the preceding century.

Second, there were more writers above the average.

Third, no writer approached in greatness the three chief figures of the seventeenth century — Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton. As some one has put it, there are more mountains in the eighteenth-century literature than in the seventeenth; but there are none whose summits reach the heights of the earlier time.

There is no clearly logical order in which to study the writers of the Augustan age. We shall, therefore, make a purely arbitrary choice, beginning with Swift because his Tale of a Tub (1704) is the first really great book of the century. It should, however, be kept in mind that in the same year Defoe began his Review, the first of the illustrious list of periodicals; and Addison wrote The Campaign, a poem celebrating a great victory in war which gained for its author the first noteworthy recognition of literature by government.

JONATHAN SWIFT, 1667-1745

Swift Not an Irishman. — Swift was born in Ireland; grew up and received his entire education in Ireland; spent the greater part of his seventy-eight years in Ireland; and died in Ireland. Yet Swift was not an Irishman. He himself



JONATHAN SWIFT.

said that his being born in that country was "a perfect accident;" adding: "I was a year old before I left it, and to my sorrow did not die before I came back to it." According to Thackeray¹ (and the critics unanimously assent): "Swift's heart was English and in England, his habits English, his logic eminently English."

In such a situation a man's life is not likely to be happy and Swift's life had very little happiness in it. Continually, even when enjoying the favor of the great, he was at enmity with the human race; and his fierce irony spared none. In his own *Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift*, he writes:

"Yet malice never was his aim;
He lashed the vice, but spared the name;
No individuals could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant."

This "lashing of thousands" increased with his years. Of one of his later works it has been said, that in his effort to express his disgust with humanity, Swift becomes himself disgusting.

¹ In *The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century*.

Life Up to First Writings. — He was born in Dublin in 1667. In consequence of the death of his father and the financial disability of his mother, Swift was brought up by a wealthy uncle, who sent him to Kilkenny, one of the best preparatory schools in Ireland. At the age of fourteen he entered Trinity College, Dublin; and he was graduated



TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

The famous Alma Mater of Swift, Goldsmith, and Burke.

from there in due time. Two years later Swift went to England and secured a position as secretary-companion to a Sir William Temple, of Moor Park, Surrey, some twenty-five miles southwest of London. The Temple connection, though far from satisfactory to the ambitious young man, he continued until Sir William's death in 1699. During this period and under Temple's influence, Swift received the

master's degree from Oxford, and was ordained into the ministry of the Church of England.

Beginnings of Authorship : (1) "**The Battle of the Books.**" — Swift began his career as author toward the close of his stay with Temple. The retired statesman became involved in a controversy with the great scholar, Bentley, as to the relative merits of ancient and modern writers. Swift came to the assistance of his patron with *A Full and True Account of the Battle Fought Last Friday between the Ancient and the Modern Books in St. James's Library*, generally known as *The Battle of the Books*.

The author had apparently little interest in the controversy, and took the side of the ancients merely because Temple was on that side and needed help. The most entertaining portion of the work is the fable of the spider and the bee. In this is championed Sir William's idea that the moderns (represented by the spider) get their material from inside themselves, whereas the ancients (represented by the bee) got theirs direct from nature.

(2) "**The Tale of a Tub.**" — About the same time (probably 1697) Swift wrote *The Tale of a Tub*, a satire on religious dissensions, in the form of an allegory. Three brothers, Martin, Peter, and Jack (standing for Martin Luther or the Established Church, the Apostle Peter or the Church of Rome, and John Calvin or the Dissenters), get into a quarrel over the meaning of their father's will (the Bible), in which are "instructions in every particular concerning the wearing and management" of their coats (the Christian faith). Disagreement as to the interpretation of the will leads to alterations of the coats (that is, the addition of various doctrines), and to the increase of feeling between the sects. The *Tale* did not, as the author hoped it would,

advance his fortunes in the Church; for although he made clear enough the shortcomings of Peter and Jack, his way of looking at life prevented his making clear the virtues of Martin, as a clergyman in the Established Church was naturally expected to do.

Swift at Laracor. — For some reason not quite apparent neither *The Battle of the Books* nor *The Tale of a Tub* was published immediately. Both appeared in 1704, when Swift had returned to Ireland and begun the life of a country parson at Laracor, twenty miles from Dublin. Laracor was nominally his home from 1700 to 1710, though he spent much time in London.

The "Joke" on Partridge. — During one of these visits to the metropolis Swift indulged in a typical piece of satire. Under the name of "Isaac Bickerstaff" he predicted that one Partridge, an almanac-maker, himself given to predicting, would die at a definite hour on a day some weeks off. The day after the date set, Bickerstaff (Swift) published a letter to a prominent person, stating that Partridge had fulfilled the prediction. Partridge then published a new almanac, saying, as Mark Twain once said, that the report of his death was grossly exaggerated. Bickerstaff replied that Partridge's writing another almanac was no proof at all that he was still alive, and that he was, in fact, unquestionably dead. Swift's (Bickerstaff's) victim could not thereafter get a hearing.

"An Argument against Abolishing Christianity." — The same visit was made notable by *An Argument against Abolishing Christianity*, in which Swift assumes that the nation has unanimously determined upon abolishment. In a perfectly serious tone and in a carefully constructed and

orderly essay, he sets forth many arguments against abolishment; as, the necessity of "a nominal religion," the usefulness of one day in seven for various things that would hinder business on other days, the value of Christianity for the display of the freethinker's abilities in attacking it. The satire is directed not only at the "heretical" thinking of the day, but also at the superficial, conventional thinking of the so-called "orthodox."

Politics; and "The Examiner" — The decade of Swift's residence at Laracor was marked by the rise of political parties in England, and the increase in the power of the ministry; and Swift was seeking political favor to better his position in the Church. For some years he was a Whig; but differing from the party on a vital principle, he left it before it lost control of government. When in November, 1710, the Tories gained control, it seemed that Swift's hour had arrived. The leaders were not slow to enlist the aid of his pen for their cause; and he wielded it vigorously for the four years (to the death of Queen Anne) they remained in power. His most useful political writing was in *The Examiner*, a party journal edited by him in 1710-1711. Despite the fact that *The Examiner* was primarily a plea for support of the ministry, Swift's numbers are not a blindly partisan plea. They show, indeed, in the opinion of Swift's latest editor¹ "a noble spirit of wide-eyed patriotism, and a distinguished grasp of the meaning of national greatness and national integrity."

"Dean" Swift. — Always ambitious, Swift had felt confident that nothing less than a bishopric would be given him for his services to the government; but no bishopric was

¹ Temple Scott.

forthcoming. About a year before the downfall of the Tories the deanery of Saint Patrick's, Dublin, was tendered to him; and he accepted on the assumption that a deanery was a more comfortable place of abode than a country parsonage. It is not evident that Swift was especially successful or in any way notable in his new position; but some title, ap-



SAINT PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

parently, the public thought due him, and as "Dean" Swift he has been known ever since.

Return to Ireland. — With the change in government, only Saint Patrick's and Ireland had anything to offer Swift. So to Ireland he returned in 1714; and in the country of his birth but not of his home he spent the remainder of his life. It was at the age of fifty-nine that he published the work by which he is most generally known —

Gulliver's Travels, described above as a sort of universal satire.

The Story of "Gulliver's Travels." — This book narrates the experiences in four strange countries of Lemuel Gulliver, Englishman, "first a surgeon, and then a captain of several ships," who had been "condemned by nature and fortune to an active and restless life." He is shipwrecked in Lilliput, where the inhabitants measure by inches instead of by feet, and where all things — buildings, animals, etc. — are in proportion. He is accidentally left on shore in Brobdingnag, the inhabitants of which measure by English feet as if they were inches, and all things, again, are in proportion. On a third voyage, after being captured by pirates and set adrift in a canoe, he lands in Laputa; and on a fourth, he is the victim of a conspiracy among his men and is landed in the country of the Houyhnhnms.¹ Among the inhabitants of the last two countries are very repulsive beings called Struldbrugs and Yahoos; and the last two parts of the book are much less attractive in every way than the first two.

The Satire in "Gulliver's Travels." — Though Swift made *Gulliver's Travels* a story interesting to both young and old, his object in the volume was certainly not entertainment. According to the author the book is an expression of his hatred of mankind. In the "*Voyage to Lilliput*" he shows how contemptible war is by showing these six-inch creatures at war. He shows how insignificant are the causes of political controversy by picturing the Lilliputians as divided on the subject of breaking eggs — whether they should be broken at the big end or the little end.

¹ This name is, apparently, to be pronounced "Whinnems," in imitation of the neighing of a horse.

In the “*Voyage to Brobdingnag*” Gulliver (typifying, of course, humanity) excites the profound contempt of the king — “The bulk of your natives,” says he, “appear to me to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that Nature ever suffered to crawl upon the face of the earth.” The king’s dwarf, says Gulliver, was “of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty feet high).” How insignificant and contemptible must man be if there are found in the world such powerful beings as the Brobdingnagians, and such finely-developed beings as the Lilliputians!

Writings on Ireland: “Drapier’s Letters.” — Of the ten other works written after his appointment to Saint Patrick’s only two need be mentioned here, both concerned with the misgovernment, ignorance, and poverty of Ireland. The first is the *Drapier’s Letters*, essays pretending to be addressed by a tradesman to the “tradesmen, shopkeepers, farmers, and country-people in general,” urging them to declare their virtual independence of England by refusing a debased currency which the mother country was trying to force upon them.

“A Modest Proposal.” — The other work in behalf of Ireland, showing probably the utmost extreme to which satire can go, is called: *A Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of Poor People in Ireland from being a Burden to their Parents or Country, and for Making Them Beneficial to the Public*. This proposal, “humbly” set forth in an absolutely cool and serious manner, is that the superfluous children be used as food. “It is not improbable,” says the Dean, “that some scrupulous people might be apt to censure such a practice as a little bordering on cruelty.” This kind of food “will be somewhat dear,” he admits; but for this very

reason it will be "very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children." The only objection he can think of to his proposal is, "that the number of people will be thereby much lessened in the kingdom," and this, he freely owns, "was one principal design in offering it to the world." Extreme satire, irony, this is, but it is not truly harsh or savage: it merely shows in what the author con-

Against you, I have but one reproach, that when I was last in England, and just after the present Kings accession, I resolved to pass that Summer in France. for which I had then a most lucky opportunity from which those who seemed to love me well dissuaded me by your advice and when I sent you a note conjuring you to lay aside the character of a Courtier and a favorite upon that occasion, you answer positively directed me not to go in that juncture, and you said the same thing to my friends

Madam

Your Ladyships

most obedient, and

most humble Servant

Jonathan Swift.

Dublin July. 27th
1731.

FACSIMILE OF MANUSCRIPT OF SWIFT.

(British Museum.)

siders the most effective way the utter helplessness of the Irish people.

Insanity. — About the time when Swift wrote *The Modest Proposal* a great sorrow came into his life — the death of Esther Johnson, from which he never recovered. He fell into a state of melancholy, which soon developed into insanity; and this in the last few years of his life took a violent form. His estate, valued at about £12,000 (equivalent to perhaps \$500,000 to-day), he left to establish a hospital

for the insane ; or, as he put it in the *Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift*, already mentioned :

“He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad ;
And showed by one satiric touch
No nation needed it so much.”

Swift's Relations with Women. — One other phase of Swift's life must be touched upon, though briefly ; viz., his relations with women. Amid a great deal of speculation, most of which is quite without interest or value, a few facts stand out. The names of three women figure prominently in Swift's biography — Miss Waring, or “ Varina,” sister of a college friend ; Esther Johnson, or “ Stella,” a dependent of Sir William Temple ; and Hester Vanhomrigh, or “ Vanessa,” daughter of a rich neighbor of Swift's when he lived in London and wrote essays for the Tory ministry.

“ Varina ” and “ Vanessa.” — The last-named, who was thirty years younger than Swift, conceived an extreme passion for him ; and pursued him both by letter and in person for some fifteen years. It does not appear to the present writer that Swift seriously cared for her, or ever really encouraged her attentions. Varina, it appears, he sincerely admired ; and he would have married her, despite her ill-health and his poor financial situation. At the time, however, she thought these drawbacks too great ; and when, several years later, she changed her mind, Swift had changed his also.

“ Stella.” — Between Swift and Stella there existed, without doubt, a strong attachment. There is a story to the effect that Stella, in a letter to Vanessa, admitted her secret marriage to Swift. There is another story to the effect that Swift never saw Stella except in the presence of a third

person. Either or both may be true, but neither story rests on unquestionable evidence.

Swift's Personality. — The great Dean does not appear as an attractive person. Addison, it is true, described him as "the most agreeable companion, the truest friend;" and the friendship of the two men survived years of political controversy when they led on opposite sides. Other men not easy to be friends with — Alexander Pope, for instance — retained and valued Swift's friendship; but few could long tolerate his ironical tongue and his imperious temper. When Thackeray asks, "Would you have liked to be a friend of the great Dean?" most of us are forced to answer, as the great novelist implies that he himself would, in the negative.

Swift's Literary Art. — Of the Dean's intellect, of his literary powers — the extent of his vocabulary, the clearness and simplicity of his sentences, the logical structure of his essays — there can be only one opinion. If he does not occupy a pinnacle alone among the prose-writers of his day, there is not more than one who can dispute his preëminence. Even the reader who dislikes his irony, his bitterness, his hatred of mankind, must rise from the reading of Swift feeling that here indeed is a master of style. Quotations in brief can show little; but wherever one dips into his pages, one finds literary art in its finest form, and in a form admirable as a model.

DANIEL DEFOE, 1659-1731

Defoe a Newspaper Man. — Defoe was the first newspaper man to attain a position in literature. By this is not meant that he was connected with a newspaper — there were no newspapers for him to be connected with, but that his

writings are essentially the work of a skilful reporter with a knack for polishing up occurrences of the day. *The Journal of the Plague Year*, *The Apparition of Mrs. Veal*, *Robinson Crusoe*, all, in fact, of what may be called his major works, were based on real events, and were accepted as true accounts by the reading public of his day. Besides these literary ventures with journalistic flavor, Defoe wrote the entire contents for several years of the first newspaper, *The Review*, and a large portion of several other periodicals. A third field in which he produced a great number of works is that of pamphleteering.



DANIEL DEFOE.

Early Years. — The subject of this sketch was born Foe, and did not until late in life adopt the prefix now always used. His father, James Foe, was a butcher and a Nonconformist, two facts constituting serious handicaps to the son's success in any public occupation. Both social position and regularity in religion were highly desirable for advancement in the England of William and Mary and of Anne. James Foe planned to put his son into the ministry; but the son, not being interested in the plan, left school at the age of seventeen and went into business.

Government Reward for Services. — His interest in politics and his skill in writing led to a neglect of his business, and to failure for a large amount in 1692. Ranging himself

on the side of King William, Defoe wrote in support of that monarch's right to the throne a number of pamphlets, and one composition in verse, *The True-born Englishman*. The writer's services were recognized by an appointment under the government; and he seems to have been in good financial circumstances until the death of William in 1702, and the accession of Anne and the choice of a Tory ministry.

A Famous Pamphlet. — In this year Defoe published one of his most famous pamphlets, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, which pretended to take the position of the extreme Tories and High-Churchmen, but was meant to arouse opposition to these by exaggeration of their opinions. The author pretended to advocate "rooting out" the Dissenters, and treating their ministers as if guilty of a capital offence. Defoe, taken seriously at first, was condemned by Dissenters, and approved by not a few Tories. When the pamphlet was rightly understood, the leaders of the Dissenters were beyond pacifying, and the Tories were furious. The government felt it necessary to punish Defoe severely, and he was fined, sentenced to stand in the pillory, and to be imprisoned during the Queen's pleasure. His exposure in the pillory was anything but a punishment; for the rank and file of the people liked him for his verses (especially *The True-born Englishman*), and admired him for his defiance of the government.

In Prison. — "**The Review.**" — Defoe's prison term of something more than a year was scarcely more of a punishment than was his exposure in the pillory. He had much liberty; he used it largely in writing; and the authorities saw fit not to prevent him from publishing. *The Review* was begun during this time; and the freedom of his mind is well shown by the range of subjects in the periodical —

“from piracy and highway robberies to suicide and the divinity of Christ.”

A Spy. — The release from prison came directly from the government, which desired Defoe's aid. The manner in

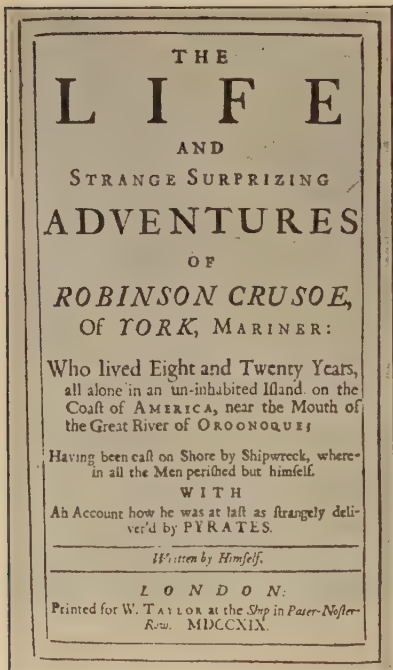


DEFOE IN THE PILLORY.

From an old print.

which he rendered this aid laid him liable to misunderstanding at the time, and has proved a stumbling-block to friendly biographers since. However much we may be disposed to give a favorable name to his position, we are forced at last to admit that he was a spy. Such service may be at times indispensable and even patriotic; but it does not appear that Defoe was always actuated by high motives.

Publication of "Robinson Crusoe." — Defoe found himself almost as late in life as did Swift. Defoe the journalist, the pamphleteer, the poet of the populace, would call forth



FACSIMILE TITLE-PAGE OF *ROBINSON CRUSOE*, FIRST EDITION, 1719.

(Widener Memorial Library, Harvard University.)

small space in the history of English literature. In 1719, however, at the age of sixty, he published *The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe of York, Mariner*, by which he may be said to have founded the modern novel, and thereby secured for himself an illustrious place in not only England's, but the world's, literature.

Secret of Its Power — It would be unreasonable to give a summary of *Robinson Crusoe*. The story of the English sailor who, wrecked and cast ashore on a desert island, makes for him-

self all the necessities of life and lives in reasonable contentment for about thirty years, has been a universal favorite for two centuries. In the preface we learn that "the Editor believes the thing to be a just history

of fact;" and as such it has been read by countless thousands.

That *a man* should have had such an experience would doubtless have seemed quite improbable to Defoe's contemporaries, or even to the young folks since, who accept it on the theory that "faith is believing things you know aren't so." But when the adventures are narrated by a definite person, who had a definite life-history, and who narrates the adventures as having happened to him, the result is much more convincing. It is to the perfect simplicity, naturalness, and straightforwardness of the narrative that *Robinson Crusoe* owes its lasting power.

Other Stories by Defoe. — Defoe followed *Robinson Crusoe* with other "adventure" stories — *Moll Flanders*, *Colonel Jack*, *Captain Singleton*. These deal with characters from the lower ranks of society, thieves, pirates, and such; and while no one rises to the level of *Robinson Crusoe* in interest or art, all have in some degree the same characteristics that have given this book so long a life.

Last Years. — For some years following the publication of his masterpiece, during which he wrote many works of many kinds besides the stories named above, Defoe seems to have been highly prosperous. About 1726 his fortune appears to have changed; and though the circumstances of his remaining five years and of his death are rather obscure, he certainly did not die in physical or mental comfort. He continued writing, however, almost to the end; and the complete list of his works numbers over two hundred and fifty.

RICHARD STEELE, 1672-1729; JOSEPH ADDISON, 1672-1719

A Question of Precedence? — The names of two writers of the Augustan age invariably come together in one's

mind — Richard Steele and Joseph Addison. To the second is all but universally assigned the higher place in our literature; yet without the incentive supplied by Steele, Addison would not have been sure of a place among writers of the first rank. The fame of both rests on their productions in the field of the periodical essay; more specifically, of the character-essay. Now their first venture in this line, *The Tatler*, was conceived and carried out by Steele, Addison contributing a number of essays at Steele's request; and Sir Roger de Coverley, the lovable old knight so closely associated with Addison's name, originated in Steele's brain.

Perhaps it is idle to call either superior to the other. In view, however, of the fact that from Macaulay's time to the present Addison has generally been magnified at the expense of Steele, the credit due to the latter's *invention* should be recorded. Says one great voice in dissent from the chorus: "While Steele might under very inferior conditions have produced the *Tatler* and *Spectator* without Addison, it is highly improbable that Addison, as an essayist, would have existed without Steele."¹

Although it is well-nigh impossible to consider the work of these two apart, it is possible and desirable to record separately the chief events of their lives. Each will, of course, at times invade the other's narrative.

Ireland, London, Oxford, the Army. — Steele was Addison's elder by three months. He was born in Dublin, and certainly inherited more personal qualities from his Irish mother than from his English father. The first really important experience of his life was his entrance at the Charterhouse School, London, at the age of twelve; for it was there that two years later he made the acquaintance of Addison. From Charter-

¹ Dennis, *The Age of Pope*, page 125.

house, Steele went to Merton College, Oxford; and though he remained four years, he was not graduated. The call of the war with France was too strong; and instead of taking a degree at Oxford, he enlisted in the life-guards. A few years later a commission came to him; and he was always thereafter referred to as "Captain Dick."

Beginning of the Periodical Essay. — After writing a religious work called *The Christian Hero*, which gave him a



THE CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL.

reputation for piety neither desired nor deserved, he wrote a number of plays. In 1701 he began his career in the line of work which was to make him famous — journalism, becoming editor of *The Gazette*. Seeing possibilities in periodical writing, but finding government control irksome, he started *The Tatler* in 1709. Addison contributed forty-two of the 271 numbers of this journal, which appeared three times a week for nearly two years. Two months after the discontinuance of *The Tatler*, *The Spectator* appeared under the

same editors, and was published daily until December 6, 1712. In this second venture Addison took a larger hand, contributing 274 papers to Steele's 236; and though the idea was again Steele's, *The Spectator* is generally said to show the ascendancy of Addison.

In 1713 Steele was elected to Parliament, and in the following year was expelled for favoring the succession of the House of Hanover. On the accession of George I Steele was reëlected to Parliament, received a lucrative appointment, and was knighted.



STEELE.

The Quarrel with Addison. — The most unfortunate event of Steele's life took place in 1719, when he and Addison became involved on opposite sides in a political controversy. Sharp words were used by both; and when Addison died a few

months afterward no reconciliation had occurred. The estrangement led Dr. Johnson to moralize in these words: "Every reader surely must regret that these two illustrious friends, after so many years passed in confidence and endearment, in unity of interest, conformity of opinion, and fellowship of study, should finally part in acrimonious opposition. . . . Why could not faction find other advocates? but among the uncertainties of the human state, we are doomed to number the instability of friendship."

Extravagant, but Attractive. — Steele was twice married. His first wife, who lived something more than a year, seems to have counted for little in his life beyond the help afforded by her small fortune. His second wife, the "Prue" of some remarkable letters, he apparently loved in a warm, impulsive Irish fashion. She, like her predecessor, brought Captain Dick — that is, Sir Richard — a fortune. He, however, was so good a spender and kept up so elegant an establishment that even two fortunes and the salaries of two good positions could not pay the bills. Even if we had no evidence beyond Steele's letters to his wife, affectionate though they are, we should be forced to conclude that her ten years of married life were not altogether happy and unruffled. He was a far less "prudent" man than his friend Addison; but all the evidence indicates that he was an exceedingly lovable one.

Thackeray's Tribute. — Among many for whom his attractive personality has a special appeal is Thackeray, who celebrates his virtues in his novel *Henry Esmond*, and in one of his lectures on *The English Humorists*. Says Thackeray: "I own to liking Dick Steele the man, and Dick Steele the author, much better than much better men and much better authors."

Steele outlived Addison ten years. He died in Wales, whither he had gone, say many, to escape importunate creditors. Others more charitable believe it was to escape the overwhelming expense of his London home, and with the money thus saved, to pay his creditors.

His Father's Son. — Addison was born in a small town in Wiltshire (southern England), the eldest son of the Royalist rector of the place. If Steele's personality seems chiefly due

to his mother, Addison's seems equally due to his learned, highly-respected, self-sufficient, literary father. What is generally regarded as nearly a portrait of himself is found in number one of *The Spectator*, in which "The Spectator introduces himself."



"ADDISON'S WALK."

In Magdalen College Grounds.

School and College. — Addison first attended schools near home; then in Salisbury, where his father had received an appointment in the cathedral; then in Lichfield, where his father had been made dean. At the age of fourteen he entered Charterhouse, and at the age of fifteen, Queen's College, Oxford. His work at Queen's brought him a scholarship at Magdalen, the college from which he was

graduated Master of Arts in 1693, and with which his name is inseparably connected. A beautiful shaded lane along the Cherwell, said to have been his favorite haunt, is now called "Addison's Walk." Elected a Fellow of Magdalen some years after graduation, he held the title for about fifteen years.

A Travelling Fellowship and Its Outcome. — Attracted by Addison's possibilities in the field of politics, the Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1699 presented the young man with a munificent travelling fellowship. He spent four years on the Continent; and soon after his return wrote a poem which, in the opinion of the ministry, doubtless demonstrated the wisdom of the investment. This poem was *The Campaign*, celebrating Marlborough's victory at Blenheim, and containing one notable passage beginning:

"'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved."

It brought the author some fame, and a comfortable position under the government; but it did not prove Addison a poet.

Hymns and Plays. — His connection with *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, and the consequent discovery of his power as an essayist, have been recorded. Besides his contributions to these and to several other journals, Addison wrote a number of hymns and some plays. Although we must deny him even much skill as a versifier, the hymn,

"The spacious firmament on high,"

deserves to be remembered. Hardly as much can be said for any of his dramatic work, though his tragedy, *Cato*, had great success, chiefly because it was viewed as a political document supporting the Whig party.

Marriage. — Addison held various political positions, rising, in 1717, to be Secretary of State. In 1716 he married the Countess (Dowager) of Warwick, who according to common tradition made him a far from ideal mate. At



ADDISON.

present one had better say that the evidence on this point seems entirely inconclusive.

The Death Scene. — Ill health forced him to resign his secretaryship after a year; and a year after his resignation he died. Probably no historian or biographer would dare conclude a sketch of Addison without relating that on his death-bed he called in the wild young Earl of Warwick, and said to him:

“See how a Christian can die.” Most of those telling this incident seem to imply that it is a model scene for such occasions.

One can appreciate Addison's value to his time as a moral force without subscribing fully to such a panegyric as Macaulay pronounced upon him; and however highly one may regard his character, he was too truly a product of his age to be a model Christian.

By mentioning the difficulty of considering the work of Steele and Addison separately we have not meant that the essays of the two are not really distinguishable. Outside of the periodicals there is, of course, no difficulty; and only a few numbers of *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* are of doubtful authorship.

The De Coverley Papers. — What is meant by the statement above may be indicated by noting the facts regarding the writing of the De Coverley Papers. Although Sir Roger or some member of his household is frequently referred to, the Baronet himself is really characterized in only twenty-five papers, of which Steele wrote eight and Addison seventeen. On the basis of numbers Sir Roger seems to be Addison's. On the other hand, the character was conceived, as has been said, in Steele's brain. Furthermore: the first two pictures of the Worcestershire squire are from Steele (*The Spectator*, numbers 2 and 6); not until number 34 did Addison find an interest in Sir Roger; and the characterization would be very incomplete without Steele's essays on "Sir Roger in Love," "The Family Portraits," and some others.

"The Spectator" Modeled on "The Tatler." — Without undervaluing *The Tatler*, we may say with reason that it formed an excellent training school for the writers of *The Spectator*. The effort to show striking differences between the journals, and to attribute these to the change in the dominating spirit, is not fruitful. The Spectator Club is much like the Trumpet Club (*The Tatler*, no. 132) in conception. The latter contains a knight, Sir Geoffrey Notch, and an army man, Major Matchlock; the former contains Sir Roger and Captain Sentry. "The Editor's Troubles" (*The Tatler*, no. 164) is virtually presented to us in improved form in "The Club Again" (*The Spectator*, no. 34). The story of the beautiful rivals, "Clarinda and Chloe" (*The Tatler*, no. 94), is paralleled by "Brunetta and Phillis" (*The Spectator*, no. 80). "The Vision of Justice" (*The Tatler*, nos. 100, 102) is similar to "The Vision of Mirzah" (*The Spectator*, no. 159).

Pictures of London Life. — The interest of both periodicals to-day comes from the presentation of the England, more particularly the London, of Queen Anne — the social, political, moral, and æsthetic life of the time. Since the most distinctive institution of the time was the coffee-house, establishments of this class fill a large place in *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*. An early issue of the latter (no. 49) is given wholly to discussion of coffee-houses; and in both journals there is a pretence of dating the publication from some specific house.

Influence of the Periodicals. — The aim of the earlier paper, as stated in its "Advertisement," was "to offer something whereby [certain] worthy and well-affected members of the commonwealth may be instructed, after their reading, what to think;" that is, its aim was *moral*. That of the later paper (set forth in no. 10) was "to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality." The influence of the two, particularly that of *The Spectator*, on the age is as noteworthy as is their picture of the age. This influence is universally attributed to Addison; and in the words of Mr. Gosse, "It was out of proportion with the mere outcome of his literary genius." Whether or not we to-day consider his last words as beautiful, they reflect what Addison was to his time. The influence of *The Spectator* in curbing, not merely open immorality, but the emptiness and little vices of everyday life, was great, and was due chiefly to the popular conception of the man who had most weight in fixing the character of its pages.

ALEXANDER POPE, 1688-1744

Pope's Power. — It is of profound significance that Pope's poetry influenced Lord Byron, a poet of revolt, more than half a century after Pope's death. Such an influence by a

man with frail body and without the aid of patronage argues real power; and the power is to be found in the perfected couplet of which we spoke at the beginning of this chapter. In the words of Arnold ¹ the characteristic features of Pope's poetry are "regularity, uniformity, precision, balance;" features likely at all times to carry weight. His skill in condensation is little short of marvelous — said Swift:

"In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine;
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six."

Pope's Weakness. — Yet the readers who to-day give Pope high rank as a poet are not numerous. We may admit the truth and force of

"Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is seldom found;"

or of

"Order is heaven's first law; and this confessed,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,"

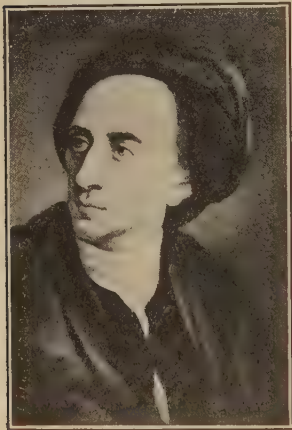
and yet refuse the name of great poet to the writer of the lines. They are entirely typical of Pope's best; and they are almost entirely lacking in imagination and feeling. "There are no depths in Pope and there are no heights; he has neither eye for the beauties of nature, nor ear for her harmonies."

Disadvantages and their Result. — Pope was born with two of the same disadvantages as Defoe — humble birth and Nonconformity. His father was a linen-draper and a Roman Catholic; and the son, though he rose in the social scale, never wavered in his religious faith. He labored under a

¹ Essay on Johnson's "*Chief Lives of the Poets.*"

third disadvantage, already mentioned, a frail body. Thus there was closed to him every calling requiring physical strength; and since Nonconformists were not then admitted to the universities, higher education was also beyond his reach. With these limitations he definitely set out for a

career in the *profession* of letters, an uncommon thing at the time.



POPE.

Beginnings of Authorship. — Before the publication of his *Pastorals* in 1709 Pope had begun to cultivate men of letters, and repeatedly endeavored to use their judgment in place of the university training he had missed. This first volume shows that the writer was already able to write smooth and effective verse. *An Essay on Criticism* (1711) established Pope's posi-

tion with his contemporaries as a great poet. It does not aim to be original, but to be a setting forth in the best form of what the world had long known; exemplifying a couplet in the poem:

"True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

"**The Rape of the Lock.**" — In 1712 appeared the work by which Pope is most generally known outside of academic or literary circles, *The Rape of the Lock*. This mock-heroic poem attempted to restore friendly relations between a fashionable young lady and a young lord who had cut a lock of her hair. It shows some advance in versifying power,

and the discovery by the author that fashionable society is a suitable subject for certain kinds of poetry.

Pope's Homer. — Three years after *The Rape* the first volume of a work appeared which proved to be a great financial success — the translation of Homer's *Iliad*. Although it was highly esteemed throughout the eighteenth and well into the nineteenth century, it is not a good translation. A great scholar of the day said: "It is a pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you mustn't call it Homer." The supposed translator knew little Greek, and depended largely on the assistance of friends and on a comparison of previous translations. The *Iliad* was completed in 1720; and five years later appeared the first volume of the *Odyssey*. No matter what merit it may possess as an English poem, it is equally with its predecessor an inaccurate and unsatisfactory representation of Homer.

A single illustration will make this clear. Near the beginning of Book VI Pope has Nausicaä address Alcinoüs thus:

"Will my dread sire his ear regardful deign,
And may his child the royal ear obtain?
Say, with my garments shall I bend my way
Where through the vales the mazy waters stray?"

A nearly literal translation (Butcher and Lang's) runs as follows:

"Father dear, couldst thou not lend me a high wagon with strong wheels, that I may take the goodly raiment to the river to wash, so much as I have lying soiled?"

Twickenham. — Since the publication of the first portions of the *Iliad*, Pope had been a wealthy man; and a large portion of his wealth he expended on an estate at Twickenham, on the Thames a few miles above London. Here for twenty-five years he held court, and was visited by the great

of his day — men and women, politicians and literary folk, English and French. His gardens were laid out after the French fashion, and were, like his poetry, models of “regularity, uniformity, precision, balance.”

“**The Dunciad.**” — Another work which involved great and continued labor, which was little suited to Pope’s abilities, but which was financially a successful venture, appeared



TWICKENHAM FERRY ON THE THAMES.

Site of Pope’s famous villa.

in the same year as the *Odyssey* — his edition of Shakspeare. It cannot be said that Pope added greatly to our understanding or appreciation of the great dramatist. His edition was, however, responsible for his most important work in his most effective field, *The Dunciad*, or “Epic of Dunces.”¹ Lewis Theobald (Tibbald), the best Shakspeare scholar of his day, published a volume pointing out Pope’s numerous errors. Pope came back with his “epic,” of which Theobald was the

¹ Compare with Dryden’s *Mac Fleknoe*, above, page 128.

hero. Virtually every other writer who had in any way incurred the satirist's displeasure — and they were legion — was also lashed in the poem, and it caught the public at once. So great was its success that it was considerably extended in succeeding editions; and in one of these, Theobald, who had been sufficiently punished, yielded the place of hero to Colley Cibber, Poet Laureate, new offender of the “wicked wasp of Twickenham.”

Late Works. — Two other works of Pope's should be mentioned which belong to his last years — *Imitations of Horace* (commonly called *Satires*), and *Essay on Man*. In these we have the poet's best satire and his best verse. If one is not pleased by the little dashes of personal spite in the *Satires*, one can still find entertainment and food for thought in reading that Shakspeare

“For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite.”

The *Satires* are full of pleasant passages, of which the following is typical:

“Of little use the man you may suppose
Who says in verse what others say in prose;
Yet let me show, a poet's of some weight,
And (tho' no soldier) useful to the state.
What will a child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace?
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some monster of a king;
Or virtue, or religion, turn to sport,
To please a lewd, or unbelieving Court.”

The *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, or *Prologue to the Satires*, aside from unjust characterizations of Addison and other

contemporaries, presents an amusing picture of Pope's position. A literary power, he is sought by all, and the result is not agreeable :

"Is there a parson much bemused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?
Is there, who lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
.
Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie."

"**Essay on Man.**" — The *Essay on Man* is perhaps Pope's most ambitious work. It is a long philosophical poem on the text. "Whatever is, is right;" and seeks, using a phrase very similar to Milton's, to

"vindicate the ways of God to man."

As a whole, it cannot be understood without some knowledge of a great religious controversy of its day; but like all Pope's works, it is full of clean-cut, polished, quotable couplets.

"Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven."

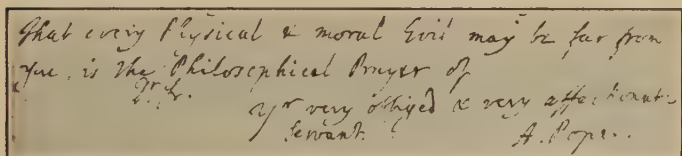
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"Know then this truth (enough for man to know):
'Virtue alone is happiness below.'"

It is in the perfected workmanship of detached passages that Pope's real merit is found.

End of the "Long Disease." — Pope's life was embittered by many quarrels, mostly, it would seem, provoked by him

and without sufficient cause. Much is still not clear regarding these; and even if the worst aspect of them be true, they are somewhat pardonable. "This long disease" he called his life; and his day was hardly capable of producing a Stevenson to cope with lifelong infirmity. If, moreover, he made many enemies, he made many and true friends. During his last illness these friends were frequently at Twickenham, and had the satisfaction of seeing him face death peacefully and not unhappily. He died May 30, 1744, and was buried, according to his own wish, in Twickenham Church.



A facsimile of a handwritten note by Alexander Pope. The text is written in cursive and reads: "That every Physical & moral Evil may be far from you, is the Philosophical Prayer of your obliged & very affectionate servant. A. Pope."

FACSIMILE OF POPE'S AUTOGRAPH.

(New York Public Library.)

Pope's Position. — Around the life, character, and writings of Pope something of a controversy is still waging; and the end is not in sight. As long as men hold different standards of poetic art, so long will there be dispute as to Pope's place in English poetry. "The question," says a recent writer, "is essentially one of temperament." As long as men differ in their interpretation of admitted facts, so long will there be dispute whether Pope was more sinned against than sinning. It may be said with some truth that this second question is also "essentially one of temperament." But there is seldom a middle ground for the student of Pope: he will champion the poet's cause without stint, or he will condemn it with heat.

We have said that the style of poetry begun by Dryden and established by Pope, both form and subject-matter, held sway throughout the eighteenth century. Writing by rule became the proper mode, the effect of which may be seen in that Pope's portions of his *Odyssey* are not strikingly distinguished from those of his (certainly inferior) co-laborers. The heroic couplet was the accepted measure; contemporary society in its most superficial aspects was the accepted subject. Bold must be the man who ventured to depart from these. A few there were, however, who even in Pope's lifetime did break from the beaten track, and strike out in byways more congenial. Among the most notable of these was

JAMES THOMSON, 1700-1748

Forerunner of Romanticism. — In the year 1726, when Pope's popularity and influence were at their height, Thomson published a poem called *Winter*. Both as to subject and form it holds an important place in the history of English poetry. The matter of the poem is the "wild pagan graces and savage grandeur of external nature" (J. L. Robinson), substituted for the "reigning fopperies of a tasteless age" (Thomson's preface): the form is blank verse, which had fallen upon evil days in the sixty years since Milton's death. Thomson has been with good right called the "forerunner" of the movement in poetry called "romantic," which superseded the school of Pope at the close of the century.¹

Life in Scotland. — Thomson was born at Ednam, a village in the southeastern part of Scotland, the region made

¹ It seems best to defer definition of the "romantic" movement. Those, however, who wish to take it up at this point will find the subject treated on pages 219-223.

famous by Walter Scott. Soon after the poet's birth his father moved to the near-by town of Jedburgh; and here the poet received his early education. At the age of fifteen he entered Edinburgh University. Although he was connected with this institution for ten years, first in the college of arts and later in the college of divinity, and although he completed the arts course, he took no degree. According to his most



JEDBURGH ABBEY.

The grammar school was kept here in Thomson's day.

recent biographer,¹ the degree had then "fallen into disregard," and was applied for by few.

"**The Seasons.**" — In February, 1725, Thomson went to London to try his fortune in literature; and thirteen months later published a poem called *Winter*. It was well received, four editions were sold within a year, and the author aban-

¹ G. C. Macaulay, in *English Men of Letters* series.

doned all thought of pursuing further his studies in divinity. In the succeeding four years appeared *Summer*, *Spring*, and *Autumn*, following the same plan, subject, and form; and in 1730 the four were collected in one volume called *The Seasons*.

Later Life. — Thomson then secured a position as travelling tutor to a nobleman's son, and spent something more than a year on the Continent. Neither this nor any subsequent outward experience of his life, it appears, had any important influence on his poetry. He held office under the government for a time, enjoyed for ten years a pension from the Prince of Wales, and in other ways profited by the favor of great folk. In 1736 he took up residence in Richmond, a suburb of London about a mile from Twickenham, where he made his home until his death. A close friendship between Pope and Thomson grew up, and the great man appreciated his neighbor's genius thoroughly.

Death. — Thomson was buried in Richmond Church. Another Richmond poet, William Collins, wrote a noteworthy *Ode on the Death of Thomson*, beginning:

"In yonder grave a druid lies,"

and containing, among many memorable lines, these:

"The genial meads, assigned to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom;
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress,
With simple hands, thy rural tomb."

Fourteen years after the "druid's" death a monument to him was erected in Westminster Abbey.

Although Thomson wrote several dramas, a long patriotic poem called *Liberty*, and a few minor poems, his fame rests on two productions — *The Seasons*, and *The Castle of*

Indolence, composed during the twelve years of his residence at Richmond and published a few months before his death. Of *The Seasons* enough has been said, it is hoped, to send the reader to its pages, at least for specimens of the author's descriptive power. Of the later work something should be said.

“The Castle of Indolence.”

— *The Castle of Indolence* has been called an apology for the author, whose besetting sin was generally known, and a warning to those who were tempted to indulge in the same sin. The poem is “writ in the manner of Spenser;” that is, in the Spenserian stanza with a fondness for obsolete words, and with an uncompleted allegory. Although it has unquestionable claims to immortality as a whole, and still greater claims for individual portions, the greatest value of the *Castle* is as a milestone in the course of the Romantic movement. The reversion to one of the most artistic of Elizabethan poetic forms is of great significance in the movement; and the departure from accepted subjects hardly less so.



THOMSON.

Thomson's Great Historic Value. — To assign a writer to “a place, high if not of the highest, among poets of the second order,” as Saintsbury does Thomson, is to give him about as inexact a rating as one can think of. It seems, moreover, aside from the point. Whatever may be Thomson's intrinsic worth, his place will be, in the minds of most readers, that indicated at the beginning of our sketch — a

forerunner of the movement in poetry which half a century later announced its arrival with the writings of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, and Keats.

THE AGE OF JOHNSON

Although the name of Samuel Johnson stands out conspicuously in English literature between 1744 and 1798, he wielded no such influence as did Pope. The reasons are numerous. In the first place, Johnson was essentially a conservative, had nothing new or better to offer the age, and the age was beginning to weary of things that had been the glory of the previous period. In the second place, the wave of Romanticism was too strong to be stemmed by any man's influence, and Johnson lacked qualifications necessary to ride on its crest. In the third place — and this is by much the weightiest reason — Johnson was emphatically and whole-heartedly *English*, "the typical Englishman among our men of letters," while the tendencies of his time were to make English literature *European*. To this last point we must return later.

Johnson's Acceptance of Augustan Standards. — So far as Johnson's influence counted at all, it counted in favor of maintaining Augustan standards.¹ His verse is in the heroic couplet; fear of his disapproval probably led Goldsmith to adopt the couplet for his great descriptive poems, for which it was but ill suited. The titles of Johnson's poems — *London*, and *The Vanity of Human Wishes* — indicate his entire acquiescence in the Augustans' choice of subjects. He undertook to revive the periodical essay, and was followed by Goldsmith. He, like Pope (and others whom it

¹ At this point the student may well review pages 135–139.

has not seemed necessary to mention), edited Shakspeare. Following the lead of Defoe and Swift he wrote a didactic treatise in the form of a novel.

His critical bias may be indicated by two passages from his *Lives of the Poets*: "Surely no man could have read *Lycidas* with pleasure, had he not known the author"; "If the writer of the *Iliad* were to class his successors, he would assign a very high place to his translator (*i.e.*, Pope), without requiring any other evidence of his genius." The critic who assigns a low place to *Lycidas* on its intrinsic value, and a high place to Pope's *Iliad*, is an unsafe guide.

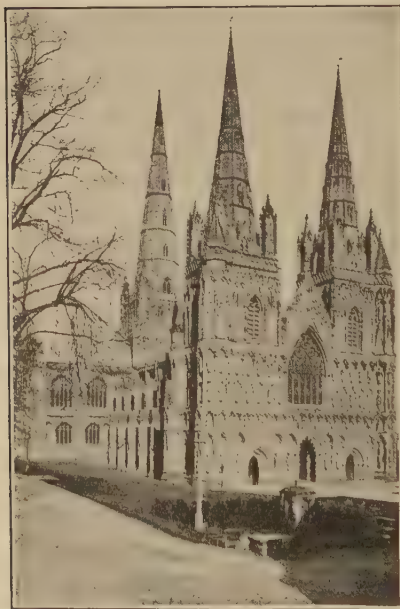
Limitations on Johnson's Influence. — But Johnson's literary influence was not great beyond a select group in London known as "The Club," of which he was the centre. When Pope "held court" at Twickenham, all classes of writers sought his advice, and acted on it; when Johnson sat with the Club at the Turk's Head Tavern, his hearers were few, and most of them were not primarily men of letters. Not only were there too many writers to be dominated by one individual: they were too widely scattered. The pursuit of letters was not confined to the metropolis; it was carried on in the shades of the universities, in Scotch cities and towns, in obscure hamlets.

World-trend toward Democracy. — Greater than all other reasons for the failure of Johnson to dictate successfully was the progress of the democratic idea. The importance of the individual, be he king or peasant, was slowly but surely fixing itself in men's minds. Johnson wrote a pamphlet called *Taxation No Tyranny*, defending England for her conduct toward America; but some forward-looking men — Burke, Pitt, and Fox, for example — realized that England's conduct could not longer be defended against the great world-

movement toward democracy. Johnson looked over to France and caught not even a glimpse of the same tendency there, which was to culminate five years after his death in the fall of the Bastille.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1709–1784

Early Life. — Johnson was born at Lichfield, a cathedral town in Staffordshire, about a hundred miles from London.



LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

“Queen of English Minsters.”

His father, Michael Johnson, was a bookseller by occupation, a High Churchman and Tory in politics, sometime magistrate and sheriff. The son's early education was very disconnected, including some years at Lichfield Grammar School, one year at Stourbridge in the adjoining county of Worcestershire, some years not consecutive under private teachers, and some years of miscellaneous reading in his father's bookshop. From his schooldays the accomplishment that stands out most

notably is his marvellous memory, which, says Boswell, “was so tenacious that he never forgot anything that he either heard or read.”

College Days. — Pembroke College, Oxford, prides itself considerably on the fact that Johnson was one of its students; and cherishes among its valued possessions a teapot said to have been his. He entered the college in 1728, left it in 1731 without a degree, and was not in residence continuously. "Miserably poor" as he himself said he was, he seems to have been very little indebted to Pembroke. Boswell was unable to find even that he "formed any close intimacies with his fellow collegians."

A Struggle for a Place. — Shortly after he left Oxford and returned to Lichfield, his father died, and from the encumbered estate Samuel inherited only a few pounds. The story of the twenty years upon which he now entered is the story of the slow struggle of merit to its deserved place in the world. He first took the position of assistant in a school, but found it so galling an occupation that he gave it up after a few months. Then, while visiting a friend in Birmingham, he became acquainted with a publisher, for whom he did his first piece of writing. It was a translation from the French of a *Voyage to Abyssinia*, in the preface to which, says Boswell very rightly, "the Johnsonian style begins to appear." A single clause will illustrate its two chief characteristics — balanced structure, and large, learned words: "The reader, will here find no regions cursed with irremediable barrenness or blest with spontaneous fecundity."

Marriage and Trip to London. — Johnson married in 1735 Mrs. Porter, of Birmingham, a widow twenty years older than himself, with a grown daughter. Though much has been made both in earnest and in sport of this queer "love match on both sides," its importance lies largely in its effect on Johnson's movements. With the lady's dowry he opened a private school in Lichfield, which occupied him

a year and a half before failing utterly. Then came the memorable fortune-seeking journey to London, in company with a pupil, David Garrick, destined soon to become the greatest actor and stage-manager of his day.

For ten years he engaged in various kinds of literary hack-work. The year 1747 may be taken as the turning-point in



SAMUEL JOHNSON.

After one of Reynolds's numerous portraits.

his life; for in that year he issued the plan for a dictionary of the English language, a work which would surely not have been intrusted to any man not possessed of evident and unusual powers. Before the completion of the work Mrs. Johnson died; and the husband adopted the only solace open to a man of his character — hard work.

The "Dictionary." — The dictionary appeared in 1755; and though it raised Johnson's reputation immensely, it did

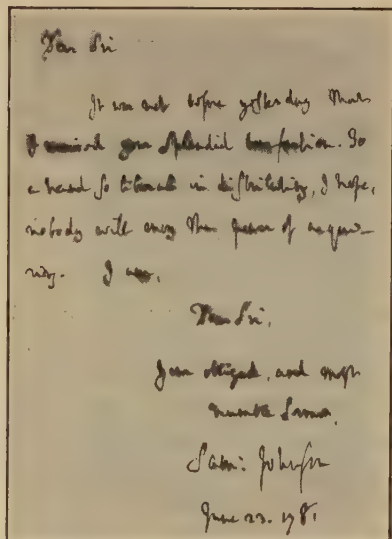
not make him financially comfortable, for the reason that the large sum due him for his labor had been drawn in advance of publication. The dictionary had many shortcomings. It showed the author's prejudices ("oats, a grain which in England is given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people"); it showed the compiler's fondness for high-sounding words ("network, anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections"); it showed the author's ignorance of the Teutonic languages, from which so much of the English

vocabulary is derived. It was, however, a great improvement over its predecessors; and Johnson clearly deserves all the fame it brought him.

Lord Chesterfield. — A by-product of the dictionary is one of the most delightful things Johnson wrote — a letter to Lord Chesterfield.

When the work was first undertaken, Johnson, on advice, sought this nobleman's patronage. Discouraged in his advances, he desisted. Just before the work appeared, Chesterfield realized its importance, and wrote two advance notices commending the author. The latter would have none of his commendation, and addressed to Chesterfield a note which for exquisitely polite and scathing satire has never been surpassed. "Is not a patron, my Lord,

one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached the ground encumbers him with help?" So writes the "writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge,"¹ and signs himself "Your Lordship's most humble, most obedient servant."



FACSIMILE OF A LETTER OF SAMUEL JOHNSON.

(New York Public Library.)

¹ His definition of "lexicographer."

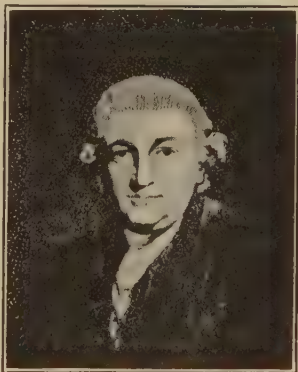
Johnson's edition of Shakspeare and his *Lives of the Poets* appeared in 1765 and 1779-1781. The *Lives*, despite the critical bias already mentioned (see page 177), are valuable because of facts not elsewhere accessible, and because of the generally sane criticism of the greater poets dealt with. The Shakspeare has no independent value, either for text or comment.

“**Rasselas.**” — One other work, written somewhat earlier, may be noticed at this point. This is *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*, characterized above as a “didactic treatise in the form of a novel.” In theme it resembles his *Vanity of Human Wishes*, stated thus at the close of Chapter XI of *Rasselas*: “Human life is everywhere a state in which much is to be endured and little to be enjoyed.” The book as a whole is Johnson's answer to the boundless optimism of his day. The philosopher Imlac, whom one is often tempted to identify with Johnson, deals interestingly with many problems; and curiously anticipates some, as, for example, the problem of artificial flight in Chapter VI. An incidental interest attaches to *Rasselas* from the fact that it was composed in the evenings of a single week, to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral.

A Pensioner. — After the publication of the dictionary Johnson's financial condition was never uncomfortable. It was further improved soon after the accession of George III by a pension of £300 a year. Since in his dictionary he had defined *pension* as “pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country,” he was in many quarters condemned for accepting the gift. No stain, however, could possibly attach to his conduct; for he had been assured that the pension was in recognition of past services, and not in anticipation of future ones. One sentence in his letter of

acceptance to the Prime Minister, should put the situation beyond question: "You have conferred your favors on a man who has neither alliance nor interest, who has not merited them by services, nor courted them by officiousness; you have spared him the shame of solicitation and the anxiety of suspense."

Boswell and "The Club." — In the year following the granting of the pension James Boswell came into Johnson's life; and in the year following this (1764) "The Club" was formed. This famous organization included in its membership Johnson, Boswell, Goldsmith, Burke the statesman, Reynolds the painter, Garrick the actor, and other leaders in every important walk of English life. The group were influential in many ways for a quarter of a century, and Johnson was their leader to the day of his death.



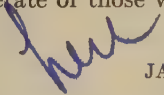
GARRICK.

"Doctor" Johnson. — Though universally known as "Doctor" Johnson, the title was not his until his fifty-sixth year, when Dublin University gave it to him. Oxford did the same ten years later.

Tour of the Hebrides. — The only other event of Johnson's life calling for mention is a tour of the Hebrides, in company with Boswell, in 1773. Two years afterward he published an account of the tour under the title, *A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*; not at all a guide-book

but a series of observations on a people and a civilization altogether new to him.

Character and Personality. — Johnson died in London, December 13, 1784, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His character and personality are better and more widely known than those of any other English man of letters. Boswell has told the whole story, sparing none, himself least of all. Johnson was blunt, rough, prejudiced, dictatorial, slovenly in dress and table manners, given to queer performances, like touching every lamp post as he went down town. He was, on the other hand, a stanch friend, a very wise as well as a learned man, devoutly religious, and considerate of those who needed his consideration.



JAMES BOSWELL, 1740-1795

Johnson's biographer was born in Edinburgh, of a good family. Against his will he prepared for his father's profession of law. During a tour on the Continent he sought and obtained a meeting with Paoli, the hero of Corsica, then struggling for its freedom. On his return he wrote an *Account of Corsica*, sang the praises of the island, its people, and its leader; and according to his own story, was known in Edinburgh as "Paoli Boswell." Macaulay says "he was the laughing-stock of the whole of that brilliant society which has owed to him the greater part of its fame."

Two Views of Boswell. — Boswell was ever a seeker of notoriety, a worshipper of heroes; and Macaulay makes much of this characteristic. "He was always laying himself at the feet of some eminent man, and begging to be spit and trampled upon." Carlyle, in an essay which is largely a reply to Macaulay's, points out that somehow Boswell never

attached himself to an unworthy "eminent man." If nothing but vanity inspired Boswell, says Carlyle, "was Samuel Johnson the man of men to whom he must attach himself?" And again: "Boswell wrote a good book because he had a heart and an eye to discern wisdom, . . . because of his love and childlike open-mindedness. . . . Towards Johnson, his feeling was . . . reverence, which is the highest of human feelings."

The *Life of Johnson* appeared in 1791, and met with immediate success. The author enjoyed his fame but four years, dying at the comparatively early age of fifty-five.

Boswell's Place in Literature. —

In a second passage dealing with Johnson and Boswell,¹ Carlyle extends his praise of his fellow-countryman. "We will take the liberty," says he, "to deny altogether that saying of the witty Frenchman, that no man is a Hero to his valet. Or if so, it is not the



BOSWELL.

Hero's blame, but the Valet's: that his soul, namely, is a mean *valet-soul*! . . . The Valet does not know a Hero when he sees him! Alas no: it requires a kind of Hero to do that. . . . On the whole, shall we not say, that Boswell's admiration was well bestowed?" Add to this not quite impartial estimate the fact that Johnson certainly valued Boswell's friendship greatly, and we have no need to make apologies for Boswell the man. He might be nicknamed, after the manner of another friend of Johnson's

¹ *Heroes and Hero Worship*, "The Hero as Man of Letters."

("Single-Speech" Hamilton), "Single-Book" Boswell, and yet be worthy of a higher place in the annals of literature than many men having numerous volumes to their credit.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, 1728-1774

Boswell's Attitude toward Goldsmith. — Two portraits of Goldsmith have been familiar for many years: Boswell's and that of other people. When Boswell is stating facts, we may accept them as such, though a recent biographer of Goldsmith¹ questions both Boswell's accuracy and his good faith. When, however, Johnson's worshipper ventures upon a judgment of Goldsmith, implicit confidence cannot be placed in his statements. He was extremely jealous of every one favored by his idol; and his envy of Goldsmith appears to have been as great as he thought Goldsmith's envy of Johnson was.

Personality. — Yet there is, in Boswell's estimate of Goldsmith, one word which seems the most adequate possible to characterize the man. It is the word "singular." Goldsmith was truly "singular" in appearance, dress, management (or mismanagement) of finances, manner of talking, and above all, in manner of writing. These singularities are given an unfavorable twist by Boswell; but this has been more than counteracted by the favorable interpretations of Washington Irving and many subsequent critics. The general estimate is well put in Irving's opening sentence: "There are few writers for whom the reader feels such personal kindness as for Oliver Goldsmith, for few have so eminently possessed the magic gift of identifying themselves with their writings." To know Johnson one must go to

¹ F. F. Moore (1911).

Boswell: to know Goldsmith, one need not add a line to the works bearing his own name.

Birth and Schooling — Irish. — He was the fourth child of an Irish village preacher, and was born in an Irish village (name and location still in dispute), November 10, 1728. Of several schools and masters figuring in his early life, the only one to be remembered is Thomas (better known as "Paddy") Byrne, a much-travelled retired soldier, who filled Oliver's head with stories and ballads of many lands. "Paddy" is immortalized in those lines of *The Deserted Village*, beginning:

"Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,"

of which perhaps the most famous line is:

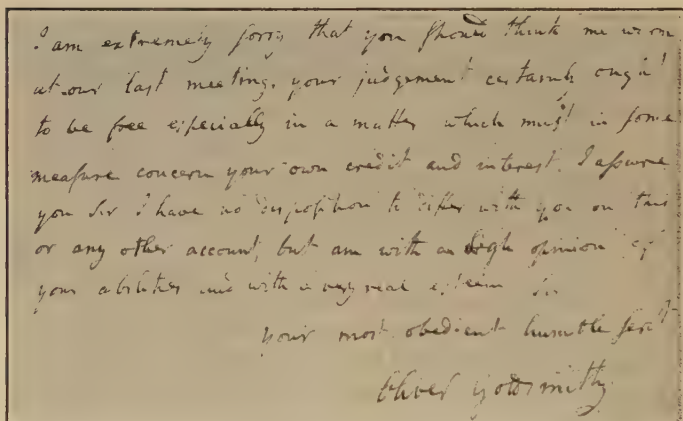
"For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still."

In College — in Ireland. — The family finances did not permit of Oliver's attending college; but through the aid of an uncle, Rev. Mr. Contarine, he was admitted to Trinity College, Dublin, in 1744. One of the stories told of his college days indicates why we feel for him the "personal kindness" mentioned by Irving. A friend who called for him on the way to breakfast one day found Goldsmith unable to rise. The night before he had given his blankets to a poor woman, had crawled into the bed-ticking for warmth, and in the morning found difficulty in freeing himself. This was not the only occasion with Goldsmith when, as did the parson in his *Deserted Village*,

"His pity gave ere charity began."

The Ministry; Law; Medicine. — After graduation from college he was persuaded to prepare for the ministry, but was refused when he applied to the bishop to be ordained. Uncle Contarine then advised him to study law, and sup-

plied funds for the purpose. By some misadventure he lost his money before reaching London, and returned home. Some months later Uncle Contarine, hearing an esteemed friend say that Oliver would make a good doctor, again found funds to send the boy to Edinburgh. Having failed to make connection with the church and the bar, Goldsmith was now to try the last of the "learned professions."



I am extremely sorry that you should think me wrong at our last meeting, your judgement certainly ought to be free especially in a matter which might in some measure concern your own credit and interest. I assure you Sir I have no objection to differ with you on this or any other account, but am with a high opinion of your abilities and with a very real esteem Sir

Your most obedient humble servant

Oliver Goldsmith

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER OF GOLDSMITH.

(New York Public Library.)

Travel on the Continent. — After a year and a half in Edinburgh, he decided that it would be better to continue his medical studies on the Continent, and wrote his generous uncle to that effect. The uncle again filled his purse, and Goldsmith spent a year in travel, returning to England with (according to his own unsupported assertion) a medical degree. It is very generally believed that the travels of George Primrose, in Chapter XX of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, represent not inaccurately the author's own experiences.

First Literary Associations. — Mr. Contarine was dead when Goldsmith reached England, and no other of his kin would help him in any way. Somehow he got to London, and for a time was hard pushed to keep soul and body together. While practising medicine on a very small scale, he became acquainted with the novelist-printer, Samuel Richardson, and through Richardson with other literary men. After various bits of hackwork for the publishers,



GOLDSMITH AND JOHNSON.

Examining the MS. of *The Vicar*, to decide whether it will sell and get Goldsmith out of debt.

Goldsmith's first work under his own name, *Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe*, appeared in 1759. Two years later he met Johnson, through whose aid he rapidly enlarged his circle of literary friends, and became one of the original members of "The Club."

"**The Vicar of Wakefield.**" — Probably the most familiar and the most interesting incident connecting Johnson and Goldsmith is that of the discovery of *The Vicar*. Receiving

one morning an urgent call from his young friend, Johnson went to his rooms and found him under arrest for non-payment of rent. The manuscript of *The Vicar of Wakefield* was produced as a possible asset, Johnson saw its merit at a glance, and succeeded in selling it for sixty pounds. *The Vicar* was not published, however, until the poem called *The Traveller* had made the author's fame secure.

Last Years. — Goldsmith lived but ten years after the publication of *The Traveller*, dying at the age of forty-six. They were busy years; they were well-paid years; they brought many happy experiences to Goldsmith; but they were not peaceful, contented years. Still like the preacher in his *Deserted Village*, he was

“More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.”

Of Goldsmith it might also be said :

“The long-remembered beggar was his guest.

* * * * * *

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe.

* * * * * *

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side.”

If he had a guinea in his pocket, and was solicited by an apparently deserving person, he was likely to give the whole, though it left him without provision for his next meal. After his death, we are told, the stairway to his lodging was filled with weeping poor folk whom he had befriended.

Five Chief Works. — Goldsmith's fame as a man of letters rests on five works written in the last decade of his life. Three of these have been mentioned — a novel, *The*

Vicar of Wakefield, and two poems, *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village*. The other two works are plays, *The Good-Natured Man*, and *She Stoops to Conquer*. Of two of these, *The Vicar* and *The Deserted Village*, something has been said to bear out Irving's remark about his identifying himself with his writings. The schoolmaster in *The Deserted Village* is largely a portrait of "Paddy" Byrne; the preacher is apparently a composite of Goldsmith's father, brother, Uncle Contarine, and a touch of himself. Many features of the village itself have caused it to be identified with Lissoy, where the author spent his childhood. George Primrose, in various chapters of *The Vicar*, bears a strong resemblance to his creator; and the Vicar himself, Dr. Primrose, had an original similar to that of the village preacher.

In *The Traveller; or, A Prospect of Society*, and in *She Stoops to Conquer; or, The Mistakes of a Night*, Goldsmith drew directly on his own experiences. The former describes in verse the scenes viewed by him on his European tour, and sets forth the sentiments and philosophic speculations aroused by them. The latter pictures a practical joke played upon him in his youth, when he was sent to a private home under the impression that it was an inn, and conducted himself with the freedom proper to the supposed situation.

Goldsmith the "Lovable." — While the stairway to Goldsmith's death chamber was crowded with poor friends whom he had helped, creditors were estimating the value of his scanty possessions. Though for many years well paid, he was always in debt. Not only did he give unwisely; he spent unwisely and extravagantly upon himself, lived in better quarters and wore better clothes than he could afford. It is recorded of the tradesmen, however, that they

showed no hard feelings toward him, and that nearly all expressed belief in his honesty and integrity. Two sisters to whom he was indebted, on hearing of his financial troubles, said: "Sooner persuade him to let us work for him gratis than apply to any other; we are sure he will pay us when he can."



GOLDSMITH'S GRAVE.

In the Middle Temple, London.

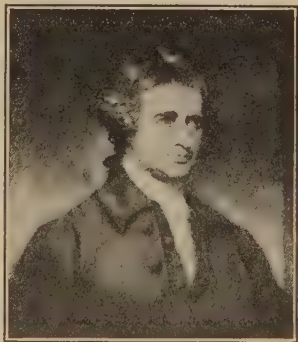
"Let not his frailties be remembered," said Johnson; "he was a very great man." To this it should be added that probably no other English author is so often described as *lovable*.

EDMUND BURKE, 1729-1797

A Contrast with Goldsmith. — There could scarcely be found a greater contrast between personalities than between Goldsmith and Burke. No one thinks of calling Burke "lovable;" his "frailties" are not apparent; while there

may have been grief at his death, there was very little sorrow such as affected Goldsmith's wide acquaintance so deeply. "That fellow calls forth all my powers," said Johnson; and it was nearly always Burke's intellect that impressed people.

Burke, like Goldsmith, was an Irishman by birth and education; like Goldsmith, too, he belonged to the circle of Johnson's intimates included in the original membership of "The Club." He was most notably unlike his fellow-countryman in his handling of money: he was not conspicuous as a giver, and he acquired a large estate, which he kept up in elaborate style. So strongly did he impress his age that shortly after his death a great statesman said: "There is but one event, but that is an event for the world — Burke is dead."



BURKE.

After a portrait by Romney.

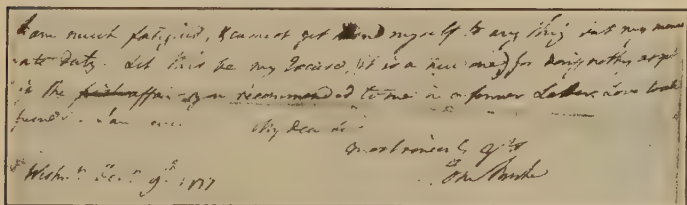
Public Career. — From his thirtieth year Burke was in public life, as secretary to cabinet ministers, member of Parliament, prosecutor of Warren Hastings, and Paymaster of Forces. In his public career he was occupied with three great questions: troubles with America, British misgovernment in India, and the French Revolution. After championing the cause of liberty on the first two, he seemed to many to be a turncoat on the third. But the truth is, that he was disheartened by the excesses of the Reign of Terror, and did not understand the real nature of the Revolution. Those who could see beneath the surface of that fearful upheaval

comprehended clearly its causes and aims as almost identical with those of America. Had Burke so understood it, he would beyond a doubt have arrayed himself on the side of the people.

Burke and America. — Burke's conduct regarding America must ever be the brightest chapter in his life. The fact that the main basis of his appeal for the colonies was not legal right, but expediency, does not in the least dim its lustre. In the speech *On Conciliation* he eloquently set forth why the American colonists were jealous of their rights as Englishmen; why, in the light of similar cases, they naturally expected conciliation; and why, in the very nature of the case, they must triumph. In addition to his speeches on America, Burke dealt with the subject in one notable document, *Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol* (1777), the constituency which he was representing in Parliament. Here, without the heat of debate, and with a careful marshalling of facts and reasoning, he reaches the conclusion as to the war with America, that "its continuance, or its ending in any way but that of an honourable and liberal accommodation," are "the greatest evils which can befall us."

A Great Intellect. — Just as it was Burke's intellect that impressed those who knew him in the flesh, so it is with those who know him only in the printed page. Perhaps the highest compliment ever paid him is one often quoted from the pen of John Morley. Speaking of the three pieces on the American Revolution (speeches *On Taxation* and *On Conciliation*, and *Letter to the Sheriffs*) Morley says: "It is no exaggeration to say that they compose the most perfect manual in our literature, or in any literature, for one who approaches the study of public questions, whether for knowledge or for practice."

Having followed Johnson and his circle of prose masters through, we must turn back in time and study some poets who did not belong to the "School of Pope." Thomson, the forerunner of Romanticism, was not an isolated figure. Other poets were inwardly rebelling against the domination of the polished couplet, the satiric muse, and the pictures in verse of London society. Three of these stand out prominently — Collins, Gray, and Cowper.



FACSIMILE OF BURKE'S AUTOGRAPH.

(New York Public Library.)

WILLIAM COLLINS, 1721-1759

Life through College. — Of Collins's short and by no means happy life, few facts are known. He was born in Chichester, county of Sussex, near the end of the year 1721; tradition says on Christmas Day. At Winchester for seven years he prepared for Oxford, and entered Queen's College at the age of nineteen. The next year he moved to Magdalen, and was graduated from that college two years later. Virtually nothing is known of his college days, or of his reasons for leaving the university without even applying for a fellowship.

Later Life, and Death. — From 1743 to 1749 he lived in London, and wrote most of his best poetry. He made the acquaintance of Johnson and some of his associates, and as

has been noted, that of James Thomson. Toward the end of his London period Collins took lodgings in Richmond, and became intimate with Thomson, upon whose death he wrote the fine ode, beginning

“ In yonder grave a druid lies.”

In 1749 the poet inherited a comfortable fortune from an uncle, and in the same year returned to his native town to live. Not long afterwards he became the victim of melancholia, which developed into insanity, necessitating his confinement for a time and bringing about his death in Chichester in his thirty-eighth year.

In Spirit a Romanticist. — The volume of Collins's poetry is small, less than 2000 lines; and even this small product is not uniformly excellent. Five poems belong almost in the first rank: *How Sleep the Brave*, *Ode to Evening*, *The Passions*, *On the Death of Thomson*, and *An Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland*. The mere titles indicate his lack of sympathy with the poetic standards of his day. His importance in the Romantic movement arises from his interest in natural scenes and in subjects remote in place or time, and from the subjective character of his whole product.

THOMAS GRAY, 1716–1771

Gray's life was almost as uneventful as was Collins's. He was a lonely scholar; and from 1734 till his death, with the exception of two years spent on the Continent and two years in London while studying manuscripts in the British Museum, he lived a recluse in Cambridge.

Basis of Gray's Popular Fame. — Although he was born in London and spent most of his life in the university town,

Gray's name is inseparably connected with a spot quite removed from both these places — Stoke Poges Churchyard, near Windsor and Eton. In the minds of most English readers, Gray stands out as the author of *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, and only that. Besides this, he wrote



STOKE POGES.

Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College, containing the proverbial lines :

“Where ignorance is bliss,
’Tis folly to be wise.”

Add to these two other titles, *The Progress of Poesy*, and *The Bard*, with the familiar opening lines of the latter,

“Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait,”

and we have practically all that is known of Gray even among the well educated.

Historical Importance. — More should be known of him if we are to recognize his historical importance. Utterly out of sympathy with conventional verse, he sought and found inspiration in the literatures of the past. *The Bard*



GRAY IN SILHOUETTE.

and *The Progress of Poesy* are said to be the best Pindaric odes ever written; and even a glance at one of these will show the author's metrical skill. *The Progress of Poesy* is in three stanzas, each containing forty-one lines; each stanza is in three parts — strophe, antistrophe, and epode — as in the odes of Pindar; and the three strophes are identical in construction, as are the three antistrophes, and the three

epodes. Such learning as Gray's had not expressed itself in verse since Milton. Later he became interested in old Scandinavian literature, under the influence of which he wrote *The Fatal Sisters* and *The Descent of Odin*. Study of early English poetry and of Celtic also influenced his writing.

Greatness of the "Elegy." — The *Elegy* calls for notice in valuing Gray both historically and intrinsically. It is the greatest of a number of poems of the time striking the note of melancholy, and its popularity is well attested by the number of phrases it has given to proverbial speech: "mute inglorious Milton," "village Hampden," "the short and simple annals of the poor," "the noiseless tenor of their way." Even whole stanzas are all but universally remembered. such as :

Elegy, written in a Country-Churchyard.

The Curfew tolls the Knell of parting Day,
The Evening Hird wind slowly o'er the Sea,
The Ploughman homeward plods his weary Way,
And leaves the Woods to Darkness & to me.

Now fades the glimmering Landscape on the Sight,
And all the Air a solemn Stillness holds,
Save where the Beetle wheels his droning Flight,
Or from the Finklings lull the distant Notes.

Save that from yonder Ivy-mantled Tower
The moping Owl does to the Moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret Bower
Molest her ancient solitary Reign.

Beneath these rugged Elms, that Yew-tree's Shade,
Where heaves the Turf in many a mould'ring Heap
Each in his narrow Cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the Hamlet sleep.

The breezy Call of incense-breathing Morn,
The Swallow twittering from the straw-built Shed,
The Cock's shrill Clarion, & the echoing Horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly Bed.

For them no more the blazing Hearth shall burn
Or busy Huswife ply her evening Care,
No Children run to kiss their Fathers' Beams,
Nor climb his Knees the unwept Child to share.

Oft did the Harvest to their Sickles yield,
Their Furrow oft the stubborn Glebe has broke,
How jocund did they drive their Team a-field,
How bon'd the Woods beneath their sturdy Stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful Toil,
Their homely Joys, & Destiny obscure,
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful Smile
The short & simple Annals of the Poor.

The Boast of Herat'ry, the Pomp of Power,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable Hour.
The Paths of Glory lead but to the Grave.

Forgive, ye Proud, th' involuntary Fault,
If Memory to These no Trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn Ile & fretted Vault
The pealing Anthem swells the Note of Praise.

Can storied Urn, or animated Bust
Back to its Mansion call the fleeting Breath?
Can Honour's Voice provoke the silent Dust,
Or Flattery sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

FACSIMILE OF GRAY'S MS. OF THE Elegy.

A remarkably clear and even hand.

(British Museum.)

“Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

A Classic. — Despite his small poetic output Gray's position as a classic is established. Arnold says he is *the* poetical classic of the eighteenth century; many regard him as the greatest English poet between Milton and Wordsworth; and virtually all allow him the preëminence between Pope and Wordsworth.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731-1800

Characteristics of Cowper's Verse. — The last of the fore-runners of Romanticism to be considered here is William Cowper. One critic says that he was “not romantic in any sense;” another, that “he stands, so to speak, at the parting of the ways: half a disciple of the old order, half, indeed more than half, a standard bearer of the new.” The tendency of his longest poem, as stated by Cowper, “to discourage the modern enthusiasm after a London life and to recommend rural ease and leisure as friendly to the cause of piety and virtue,” certainly marks a clear separation from the tradition of Pope. His love of nature, moreover, and his many descriptive passages; his almost uniform sincerity of expression; his humor; these characteristics seem to make clear that he was not only separated from the old, but closely allied with the new.

It would require little effort to make a lengthy chronicle of Cowper's life; but his poetry may be understood and enjoyed with few facts of his life as a background. Many events may be omitted as without significance, and many of slight significance may be passed briefly.

Schooling. — He was born at Great Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, about thirty miles northwest of London; and though portions of his life were spent in half a dozen different places, he never travelled more than fifty miles from London. At one school which he attended he suffered greatly from the school bully, an experience to which may be due in some measure the emphasizing of his sensitive nature and of his tendency to melancholy. He did not attend any university; and, though he studied law in London and was called to the bar, he never practised.

A Troubled Life. — For a time he lived the life of a London society man, to which he was drawn by love for a cousin. The affair was summarily stopped by her father. About this time Cowper was nominated for a lucrative clerical position in the House of Lords; but the dread



COWPER.

of a public examination overwhelmed him, and brooding over it led to an attack of insanity. After a period of confinement he was released as cured; but he was thereafter almost always a victim of religious melancholy. In 1765 he took up his residence with a family of Unwins, first in Huntingdon, later in Olney. Mr. Unwin died in 1767, and Cowper made his home with the widow until her death in 1796. The record of their friendship is a beautiful and spotless one. He nursed her through her last illness; and after her death seemed unable to triumph

over his recurring ailment, dying himself less than four years after her.

Letter-writer and Hymn-writer. — A word should be said of Cowper as a letter-writer and a hymn-writer. In the first field he is unsurpassed, not a few saying that his letters entitle him to be ranked among great English prose writers. His hymns, although they can scarcely be called

I always write upon this Subject under the disagreeable apprehensions of raising an alarm, as if I began to be attentive to the measure of my Income than formerly. But that is not the case, neither will the Anticipation of this Sum have any ill effect upon ^{my} Circumstances of succeeding year.

I should be glad to receive it by the return of the Post, & am y^rs affectly

May 27-1777. Wm Cowper.

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER OF COWPER.

(New York Public Library.)

great poems, have an assured place with all sects, particularly "There is a fountain filled with blood," "Oh for a closer walk with God," "God moves in a mysterious way." These served the useful purpose of showing Cowper that in poetic composition he could escape from his pursuing melancholy.

Lady Austen. — Besides Mrs. Unwin, another woman is important in Cowper's life — Lady Austen, whom he met in 1781. From her he heard the story which he versified so delightfully as *The Diverting History of John Gilpin* —

“John Gilpin was a citizen
 Of credit and renown,
 A train-band captain eke was he
 Of famous London town.”

From her also he got the start on his most ambitious poem, *The Task*, the one composition on which Cowper's fame as a poet almost wholly rests. When he asked a subject for a blank-verse poem, Lady Austen replied: “You can write on anything — take the sofa.” So *The Task* begins:

“I sing the Sofa. I who lately sang
 Truth, Hope, and Charity, and touched with awe
 The solemn chords, and with a trembling hand
 Escaped with pain from that adventurous flight,
 Now seek repose upon an humble theme;
 The theme though humble, yet august and proud
 The occasion — for the Fair commands the song.”

“**The Task.**” — Even if it is admitted that *The Task* has, as Cowper asserts, one “tendency,” it cannot be admitted that it has unity. It is perhaps best known by its descriptive passages, such as:

“A cottage, whither oft we since repair:
 'Tis perched upon the green hill-top, but close
 Environed with a ring of branching elms
 That overhang the hatch, itself unseen,
 Peeps at the vale below.”

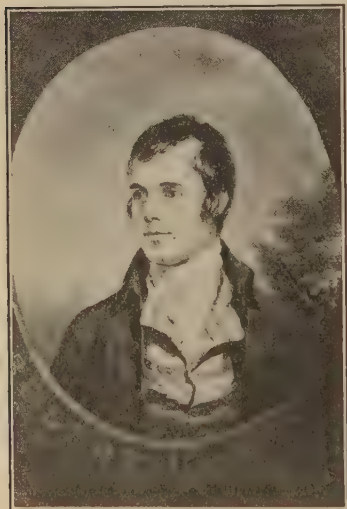
There is, however, much reflection, meditation, speculation; and there are occasional bits of humor.

Cowper in many places suggests the sort of conventional phraseology established by Pope; for example, in speaking of Lady Austen regularly as “the Fair,” of balloon ascensions as “æthereal journeys,” of sheep as the “fleecy tenants” of the sheepfold. In this respect he may be said to be looking backward. In his descriptive, humorous, and reflective

passages, however, he is clearly looking forward and holds an important place among the Romantic predecessors of Wordsworth.

ROBERT BURNS, 1759-1796

Burns a Romanticist. — If we judge by the character of his poetry, Burns surely does not belong among the follow-



"BOBBY" BURNS.

ers of Pope. The heroic couplet finds small place in Burns's verse, though nearly every familiar metre is there represented, and though there are not a few metres of his own. There is no extended satire in Burns; there is nothing of fashionable city life. If we class poets as Romanticists, as some are inclined to, only when their Romanticism is a deliberate choice, Burns is not among them. Whether, with Pope's knowledge of the foibles and frivolities of society,

and with Pope's tendency to make enemies and then punish them, Burns would still have written about mice and daisies and village inns and "cronies" and gentle streams, is a question. It is certain that he had not the equipment to deal with such subjects as Pope dealt with. In effect and influence he is undoubtedly of the school of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and the rest of that glorious company who gave such distinction to the next age.

As regards the man himself, it must be admitted that there are dark moments in Burns's life, for which he himself was chiefly responsible; but nothing is gained by dwelling upon them, either for extenuation or apology. The only reasonable ground for studying a poet's life is as a means to a better understanding of his poetry.



THE BURNS COTTAGE AT AYR.

Scotland's best-loved shrine.

A Shrine in Ayrshire. — Little did William Burns imagine, when he built a two-room clay cottage near Ayr, in south-western Scotland, that the building would some day be set apart as a shrine. That such a thing has happened is due solely to the fact that his first child, Robert, was born there. The father's fame is secure in the lines of *The Cotter's Saturday Night* —

“The priest-like father reads the sacred page,”

as is that of the household of which he, “the toil-worn cotter,” was head.

A Hard Life for a Poet. — There were six children besides Robert, and the family went through a continuous struggle for existence in several different locations in Ayrshire. Having to do farm-work enough for a man, Robert got little education. When the father died in 1784, Robert and a brother undertook to run a hundred-acre farm at Mossgiel, but failed in two years — “the first year,” according to the poet, “from unfortunately buying bad seed; the second,



INTERIOR OF BURNS'S BIRTHPLACE AT AYR.

from a late harvest.” During these two trying years Burns composed much, admittedly under the influence of two Scotch poets, Allan Ramsay and Robert Ferguson. Among the famous poems belonging to the Mossgiel period are *To a Mouse*, *To a Mountain Daisy*, and *The Cotter's Saturday Night*.

First Publication. — The publication of Burns's first volume, at Kilmarnock, 1786, was to procure money for a business venture. The poet, finding farming unremunerative,

I am tolerably pleased with these verses, but as I have only a sketch of the tune, I leave it with you to try if they suit the measure of the music. —

I am so harassed with care and anxiety about this farming project or mine, that my Muse has degenerated into the veriest of row-wench that ever picked cinders, or followed a tinkler. — When I am fairly got into the routine of business, I shall trouble you with a longer epistle; perhaps with some queries respecting farming at present, the world into such a lead on my mind, that it has effaced almost every trace of the image of God in me. —

My very best compliments and good wishes to M. Cleghorn.

I am ever, M. dear Sir,

your obliged humble servant

Mauchline

21st March
1788

W. A. R. Burns

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER OF BURNS.

(New York Public Library.)

and supposing that poetry would scarcely give a living, agreed to go to Jamaica in the capacity of bookkeeper on a plantation. In order to pay for his transportation he published, at the suggestion of a friend, a number of poems lying in his table drawer. The enthusiasm with which the *Kilmarnock* volume was received in all directions promptly put an end to the Jamaica scheme. The "*Ayrshire Ploughman*," as he now came to be called, went to Edinburgh instead.

Winter in Edinburgh. — "The journey from Mossiel to Edinburgh," says Principal Shairp, "was a sort of triumphal progress." The feasting and enthusiasm on the way were, moreover, merely a foretaste of what the whole winter in Edinburgh was to be. All classes welcomed him to their homes and hearts; in one sense better still, all subscribed liberally to the second edition of his poems, published in April, 1787, "for the sole benefit of the author." From this edition Burns received £500, a huge fortune for one of his experience.

Farewell to Greatness in Edinburgh. — After travelling in various parts of Scotland, and visiting Ayrshire, Burns returned to Edinburgh. But his second winter there was not to be a duplicate of the first. Though he had been proclaimed on all sides a brilliant conversationalist and a satisfactory guest, the novelty of the ploughman poet had worn off, and the best of Edinburgh's intellectual and social life was weary of its "lion." Burns was, moreover, very proud, and acted as if the adulation of Edinburgh was only his due. He once wrote to a friend: "I am as proud as ever; and when I am laid in my grave, I wish to be stretched at my full length, that I may occupy every inch of ground which I have a right to." In March, 1788, he left Edinburgh, and

never again paid it a lengthy visit or thought of it in terms of affection.

Farmer and Exciseman. — Returning to Ayrshire and marrying Jean Armour, the sweetheart of his youth, he leased a farm at Ellisland, near Dumfries, some forty miles from Ayr. When the farm scarcely provided a living, Burns sought and obtained a position as exciseman, paying



SCENE OF THE FATEFUL MEETING OF TAM AND SOUTER JOHNIE.

£50 a year. It was not a fortunate appointment for Burns. A fondness for alcohol was one of his chief weaknesses, and as exciseman he had to be away from home a great deal, and to come in contact with alcohol far too much for his welfare. Excise and farming were not congenial, and Burns had been spoiled for farming by that first winter in the Scotch capital. After three years at Ellisland, he gave up the lease, sold farm-stock and equipment, and took up residence in the town of Dumfries.

To the Ellisland period belong the rollicking *Tam O'Shanter* and many short and beautiful songs, including *Flow Gently, Sweet Afton*, and *Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon*.

Early Death. — The last years are best passed over briefly. In June, 1794, Burns wrote to a friend: "I am afraid that I am about to suffer for the follies of my youth." While



TAM O'SHANTER CROSSING THE BRIDGE OF AYR.

The witch is seen just seizing the gray mare's tail. From an old print.

some biographers have doubtless painted too darkly the closing period, the best possible even for a friend to say is that "the untimely end of Burns was, it is far too probable, hastened by his own intemperance and imprudence."¹ He was never in good health after the letter just quoted; and two years later, July 21, he passed away. "His true life," said Lord Rosebery, "began with his death; with the

¹ Lockhart, *Life of Scott*.

body passed all that was gross and impure; the clear spirit stood revealed, and soared at once to its accepted place among the fixed stars in the firmament of the rare immortals." To this may fitly be added these lines from William Watson's tribute, *The Tomb of Burns*:

"His greatness, not his littleness,
Concerns mankind."



"ALLOWAY'S AULD HAUNTED KIRK."

Where Tam O'Shanter met the witches.

Poet of Man. — Burns is often spoken of as a great poet of nature; but there is little pure description in his work, and that little is not for itself alone. Nature is merely a background from which stands out humanity in some guise. The mountain daisy, which he addresses affectionately as

' "Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,"

turns out to be of interest to him only as symbolic of an "artless maid" or a "simple bard." His apparent deep sympathy for a mouse, whose nest he turned up with a plough,

becomes an effective illustration that the same thing happens to men :

“The best laid schemes o’ mice and men
Gang aft agley.”

He does, it is true, assert that

“The muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel’ he learned to wander
Adown some trottin’ burn’s meander
And no think lang;” ¹

but what we find in Burns of charming descriptive passages is always incidental — *man* is his subject.

Poet of the Brotherhood of Man. — While this interest in man has a Scotch setting, it is much broader in its reach. It takes in all mankind, as is clearly shown by the poem which, in sentiment at least, is his climax :

“For a’ that, an’ a’ that,
It’s coming yet, for a’ that,
That man to man, the warld o’er,
Shall brothers be for a’ that.”

Burns’s Songs. — But Burns’s most enduring claim on the world’s gratitude is his songs — love songs, drinking songs, patriotic songs, as well as songs touching upon natural scenes, and songs proclaiming the brotherhood of man. Most readers respond to

“Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes ”
and to

“Should auld acquaintance be forgot.”

Most are thrilled by

“Scots wha hae wi’ Wallace bled.”

¹ “And not think the time heavy.”

Despite the recollection that "brews" of many kinds brought the singer's downfall, few are not appealed to by such songs as

"O, Willie brew'd a peek o' maut,
An' Rob an' Allan cam to see."

The list of his songs that might be called world favorites is large.



THE BURNS MAUSOLEUM AT DUMFRIES.

"Of all our poets, lyric and idyllic," says a noted American poet and critic, Edmund Clarence Stedman, "he is most nature's darling; his pictures were life; his voice was freedom; his heart was strength and tenderness."

hew

THE RISE OF THE NOVEL

Although two works of the Elizabethan Age — Sidney's *Arcadia* and Lyly's *Euphues* — may in a loose sense be called novels; and although *Robinson Crusoe* and *Gulliver's Travels* even more nearly approach the modern conception of

this type of literature, the defining of the type was yet to be done. It was done about the middle of the eighteenth century by four men already named; Samuel Richardson (1689–1761), Henry Fielding (1707–1754), Tobias George Smollett (1721–1771), and Laurence Sterne (1713–1768).

Novel and Romance. — The possibilities of the Crusoe and Gulliver kind of story are rather limited. The entire interest is centred in the action; incident, adventure, is all-important; character-drawing is not even attempted, and every figure in both stories appeals to us not at all for what he *is*, but solely for what he *does*. Richardson discovered the much larger field, the novel of character. Between these two types a line is usually drawn by designating Defoe's the *romance*, and Richardson's the *novel*. To set forth fully the distinctive features of each would require more space than would be appropriate here. We will, therefore, content ourselves with Professor Cross's brief definitions:

“That prose-fiction which deals realistically with actual life is called preëminently the novel. That prose-fiction which deals with life in a false or fantastic manner, or represents it in the setting of strange, improbable, or impossible adventures, or idealizes the virtues and the vices of human nature, is called romance.”¹

Richardson's Works. — Richardson was a London printer who got into literature quite by accident. Early in life he had been employed by some unlettered young women to write love-letters for them; and when later in life a publishing firm discovered his gift, they suggested that he write a volume of letters to serve as models for the uneducated. The idea came to Richardson that the letters would gain in interest if connected by a thread of story; and acting on this

¹ *The Development of the English Novel*, page xv.

idea he published at the age of fifty-one *Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded*, a realistic story told in letters. Pamela Andrews is a lady's maid who is persecuted by the lady's son; in the end he reforms, and becomes a model husband to Pamela. In the correspondence the characters express themselves entirely without restraint, and thus seemed wonderfully real to readers of the day.

Eight years after *Pamela* came *Clarissa Harlowe*. The heroine is of higher rank than Pamela; and instead of reforming the libertine hero, Lovelace, she becomes his victim and dies of a broken heart. Despite the pleas of sentimental readers, communicated to the author during the publication of the story in serial form, he refused to convert the brilliant but soulless Lovelace, and allowed him to die in a duel with a defender of Clarissa's name. In his last novel, *Sir Charles Grandison*, Richardson aimed to portray a fashionable gentleman possessed of every virtue, who is in the end happily mated to a young woman of corresponding perfection.

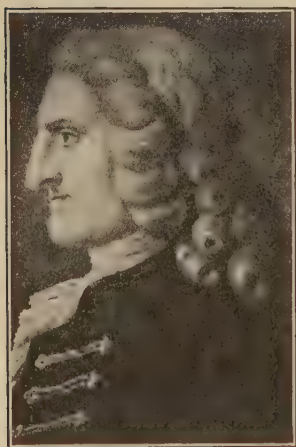
Richardson's Influence. — All of these novels suffer from length, from an excess of moral purpose, and from too much fine-spun sentimentalism. In the analysis and portrayal of character, however, and as a general thing, in the logical sequence of incidents, they must be regarded as fixing the type of novel in which George Eliot, Thomas Hardy, and George Meredith in the following century used their great talents with such marked success.

Fielding's Works. — Henry Fielding, after a prosperous career as playwright, and a short and uncertain one as lawyer, entered the field of the novel to satirize Richardson. *Joseph Andrews*, published two years after *Pamela*, has for its hero the brother of Richardson's heroine, possessed, as is his

sister, of inordinate virtue, which successfully repels the advances of an immoral suitor. Fielding, once interested in his story, forgot his purpose in beginning it, burlesqued various kinds of writing, ancient and modern, and created in Parson Adams a figure ranking high among the characters of fiction.

Fielding wrote three other novels: *Jonathan Wild*, the story of an utterly depraved criminal; *Amelia*, a social satire

dealing with the shady side of London life and the inadequacy of English criminal laws; and *Tom Jones: the History of a Foundling*, written on a large scale, and equally great on the side of plot, character, and philosophy of life set forth by the author in his own person.



FIELDING.

“*Tom Jones:*” Plot and Method. — Coleridge once said that the three greatest plots he knew were Æschylus’s *Ædipus Tyrannus*, Ben Jonson’s *The Alchemist*, and Fielding’s *Tom Jones*. Great as is

Tom Jones on the side of plot, a fact which cannot be adequately set forth in small space, it is even more remarkable considered from other points of view. To each “book,” or main division of the novel, there is an introductory chapter, which is, in Thackeray’s words, “a sort of confidential talk between writer and reader.” Here Fielding discusses in the first person and at considerable length his methods and aims, a procedure followed with great success regularly by his pro-

fessed disciple Thackeray, and occasionally by George Eliot.¹

Influence of Fielding's Character-drawing. — Another respect in which *Tom Jones* is remarkable is the fulness and faithfulness with which the hero is presented. The "unvarnished truthfulness" of the picture did not prove altogether acceptable to the next generation; and Thackeray in the preface to *Pendennis* (1850) says: "Since the author of *Tom Jones* was buried, no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a MAN." Fielding's example, however, in throwing aside conventional modes of characterization, and presenting a hero just as he would have been and acted in real life, was of immense value to the master-writers of fiction of the next century.

Smollett. — Of Smollett and Sterne not so much need be said. The former admitted his indebtedness to Spanish and French models, wrote several "picaresque" ² novels in each of which the hero is a clever rascal, and the incidents are told with savage realism. A second point to be observed in Smollett is that in his three best novels, *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Humphrey Clinker*, he introduced a new interest in fiction — the sea, drawing at length on five years' experience as a surgeon's mate. Defoe had laid scenes on an *imaginary* sea: Smollett laid them on a real sea, and brought real English seamen into the action. Still another notable feature of Smollett's works is his characterization by peculiarities of speech or manner, a method familiar in the work of his most famous disciple, Charles Dickens.

¹ See, e.g., *Adam Bede*, Chap. XVII.

² Word derived from Spanish *picaro*, rogue.

Sterne. — Sterne's two fictions, *Tristram Shandy* and *A Sentimental Journey*, are marred by an excess of sentimentality. He was notoriously and purposely careless of form. What he contributed to the English novel was some admirable character-drawing, including one figure — Tristram's Uncle Toby — universally admitted to be unsurpassed in eighteenth-century fiction. "As the author of *Tristram Shandy*, he remains," says Sidney Lee, "a delineator of the comedy of human life before whom only three or four humorous writers can justly claim precedence." Admitting the truth of even this encomium, we cannot place a writer so regardless of form as was Sterne on a plane with his great contemporaries, Richardson and Fielding.

Other Novelists before 1800. — The popularity of the new literary type produced a host of novelists between 1750 and 1800. New sub-types arose. In the so-called "Gothic romance," of which Horace Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto* and Mrs. Ann Radcliffe's *The Mysteries of Udolpho* are the best representatives, emphasis is laid on the supernatural and the terrible. There was the "novel of purpose," of which Johnson's *Rasselas* and Thomas Day's *Sandford and Merton* are excellent examples. Then there was Goldsmith's *Vicar*, a charming volume, in which, probably for the first time in English literature, an author used experiences of his own as material for fiction. None of these added anything of value in the defining of the type, which, as has been said, was due to Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne.

CHAPTER VIII

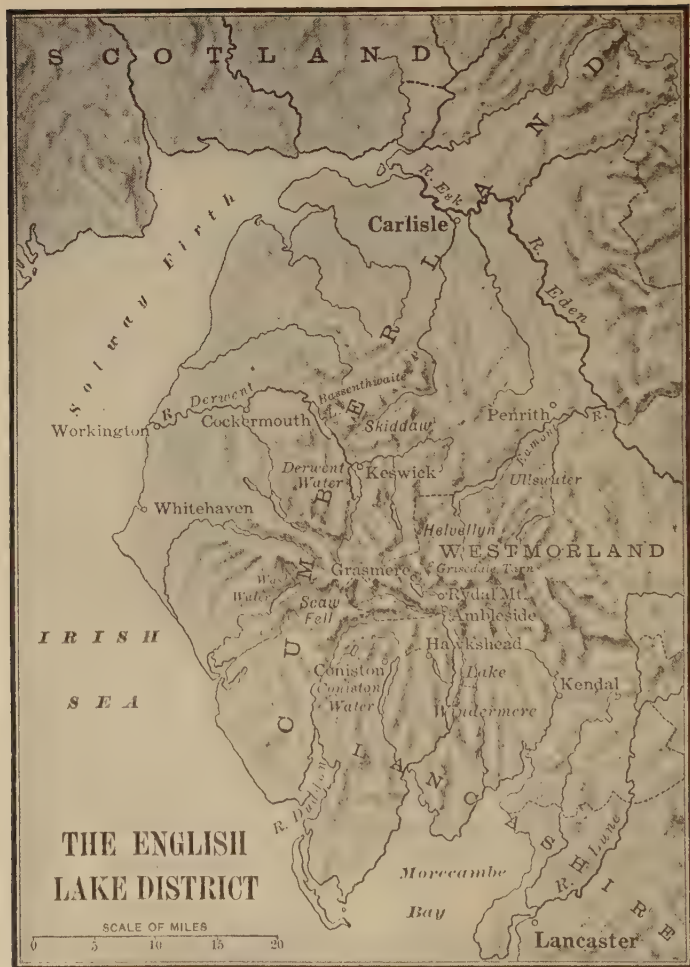
FROM THE PUBLICATION OF THE *LYRICAL BALLADS* TO THE DEATH OF RUSKIN (1798-1900)

Two Divisions of the Century. — English literature of the nineteenth century, like that of the eighteenth, falls into two plainly marked divisions. In the first, usually regarded as ending about the time of Scott's death (1832), the tendencies already mentioned as present to some extent in the verse of Thomson, Gray, and a few others, found their full expression. In the second, though this initiative was not lost, the growth of the modern scientific spirit affected every form of expression, gave a new direction to the forces of the preceding period, and brought many new ones into existence.

No one person dominates either portion of nineteenth-century literature; no figure stands out with sufficient prominence to give his name to the period. The time from 1798 to 1832 is known as the Age of Romanticism; that from 1832 to the end of the century, since it nearly coincides with the reign of Queen Victoria (1837-1901), is called the Victorian Age.

THE AGE OF ROMANTICISM

Difficulty of Definition. — Now that, after several hints of the "Romantic" movement, we have arrived at the necessity of a definition, we face a great difficulty. To charac-



MAP OF THE LAKE DISTRICT.

This region might almost be termed the "headquarters" of the Romantic movement.

terize in a few paragraphs a group of writers of whom nearly every one was a law unto himself, is not an easy task. A careful reading of many volumes is necessary to get a satisfactory definition of Romanticism. While, therefore, we cannot hope to define the term here, we can at least set down some of the features marking the period, enough, perhaps, to show the student what he may expect in the writers of the time.

Two Characteristics. — From the diverse tendencies and productions of the early nineteenth century, two characteristics stand out as applicable to all: individualism, and a revolt against tradition and authority. The heroic couplet, for example, ceased to be the universal metre, not because it was in itself bad, but because for many kinds of expression it was unsuitable. The dignified but heavy style of Johnson ceased to be the standard prose style, not because it had no merit, but because writers refused longer to be influenced by the weight of Johnson's name.

Extent of Romantic Movement. — In addition to mention of these characteristics, one general observation should be made: Romanticism is not an exclusively English movement. The spirit that produced it was abroad throughout Europe and America; and it was shown in other fields than literature. The American Revolution of 1776-1783, the French Revolution of 1789-1795, the bloodless English Revolution culminating in the Reform Bill of 1832, all were due to the widespread spirit of revolt. In the literature of France, Germany, and (under the designation of Transcendentalism) America, the same note was struck as in England, though somewhat later. Hugo, Dumas, Sainte-Beuve in France; Goethe, Fichte, Richter in Germany; Emerson and Thoreau in America, are as truly described by the term

“Romantic” as are Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, or any writer treated in the fifty pages following this. In Italy and Spain also the movement was felt; but these countries “did not exhibit it in such decisive form as did Great Britain, France, and Germany.”

Aspects of Romanticism. — If *individualism* and *revolt* are the keynotes of the movement, we can doubtless best



GRASMERE AND ITS “ONE GREEN ISLAND.”

see its real significance by studying the individual writers. It will, however, be of some value to cite some aspects of Romanticism which appear with more or less frequency and with varying emphasis in several writers.

(1) Perhaps the most striking mark of the Romanticist is what we call *subjective treatment* of material; that is, the handling of it so as to show the author's own observation, feelings, sensations, interpretation. (2) Another mark is *a love of natural scenery* — ranging from mountains and

ocean in one writer to small flowers and quiet lakes in another.

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,"

writes Byron; and Wordsworth:

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

(3) A third mark is *interest in, and affection for, the past*. This is best shown in Scott's great series of historical novels; but it also appears in the frequent use of old metres — the Spenserian stanza by Keats, Byron, and Wordsworth, for example; and the ballad measure by Coleridge and others. Charles Lamb's fondness for writers of long ago and for quaint turns of expression found in them, may be noted on every page. (4) The last mark necessary to be named here is the *worship of imagination*, a natural corollary to interest in the past. Scott's novels, again, are an admirable illustration of this; so are Byron's tales of the far-away East; and possibly better than either of these, Coleridge's best-known poems — *The Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel*, and *Kubla Khan*.

With this brief characterization of the period from 1798 to 1832, we turn to the leading writers for detailed study. The poets were the first to give effective expression to the new spirit, and we shall treat the poets first.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1770-1850

Slow Journey to Recognition. — That the new poetry did not make its way immediately is quite clear. The magazine editors ridiculed Wordsworth's simple style and humble subjects. A traveller in Wordsworth's neighborhood, some

years after the poet had written great poems, innocently asked him if he had ever written anything except the *Guide to the Lakes*. Even Byron, later one of the extreme figures in the revolt, satirized Wordsworth in an early poem as

“The mild apostate from poetic rule.”

The poet said that for years the income from his poetry was



GRAMMAR SCHOOL AT HAWKSHEAD.

not sufficient to keep him in shoestrings. His ultimate artistic triumph is made evident in many ways, not the least being his appointment as poet laureate in his seventy-third year. This honor came solely in recognition of his achievement, and with the understanding that the services usually belonging to the position would not be expected of him.

Early Life and Education. — Wordsworth was born in Cockermouth, county of Cumberland, the northwest corner

of England familiarly known as the Lake District. There he lived for seven years, when he was sent to school at Hawkshead, about twenty miles distant. The eight years at Hawkshead, ending with his removal to St. John's College, Cambridge, were very happy. No evidence is available pointing to special distinction at school; and the evidence of his autobiographical poem, *The Prelude*, points only to his being



INTERIOR OF HAWKSHEAD SCHOOL.

Wordsworth's desk is just at the right as one enters.

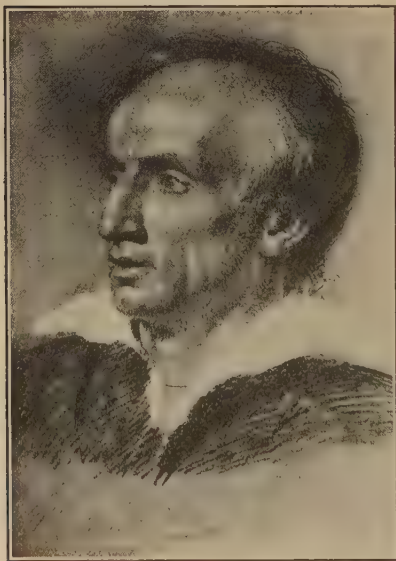
a very healthy boy, fond of sports and outdoor life. Nor did he at all distinguish himself at the University, though he was graduated in regular form in 1791.

Influence of the French Revolution. — Leaving Cambridge, he spent some time in France, and became enthusiastic over the Revolution. Of this time he wrote:

“Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!”

The excesses of the Revolution lessened his enthusiasm; and for some years after his return to England he suffered much from the unsettling of his faith in mankind.

With Sister and Friend. — In 1795 he and his beloved and devoted sister Dorothy settled in Dorsetshire, south-



WORDSWORTH AT THE AGE OF FORTY-EIGHT.

After a crayon sketch by Haydon.

west England, prepared for an existence of "plain living and high thinking," supported only by a legacy of £900 left by a friend. They then moved to Alfoxden, in the adjoining county of Somerset, attracted thither chiefly by the personality of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. When the Wordsworths returned to the Lake District to live, Coleridge followed; and their friendship continued till Coleridge's death. To Coleridge, Wordsworth dedicated *The Prelude*; and he is

frequently referred to in other poems.

"Lyrical Ballads." — Before taking up their residence in the Lake District, the two poets had put out the epoch-marking book usually named as the beginning of the "Romantic Triumph." *Lyrical Ballads* may well have taken the critics

unawares. Wordsworth had previously published two slender volumes, Coleridge, four; but none of these had attracted attention. In *Lyrical Ballads* editors and reviewers found a strange, unheard-of gathering of things that set at defiance the whole body of "established rules" in poetry. There



DOVE COTTAGE.

From the garden.

was a mysterious story in verse about a sailor who took a voyage on which he had the most amazing experiences. Then there was a poem called *Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey*, in which the author went into details about the changes in his own attitude toward nature. "This will never do," said the critics, "because we have never heard of such things in poetry, and therefore they are clearly improper."

Wordsworth's "Preface." — One who has read even the brief account of Romanticism given above will easily imagine the author's attitude toward this criticism. In 1800 a second edition of *Lyrical Ballads* appeared, with a long preface by



DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

Wordsworth explaining in the calmest fashion why the new poetry must be accepted and highly valued. He had deliberately chosen humble life, ordinary men, in ordinary situations, for his themes; and he had deliberately chosen the language of everyday life. These are proper subjects for poetry, he said, and this is the proper way to set them forth. And though it cannot be said that he wholly lived up to the standard

set by himself, he never once wavered in his faith and his effort.

To Dove Cottage, Grasmere. — In December, 1799, Wordsworth and Dorothy moved to Grasmere, "truly and vitally, biographically and spiritually, as well as scenically and physically, the center of the Lake District." In this village the poet made his home for thirteen years, for eight of them in Dove Cottage. This little house, like the Shakspeare birthplace and other "shrines," is now the

property of the nation, and is maintained as a sort of museum.

The Poet's Tributes to his Sister. — We cannot leave this move in the poet's life without some words about Dorothy Wordsworth. His only sister, two years younger than he, she had been his most favored companion from childhood. After being separated from him during his Hawkshead and Cambridge days and during his post-graduate year in France, she set up with him the modest home in southern England to which we have referred. Her influence at this period, when disappointment at the course of the French Revolution seemed likely to end his poetic career when hardly begun, was great and salutary. Of many verse tributes by Wordsworth to his sister one of the most striking is in book XII of *The Prelude* :



MRS. WORDSWORTH.

“Her very presence such a sweetness breathed,
That flowers, and trees, and even the silent hills,
And everything she looked on, should have had
An intimation how she bore herself
Towards them and to all creatures. God delights
In such a being; for her common thoughts
Are piety, her life is gratitude.”

Marriage. — A few years after moving to Grasmere, Wordsworth married Mary Hutchinson, whom he described as

“A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.”

His devotion to wife and sister was amply deserved; for it is truly said that they “worshipped him and made his happiness the object of their lives.”

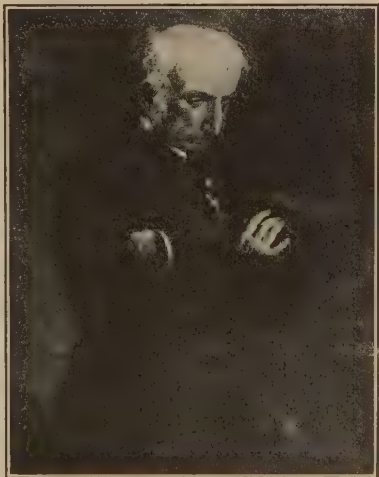
The Poet's Best Period. — The greater portion of Wordsworth's best poetry was composed at Dove Cottage, much of it in the garden:

“Sweet garden-orchard, eminently fair,
The loveliest spot that man has ever found.”

Here, before 1801, he wrote *Michael*, *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*, *Ode to Duty*, *To a Sky-Lark*, and numerous other bird- and flower-lyrics, many of his best sonnets, and *The Prelude*. Though he wrote voluminously almost to the end of his life, there are few poems after 1808 equal to those of the Grasmere period.

Full Recognition. — In 1813 the poet made his last change of residence — to Rydal Mount, near the hamlet of Rydal, about four miles from Grasmere. Here he spent the last thirty-seven years of his life, writing in the same key as in his earlier compositions, strangely unaffected by the many new exhibitions of the Romantic spirit, or by the modern scientific spirit. Recognition of him as the “first of living poets” seems to have become general even before government so described him in offering the laureateship. Nearly all his old friends remained stanch, and many great men of the day were added to the circle.

Rewards. — For many years Wordsworth was never financially at ease. The returns from his poetry formed a meagre addition to the income from his legacy, though this was somewhat increased later by a share of his father's estate. The move to the more spacious and attractive home of Rydal Mount was made possible by his appointment as distributor of stamps for Westmoreland, with a salary of £400 a year. In 1842 a pension was given to him. Honors not of a financial order came to him, including degrees from Durham and Oxford.



WORDSWORTH WALKING ON HELVELLYN.

After the portrait made by Haydon when the poet was seventy-two.

Wordsworth's Self-sufficiency. — Although Wordsworth lived eighteen years beyond the date given as ending the Age of Romanticism,

he was, as has been said, little affected by the changes taking place around him. He did, it is true, lose much of his radicalism. His acceptance of the laureateship convinced many that he had turned his back on his early principles and become a conservative. What really happened was that the immense step forward which he took in *Lyrical Ballads* and the prefaces to the second and subsequent editions of that work was all he was capable of. An observant visitor to Rydal Mount recorded the apparent

fact that other men did not seem necessary to him. Legouis, Wordsworth's French biographer, says that *books* seemed equally unnecessary to him: "He gives us the impression that, had he lived alone on a bookless earth, he would have reached the same conclusions." He reached the point where his own poetry sufficed for his artistic life; and other notes found no responsive chord in him.



RYDAL MOUNT.

Wordsworth's last home.

Poems of Humble Life. — One of the fields in which the poet gave notable expression to the spirit of revolt is poems of humble life. The little cottage girl of *We are Seven*, the leech-gatherer in *Resolution and Independence*, the old shepherd in the pathetic story of *Michael*, and many similar figures are Wordsworth's deliberate defiance of tradition, of the so-called "established rules" by which, said his critics, poetry had been written time out of mind, and ought still to be written. He chose this kind of life, he said, "be-

cause, in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity; and because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature."

Sonnets. — Another mark of the Romanticist in Wordsworth is his fondness for the sonnet-form, which had been



GRISEDALE TARN.

A most impressive mountain view near Grasmere; locally known as the parting-place of Wordsworth and his brother John.

almost wholly ignored for the century and a quarter since Milton. Many sonnets of his later years, as well as a few of his earlier, we could spare: those either on trivial subjects, or on brief mental states that do not seem worth recording. There remain, however, a larger number of sonnets of the first order than can be found in any other English poet. Many of these, — the sonnet on Milton (*London*, 1802), those on the sonnet itself ("Scorn not the sonnet," and "Nuns fret not"), *Composed on Westminster Bridge* ("Earth

has not anything to show more fair"), "The world is too much with us" — the list might be largely extended with ease — these rank not only among the very best of the author's poems, but among the greatest English poems as well.

Poems of Nature. — It is to his work as poet of nature that Wordsworth chiefly owes his general fame. There had, of course, been numerous poets who had loved and described natural objects and scenes; even the eighteenth century was not entirely without them. Other nature poets had been capable also of faithful, accurate description. The new, that is, the Romantic, element in Wordsworth's nature poetry is the expression in words of sensations aroused by observation of the beauties of the external world. This *individual* interpretation of nature, even if something like it had before occurred to poets, had not found voice.

"The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun."
Lines to a Child.

"For thou art worthy,
Thou unassuming Common-place
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace,
Which Love makes for thee."
To the Daisy.

"There is madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine;
Lift me, guide me high and high
To thy banqueting-place in the sky."
To a Sky-Lark.

Almost his whole philosophy of nature is summed up in this stanza from *The Tables Turned*:

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

Arnold's Adequate Tribute. — Of the many tributes called forth by Wordsworth's death two of the most beautiful came from Matthew Arnold, a young poet whose admira-



THE WORDSWORTH GRAVES.
In Grasmere churchyard.

tion for the old poet had brought him to the vicinity of Rydal to live. In one of these Arnold says :

"Well may we mourn when the head
Of a sacred poet lies low,
In an age which can rear them no more!
The complaining millions of men
Darken in labor and pain ;
But he was a priest to us all
Of the wonder and bloom of the world,

Which we saw with his eyes and were glad.
 He is dead, and the fruit-bearing day
 Of his race is past on the earth;
 And darkness returns to our eyes."

The other concludes:

"Keep fresh the grass upon his grave
 O Rotha,¹ with thy living wave!
 Sing him thy best! for few or none
 Hears thy voice right, now he is gone."

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, 1772-1834

In Lamb's *Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago* is drawn a picture of Coleridge when a boy at school. He early showed the interest in philosophic studies that made him as a man a deep thinker and close reasoner. He loved his Greek studies, and impressed all hearers by his reading of Homer and Pindar. So strongly did his personality attract people that he was known as the "*inspired charity boy*."

Character of his Father. — He was born at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, the youngest of thirteen children. His studious bent was inherited from his father, who was minister of the town, head-master of the grammar school, and a solid scholar. "The image of my father," the son wrote, "my revered, kind, learned, simple-hearted father, is a religion to me."

At Christ's Hospital. — After the father's death, and before his own tenth year, Samuel Taylor was admitted to Christ's Hospital, the charity-school immortalized by Lamb, who also entered the school on the same day. His intellectual

¹ The stream flowing through Grasmere, close to the churchyard where Wordsworth is buried.

powers and personal attractions impressed all, just as they did when he reached manhood. The hardships of the school, including an insufficient supply of food, were galling to him; but the close friendships he formed, and the opportunities London offered for studying life, served to lessen his resentment of conditions.

Cambridge. — From Christ's Hospital he went (on a scholarship) to Jesus College, Cambridge. Entering the year that Wordsworth was graduated from St. John's, Coleridge kept up a connection with the college for three years; but he was very irregular in attendance, and did not take a degree. While at the university, he made the acquaintance of Wordsworth, not in person, but in the volume of *Descriptive Sketches*. Coleridge was enthusiastic over it. "Seldom if ever," he says, "was the emergence of an original genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced." Perhaps Wordsworth was thinking of this sentence when in later years he said of Coleridge:

[Thou] "in thy ample mind
Hast placed me high above my just deserts."



COLERIDGE.

At the age of twenty-six.

Marriage. — About the time when Coleridge left the university, he met Robert Southey, a meeting which had two immediate results, one of passing, the other of lasting importance. The first was Coleridge's joining in a fantastic scheme for emigrating to America and founding on the banks

of the Susquehanna a Pantisocracy, or all-equal government. The scheme fell through for lack of funds and emigrants. The second result was Coleridge's engagement and marriage to Miss Sara Fricker, to whose sister Southey was already engaged. Mrs. Coleridge seems to have been an unsuitable wife for an artist, even for a reliable one; that she was entirely unfit to be the wife of an erratic, unreliable poet was certain. Her life with her husband from 1795 to 1804 was



DOVE COTTAGE LIVING-ROOM.

Here Coleridge delivered some of his most impassioned midnight discourses to a small audience of Wordsworths.

unhappy for him as well as for her; and though no formal separation took place, they saw little of each other after 1804.

Friendship with the Wordsworths. — Coleridge's acquaintance with the Wordsworths has been recorded. If the older, steadier poet profited by his friend's

enthusiastic admiration, the latter also gained by the association. Through Wordsworth and his sister Coleridge came to a realization of his powers, and without their influence, *The Ancient Mariner* — and perhaps much more of both prose and verse — would hardly have been written. Virtually all of Coleridge's best poems were written during the six years of his greatest intimacy with the Wordsworths (1797–1803); and his acquaintance with German metaphysics, which through him did much for English thought, was due to a tour of Germany made with the Wordsworths.

The Influence of Opium.—The year 1797 is a tragic one in Coleridge's life; for in that year he began the use of opium. For twenty years, while he was writing his best poetry and his best criticism, he engaged in a constant struggle, frequently a losing one, with the drug. It prevented his working consecutively at anything, prevented his carrying out any plans. "An opium-eater," said De Quincey, another victim of the habit, "never *finishes* anything." Coleridge for several periods worked at journalism in London, but formed no permanent connection. He was for more than a year secretary to the governor of Malta. He frequently preached in Unitarian churches, and aroused great enthusiasm; but only for a single period of a few months did he hold a charge. He was a most inspiring lecturer; but he could never be depended on to speak on the subject announced: people went to hear Coleridge, not on any particular subject. He was quite likely, after announcing *Paradise Lost* as his topic, to speak on *Hamlet*.

Under such conditions, his income was, of course, uncertain. For some years he lived in the house of his prosperous brother-in-law, Southey; and after the separation from his wife, she and her children remained there. Writing and lecturing sometimes paid well; and many homes sought his presence as guest.

At Highgate.—In 1816, after fighting the fiend opium single-handed for twenty years and finding victory impossible without help, Coleridge put himself under the care of a Dr. Gilman, of Highgate, a suburb of London. The afflicted man was taken into the physician's home; and to the devoted care of the physician and Mrs. Gilman he owed the comparative peace which he enjoyed for the remainder of his life. He delivered several successful series of lectures;

and with a group of young enthusiasts who repeatedly sought him at his home he carried on many wonderful conversations. The *talk* of the "Sage of Highgate" made a deep impression on all hearers, a situation not surprising when one contemplates the vast extent of his reading and the widely recorded charm of his personality.

Last Years and Death. — For several years Coleridge knew death was near at hand. He felt that he was not fully appreciated; he suffered physically sometimes; but he faced the end without a murmur. Some months before it came he wrote an epitaph for himself, containing these lines:

"O, lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C. —
That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life may here find life in death!"

He died July 25, 1834, and was buried in Highgate churchyard.

The Poet. — Nearly all Coleridge's really great poetry, as has been noted, was written during the years when he was under the Wordsworths' influence. One may go further: nearly all for which the world cares, including *The Ancient Mariner*, the fragment *Kubla Khan*, and part first of *Christabel* (never finished), was written in a single winter, 1797-1798, his "golden year." In the one complete poem and the two unfinished, Coleridge showed himself the possessor of a marvelous imagination and a power of haunting phraseology which, under better circumstances, might have made him the equal of England's greatest singers. The product is, however, too meagre to give the writer a large place in English poetry.

The Critic. — Coleridge's literary criticism is both greater in quantity and far more valuable than his poetry. He is the founder of modern English criticism, as regards not only

method, but also, in many cases, substance. To Coleridge is due the present-day opinion of Shakspeare, by which the dramatist is understood to be a conscious and consummate artist instead of merely "Fancy's child." To Coleridge is due the current interpretation of Othello, as "a high and chivalrous Moorish chief," whose passion is not jealousy,

Into the Depth of Clouds, that Veil thy breast—
 Thou too ^{one more} ~~again~~, stupendous Mountain! then,
 That as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low
 In adoration, upward from thy Base
 Slow-travelling, with dim eyes, suppres'd with Tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury Cloud,
 To rise before me—Rise, o ever Rise, for
 Rise, like a Cloud of Incense, from the Earth!
 Thou Kingly Spirit thron'd among the Hills,
 Thou dread Ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
 Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent Sky,
 And tell the Stars, and tell yon rising Sun,
 Earth with her thousand Voices praises God.

J. T. Coleridge

FACSIMILE OF COLERIDGE'S MANUSCRIPT.

(British Museum.)

but "rather an agony that the creature whom he had believed angelic should be proved impure." To Coleridge also was due the first thorough study and genuine appreciation of Wordsworth's genius.

The Talker.—Much of his philosophical writing is difficult reading, and because of his unsystematic habits of

composition, unsatisfactory. His philosophical *talk*, however, to the group of young enthusiasts who hung on his words at Highgate — Lamb, De Quincey, Carlyle, Hazlitt, and others — was beyond measure inspiring. Hazlitt has described the impression made upon him by the first sermon he heard Coleridge preach.

“Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text, ‘And he went up into the mountain, to pray, HIMSELF, ALONE.’ As he gave out this text, his voice ‘rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,’ and when he came to the two last words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. . . . The preacher then launched into his subject, like an eagle dallying with the wind. . . . And for myself, I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres.”

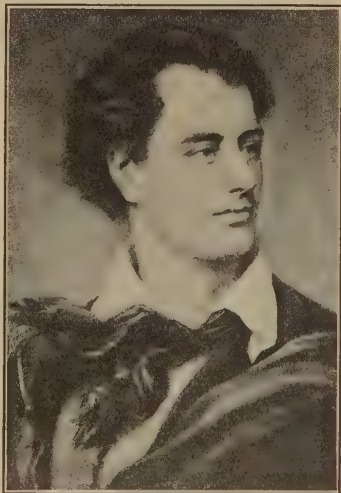
Personal Influence. — That his talk was frequently not consecutive, not logical, seems certain; yet his influence has been far greater than that of many whose thoughts were presented in much better organized form. In 1796 Wordsworth thought Coleridge “the only wonderful man I ever met;” in 1827 Carlyle called him “a sublime man . . . a king of men.” In the opinion of Saintsbury he was the most important figure in the Romantic movement in England, whose personal influence on the greatest minds of his own day “was so great as to be almost uncanny.”

GEORGE NOEL GORDON, LORD BYRON, 1788-1824

Ancestry. — Byron, one of the most rebellious figures in a rebellious age, was made extreme not so much by the spirit that was abroad in the land as by inheritance and immediate environment. He was of wild, impulsive, passion-

ate, defiant blood on both sides: on his father's side in a distinguished but erratic line of Norman nobility; on his mother's, Highland Scotch direct from James I. His mother, to whose sole care he was left at the age of two, was unsuited to be the mother of any child. She alternately fondled him excessively and abused and maltreated him, thus emphasizing his inborn high temper.

Lack of Sympathy with the World.—Though many admired Byron's genius, few understood him. Few recognized or acted on the principle expressed by one of the poet's schoolmasters, that he "might be led by a silken string, rather than a cable." People antagonized him; events embittered him. As a result, he wrote before he was thirty and with apparent sincerity:



BYRON.

"I have not loved the world, nor the world me;

* * * * *

'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose;"¹

and followed this a few years later with

"Through life's dull road, so dim and dirty,
I have dragged to three and thirty;

¹ *Childe Harold*, Canto III.

What have these years brought to me?
Nothing — except thirty-three."

Birth. — Byron was born in London. His father, Captain Jack Byron, was an adventurer who, after marrying Catherine Gordon and squandering her small fortune, left her with her two-year-old son and fled to France. The boy's club-foot added sensitiveness to the unfortunate inherited qualities we have mentioned.

Boyhood. — Besides the varying treatment by his mother, and the distresses growing out of his affliction, the outstanding



MISS CHAWORTH.

facts of his boyhood are his extensive reading, his love affairs, and his inheritance of a title and estate. The list of books he had read before he was nineteen includes enormous amounts of history, biography, philosophy, theology, oratory, fiction; and poetry without limit. Of the love affairs the most serious was with Mary Anne Chaworth, heiress of the estate adjoining

Byron's. "She was the beau ideal," said he, "of all that my youthful fancy could paint of beautiful;" but she returned neither the admiration nor the affection. Though grieved at the time, he said later in life that her perfection he "created in her, . . . for I found her anything but angelic." At the age of ten he succeeded his great-uncle as "Lord" Byron and heir of Newstead Abbey.

Education. — The chief thing that his years at Harrow School gave him was the friendship of Dr. Drury, the master. From Harrow he went up to Cambridge, where he was graduated in March, 1808. He was not popular at the University, and never thought of it with affection.



NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

Byron's home in Nottinghamshire.

First Publication. — The year before he left Cambridge (1807) Byron published his first volume, *Hours of Idleness*. It was an unpretending book, containing only one poem worth remembering — *Lachin y Gair*;¹ but the *Edinburgh Review* could not forego the opportunity to thrash a lord. It performed this feat in an article which characteristically enough aimed not at all at estimating the new poet, but at adding to the critic's reputation for cleverness. Wordsworth

¹ Pronounced Loch na Garr.

knew better: "These reviewers put me out of patience. The young man will do something, if he goes on as he has begun."

First Satire. — The young man went on next year by returning the thrashing. In *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* he not only came back at his critic, but included in a scathing satire most of the distinguished men of letters of the day. Wordsworth is represented as

"Convincing all, by demonstration plain,
Poetic souls delight in prose insane."

Jeffrey, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, is compared to the savage judge of James the Second's "Star Chamber: "

"In soul so like, so merciful, yet just,
Some think that Satan has resigned his trust,
And given the spirit to the world again,
To sentence letters, as he sentenced men."

He realized his error, and a few years later made a public apology. "This satire," he says, "was written when I was very young and very angry, and fully bent on displaying my wrath and my wit; and now I am haunted by the ghosts of my wholesale assertions."

"**Childe Harold.**" — In February, 1812, the first two cantos of *Childe Harold* appeared. Its instantaneous success is recorded in a well-known sentence of the author: "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." Seven editions were sold in four weeks; he was lauded and flattered by men and women prominent in all walks of life. Nothing could better illustrate the spirit of the age. *Childe Harold* is a rambling, disconnected series of magnificent pictures of foreign lands and peoples; and the novelty of such matter in verse caught the public taste at once. It was, moreover,

in an unusual metre, the Spenserian stanza, which we have seen had been revived in one eighteenth-century poem, Thomson's *The Castle of Indolence*. A third respect in which it illustrates the spirit of the age is its note of revolt, against every convention of British life: a note which in the preceding century would have prevented the poem from receiving even a respectful hearing.

I must not forget Mrs Hanson who has
often been a mother to me, and as you have
always been a friend I beg you to believe me
with all sincerity
yours Byron
J. Hanson Esq.
6. Chancery Lane
London

FACSIMILE OF BYRON'S MANUSCRIPT.

(British Museum.)

Two more cantos of *Childe Harold*, which appeared in 1818, are even greater poetry than the first two. Canto III contains what is perhaps the most famous passage in all Byron's verse — the description of the battle of Waterloo and of Brussels on the evening before — beginning

"There was a sound of revelry by night."

Oriental Tales. — In the interval between the first two cantos and the last two Byron wrote a number of oriental

tales in verse, of which the best known are *The Bride of Abydos* and *Mazeppa*. In these the spirit of revolt continues to find expression; and the newness of the subjects and the rapid and thrilling stories brought them a wide circle of readers. Of *The Corsair*, which was written in ten days, 14,000 copies were sold in a single day; and the poet received a total of £525 for it.



HUCKNALL CHURCH, NEAR NEWSTEAD.
Denied a place in Westminster Abbey,
Byron was buried here.

Marriage and Exile.

— Byron was married in 1815; and his wife left him in a year. Whether the trouble was altogether of his making is by no means clear; but the British public took Lady Byron's side, and deposed its idol promptly and absolutely. Self-exiled, he left England

in April, 1816, never to return. The evil genius to which he owed his ancestry and his afflicted body was loath to give him up.

Death. — For the rest of his life he was a wanderer in Europe. The facts of this period we would like to forget, except the closing episode. In 1823 he cast his lot with the Greeks in their struggle for independence of Turkey, giving largely of his wealth, taking active service in the army, and dying April 19, 1824, of fever contracted by exposure.

In the period of his exile Byron wrote *The Prisoner of Chillon*, a number of quite unactable but highly poetic dramas,

Mazeppa (one of the oriental tales), and his masterpiece — *Don Juan*.¹

“*Don Juan*.” — *Don Juan* is a poem of the same general class as *Childe Harold*; that is, it is a rambling, disjointed series of pictures and incidents from experience in foreign lands. It is much longer than its predecessor, and was left unfinished in the seventeenth canto. It is much more bitter in its satire, and much more universal. Its tone is well characterized in the author's words: “In *Don Juan* I take a vicious and unprincipled character, and lead him through those ranks of society whose accomplishments cover and cloak their vices, and paint the natural effects.” Here we see the same spirit of revolt as in *Childe Harold*, taking the form of a protest against the whole social organization of his day.

Don Juan is a very uneven poem. There are beautiful idyls and charming lyrics — the story of Haidee, for instance, in Canto IV, and

“The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung!”

Scattered among such as these are episodes and stanzas deliberately vulgar, which in the eyes of British “middle-class respectability” could not be atoned for by any amount of art. Poet Laureate Southey, and Wellington, hero of Waterloo, are attacked in satire that can only be described as vicious. Even his mother and his wife, of whom it might be supposed he would think with sincere regret, are held up to ridicule, as is (in the later cantos) the whole of that London fashionable life of which he had been at one time the centre. The instalments of the poem were not received with the universal favor that greeted *Childe Harold*. The

¹ Byron rhymes this name with “true one.”

average Briton was too much shocked by its audacity to enjoy its brilliancy. The critics, however, were almost unanimous in praise of it, Sir Walter Scott, for example, writing: "It has the variety of Shakespeare himself." Another said that *Don Juan* will be read "as long as satire, wit, mirth, and supreme excellence shall be esteemed among men."

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, 1792-1822

A Reformer. — Shelley was, like Byron, a rebel against society, as Wordsworth and Coleridge had been rebels against literary tradition. Unlike Byron, Shelley was inspired to reform society, though his plans to accomplish this reform are quite incoherent and unintelligible.



SHELLEY.

Clearly the portrait of a dreamer.

A Lyric Poet. — On the side of pure literature, Shelley is one of a small number of supreme lyrists. The list of his great compositions in the lyric field is not extensive; but even the least sympathetic students of his life and philosophy admit his supremacy as lyric poet.

Birth, School, and College. — He was born near Horsham, in Sussex, some thirty miles south of London, four years after

Byron. The two, it will thus be seen, came nearly a generation later than Wordsworth and Coleridge; and as has been observed more than once, the French Revolution

was already history. At the age of twelve Shelley was sent to Eton, where his rebellious spirit first showed itself in opposition to the fagging system. From Eton he proceeded to University College, Oxford, where he remained less than a year, being formally expelled from the institution. This untoward incident was caused by a specific act of rebellion — refusal to answer the question of the college authorities whether he did or did not write a pamphlet called *The Necessity of Atheism*. He did, in fact, write it, as the whole college doubtless knew.

Marriage. — Shelley's father, an entirely orthodox Britisher, was so much offended by this performance that he closed his doors against his nineteen-year-old son. Shelley took up residence in London. Part of the time he received a small allowance from his father; part of the time he is said to have been supported by the pocket-money of his sisters, who were at school in a suburb. In visits to his sisters he met Harriet Westbrook, a girl of sixteen; and in a short time they eloped to Edinburgh and were married. That Shelley did not love the girl is by no means clear; but his chief incentives to the marriage appear to have been sympathy with her (real or imagined) harsh treatment at home, and admiration of her willingness to come and live with him whether married or not.

Again a Rebel. — Thus again the spirit of rebellion plays an important part in Shelley's life. Harriet suffered from tyranny at home; he abhorred tyranny; he would rescue her from it. Harriet loved him enough to defy the conventions of society, a sure title to at least the good opinion of a man like Shelley.

It is quite useless to record in detail the wanderings of the Shelleys — in York, Edinburgh, Keswick, Ireland,

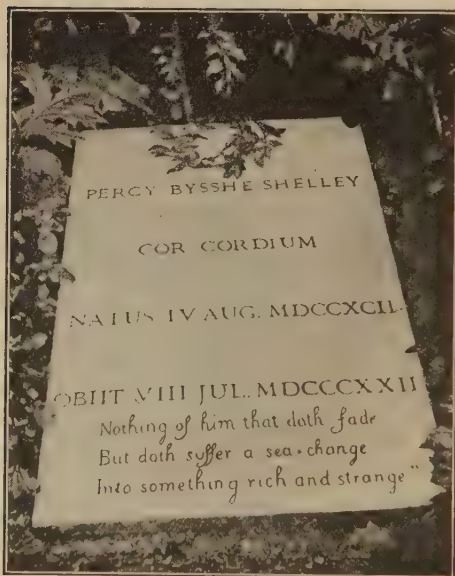
Wales. In April, 1813, they were again in London, where in June a daughter was born.

A short time after this Shelley and his wife became estranged; and the following year they separated. When she died, in 1816, Shelley married Mary Godwin, daughter of

William Godwin, whose writings in criticism of social institutions, including marriage, Shelley greatly admired.

Life in Italy. —

In 1818 the Shelleys went to Italy, in which country they lived for the remaining four years of the poet's life. He changed his place of residence repeatedly, partly no doubt because of the scandal everywhere associated



SHELLEY'S GRAVE.

In the Protestant Cemetery at Rome.

with his name. Most people, he himself said, regarded him as "a prodigy of crime." Later, however, some real friendships came into his life, and his last two years were not unhappy. His death came by accidental drowning.

"Prometheus Unbound." — One work of Shelley's besides his lyrics is of interest to the average reader — *Prome-*

theus Unbound, called by the author "a lyrical drama." In a long preface he says the drama is an expression of his "passion for reforming the world." Mrs. Shelley explains in a note that Prometheus typifies humanity, and that Hercules, who "liberates him from the tortures generated by evil done or suffered," typifies strength. "Shelley's theory of the destiny of the human species was," she says, "that evil is not inherent in the system of the creation, but an accident that might be expelled."

When friendly commentators, however, have done their best, *Prometheus Unbound* remains still something of a puzzle. Yet there is much in it to attract any lover of poetry, even though he is not a partisan of Shelley. One of the most charming of the lyrical passages is assigned to a Spirit in act I:

"On a poet's lips I slept
 Dreaming like a love-adept
 In the sound his breathing kept;
 Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
 But feeds on the ærial kisses
 Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses.
 He will watch from dawn to gloom
 The lake-reflected sun illumine
 The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
 Nor heed nor see, what things they be;
 But from these create he can
 Forms more real than living man,
 Nurslings of immortality!"

It has been observed that these lines are "vividly suggestive of Shelley's own poetic temper."

Greatest Lyrics. — Three of his most generally admired lyrics are among those also ranked highest by critical opinion — *To a Sky-Lark*, *Ode to the West Wind*, and *The Cloud*. It is idle to say much of such poems: the thoughtful reader will

To ^athe Sky-Lark

Hail to thee blithe Spirit!
 Paid thou never war?
 That from Heaven or merit,
 Downest thy full heart
 In profuse theories of unpremeditated art — most

In the golden lightning,
 Of the random雷 —
 Or where, ^{thou dost} ~~where~~ an lightning
~~thou dost~~ ^{thou dost} heat & sun;
 like an untold story when race is just begun.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight,
 Like a star of Heaven
 In the broad daylight. Still
 Thou art unseen, — but yet I hear thy ~~blithe~~ ^{delight}

FACSIMILE OF SHELLEY'S SKY-LARK.

In his own handwriting.

(Widener Memorial Library, Harvard University.)

find more in them than any helper can find for him. It may be not amiss to advise one approaching them for the first time that they are noted for fitness of metrical form to sense as well as for most felicitous language and imagery.

The circle of Shelley enthusiasts is small, the main objection of others being the many things he fails to do. For such we may quote from a famous apostrophe to Shelley:

"Each poet gives what he has, and what he can offer; you spread before us fairy bread, and enchanted wine, and shall we turn away with a sneer, because, out of all the multitudes of singers, one is spiritual and strange? Let Shelley sing of what he saw, what none saw but Shelley!"¹

JOHN KEATS, 1795-1821

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

These lines from Keats's *Ode on a Grecian Urn* give the whole of his poetic creed, and the clew to his place in English poetry. The high priest of beauty, he took a firm stand against didactic poetry, contending that if a poem gives pleasure by appeal to one's love of beauty, one need not look for a meaning, a lesson, to explain the appeal. The love of beauty was with him a passion; and it fixes his place as a Romanticist. This quality had been lost during the eighteenth century, and Keats restored it to English poetry.

Humble Birth, and Limited Opportunities. — He was born in London, the son of a livery-stable employé and of the proprietor's daughter. Nothing further is known of his antecedents; but as Lowell remarks, "It is enough that his poetical pedigree is of the best, tracing through Spenser to Chaucer." He had a grammar-school education, of which

¹ Andrew Lang, *Letters to Dead Authors*.

the most important gain was the friendship of the school-master's son, Charles Cowden Clarke.

Selection of Poetry for Life-work. — At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a surgeon; but though he studied surgery four years and took a hospital course, he never practised. About the time that he decided to give up surgery and devote himself wholly to poetry, he met Leigh Hunt, then a conspicuous figure in London literary circles. Within a short time he made the acquaintance also of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, William Hazlitt, and the artists B. R. Haydon and Joseph Severn.



KEATS.

From a sketch by his friend Haydon.

First Publications.

— At the suggestion of friends Keats in 1817 published a volume of poems. It contained little meriting serious attention except two sonnets, *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*, and *On the Grasshopper and the Cricket*. These should have attracted attention from the magazines; but they seem to have been noticed only by Hunt's paper and a few others which Hunt influenced to review the volume.

“**Endymion.**” — The following year he published *Endymion: A Poetic Romance*, in four books; and from that time he never lacked attention from critics. *The Quarterly Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine* attacked it viciously, the former boldly proclaiming that the reviewer had read only the first book of the poem. Despite any faults the poem may possess, it would still be memorable for its opening lines:

“A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.”

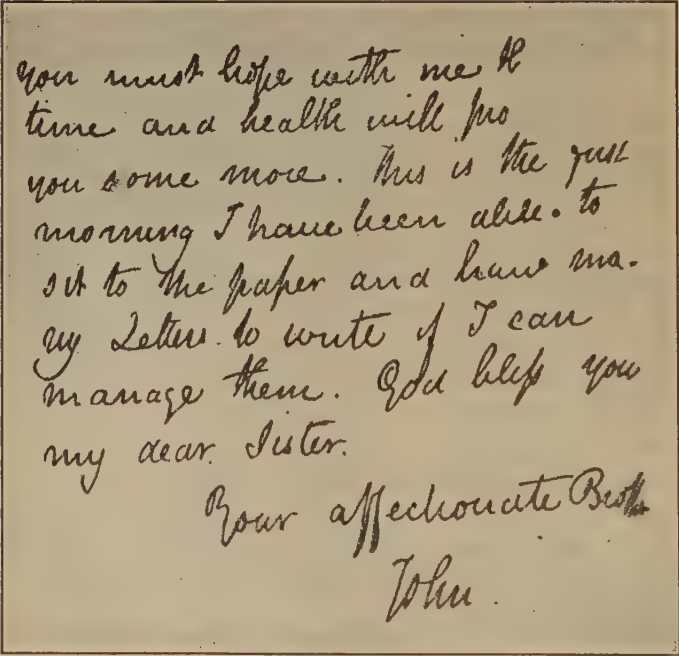
Though it had been twenty years since *Lyrical Ballads* appeared, and six since the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, the older magazines were still hostile to innovations in literature. The *Quarterly's* complaint: “There is hardly a complete couplet enclosing a complete idea in the whole book,” indicates how tenacious was the hold of eighteenth-century standards.

Attitude toward Criticism. — So harsh was this attack that for many years it was popularly supposed to have caused Keats's death. Shelley helped to perpetuate this idea in his poem in memory of Keats, *Adonais*; and Byron added the weight of an epigram:

“‘Who killed John Keats?’
‘I,’ says the *Quarterly*,
So savage and Tartarly;
‘’Twas one of my feats.’”

That the hostile articles not only did not kill him, but did not even seriously disturb him, is now perfectly well known. It should have been known to any reader of the poet's preface. He states his consciousness that the poem shows

"great inexperience, immaturity, and every error denoting a feverish attempt, rather than a deed accomplished." His motive in admitting its faults he expresses thus: "This is not written with the least atom of purpose to forestall criti-



you must hope with me &
time and health will pro-
vide you some more. This is the first
morning I have been able to
sit to the paper and have ma-
ny letters to write if I can
manage them. God bless you
my dear Sister.

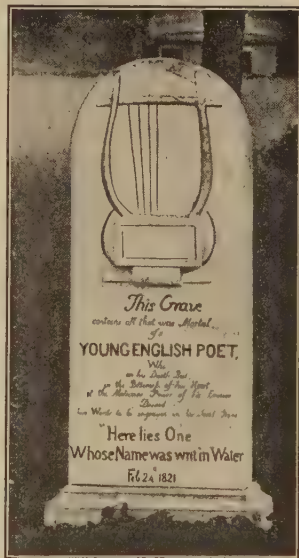
Your affectionate Brother
John.

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER OF KEATS.

(British Museum.)

cism of course, but from the desire I have to conciliate men who are competent to look, and who do look with a zealous eye, to the honour of English literature." No man who could write in this manly fashion could be much worried by a spiteful review.

Keats's third volume, including *The Eve of St. Agnes*, the fragment *Hyperion*, and the five great odes — *To a Nightingale*, *On a Grecian Urn*, *To Psyche*, *To Autumn*, and *On Melancholy* — appeared in the summer of 1820. The presence of genius here was unmistakable, and was recognized on all hands. Keats, however, was now almost beyond interest in appreciation. The hand of death, in the form of consumption, was already upon him; and in pursuance of his physician's advice, he set out for Rome in September, 1820, hoping for benefit from a winter in the south. Severn, his most devoted friend, accompanied him, and gave him every aid possible; but nothing could avail, and he died February 23, 1821.



KEATS'S GRAVE.

In the Protestant cemetery at Rome.

Name "Writ in Water"?—

Above Keats's grave in the Protestant cemetery in Rome is an epitaph of his own composing:

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water." Against this may well be set some lines of a later poet:¹

"The Star of Fame shines down upon the river,
And answering, the stream of Life repeats:
'Upon our waters shall be writ forever
The name of Keats!'"

¹ J. E. Spingarn.

In a moment less despairing than that in which he penned his epitaph, Keats had himself expressed confidence in his future: "I think I shall be among the English poets after my death." No one to-day would think of questioning the fulfilment of his belief.

Keats's Artistry and Character. — What most impresses the student of Keats is not his mere promise, not chiefly his tragically short career, but the amount of really good poetry he wrote. Byron produced a vastly larger amount in a few more years; so did Shelley. But it is doubtful if either reached the level of Keats's best work as often as Keats did. While they, moreover, had their peculiar merits, neither seems often to have shown the conscientious care for workmanship that Keats showed. Examination of variant readings in *The Eve of St. Agnes*, for example, reveals a constant search for the right word that marks the true artist. In his devotion to one ideal, the expression of the beautiful, he shows fixedness of purpose that marks lofty character as well.

ROMANTIC PROSE

It is a common saying that the true glory of the Romantic period lies in its poetry rather than in its prose. We have, however, already noted that Coleridge fills a far larger niche in our prose literature than in our poetic; and when we join with his name the names of Lamb and De Quincey, and realize that Macaulay's *style* was the product of this age, we may well hesitate to disparage its prose, even by comparison. There was room for advance in some directions even on the excellent eighteenth-century prose, which was, on the whole, lacking in color and individuality. These qualities are the distinguishing contributions to English prose of the two greatest Romantic essayists.

CHARLES LAMB, 1775-1834

In the life of Lamb, apart from his writing, there are two threads, which Wordsworth must have had in mind in calling him "the frolic and the gentle." He was a constant joker, at his own as well as others' expense; and he gave a large part of his life to caring for an afflicted sister.

We think we cannot better introduce a sketch of Lamb than by one of his jokes, written when he was fifty-two years old, and entitled

"An Autobiographical Sketch

"Charles Lamb born in the Inner Temple 10 Feb. 1775 educated in Christ's Hospital afterwards a clerk in the Accountant's office East India House pensioned off from that service 1825 after 33 years service, is now a Gentleman at large, can remember few specialities in his life worth noting except that he once caught a swallow flying (*teste sua manu*) [witness his own hand]; below the middle stature, cast of face slightly Jewish, with no Judaic tinge in his complexional religion; stammers abominably and is therefore more apt to discharge his occasional conversation in a quaint aphorism or a poor quibble than in set and edifying speeches: has consequently been libelled as a person always aiming at wit, which, as he told a dull fellow that charged him with it, is at least as good as aiming at dulness; a small eater but not drinker; confesses a partiality for the production of the juniper berry, was a fierce smoker of Tobacco, but may be resembled to a volcano burnt out, emitting only now and then a casual puff. Has been guilty of obtruding upon the Public a Tale in Prose, called Rosamund Gray, a Dramatic Sketch named John Woodvil, a Farewell Ode to Tobacco, with sundry other Poems and light prose matter, collected in Two slight crown Octavos and pompously christened his Works, tho' in fact they were his Recreations and his true works may be found on the shelves of Leadenhall Street, filling some hundred Folios. He is also the true Elia whose Essays are extant in a little volume published a year or two since; and rather better known from that name without a

meaning, than from anything he has done or can hope to do in his own. He also was the first to draw the Public attention to the old English Dramatists in a work called 'Specimens of English Dramatic Writers who lived about the time of Shakspeare,' published about 15 years since. In short all his merits and demerits to set forth would take to the end of Mr. Upcott's book and then not be told truly. He died ¹

18 much lamented.

Witness his hand, Charles Lamb.

10th Apr 1827.

¹ To any Body — Please to fill up these blanks."

The Tragedy of Lamb's Life. — In this sketch he omits all reference to the tragedy of his life; yet without knowl-



EAST INDIA HOUSE.

Scene of Lamb's labors.

edge of that, one has but an imperfect picture of Lamb. When he was twenty-one years old, his sister Mary, in a fit of insanity, killed her mother. In order to save her from permanent confinement Lamb, though ten years her junior, assumed the care of her; and he devoted himself to this task till his death

at the age of fifty-nine. Mary Lamb had recurring attacks of the trouble; but there was always some warning of their approach. One of the most pathetic pictures from these lives is that of the brother and sister walking across the field, hand in hand and with tear-stained faces, to the asylum where she was treated.

"Tales from Shakspeare." — One of the fruits of their close association was the volume by which Charles Lamb is doubtless most widely known, *Tales from Shakspeare*. Mary Lamb wrote the comedies and Charles the tragedies; and while the collection can hardly be called a great piece of literature, it still possesses interest for many people older than the children for whom it was intended.

Friendships. — Lamb enjoyed the friendship of the leading men of letters — Wordsworth, Coleridge, Hazlitt, De Quincey, Godwin, and many others. His friendship with Coleridge, begun at Christ's Hospital, continued without interruption till death; and Lamb's biographer, Canon Ainger, is of the opinion that Coleridge's death was Lamb's death blow. He survived his friend but five months.

Lamb and Coleridge. — Many of the humorous stories of Lamb are connected with Coleridge. "Charles," Coleridge once said, "did you ever hear me preach?" — "I n-n-never heard you," stammered Lamb, "d-d-do anything else." Coleridge's lectures and conversation have been remarked on, but not the fact that he was quite willing on occasion to lecture to an individual. One day, according to Lamb, his distinguished friend met him on the street, caught hold of a button on his coat, pushed him into a store entrance, and began talking. In a few moments he closed his eyes. Now Lamb was very much interested; but being also bent on business, he took out his knife, cut off the button, and proceeded on his way. Returning some time later, he found Coleridge in the same place, delivering an impassioned discourse to the button.

Lamb and De Quincey. — De Quincey has recorded his consternation when Lamb, on their first meeting, indulged

in pretended criticism of Coleridge and Wordsworth. Asked for an instance from *The Ancient Mariner* to justify his criticism, Lamb replied: "Pray what do you say to this —

'The many men so beautiful,
And they all dead did lie'?

So beautiful, indeed! Beautiful! Just think of such a gang of Wapping¹ vagabonds, all covered with pitch, and chewing tobacco; and the old gentleman himself — what do you call him? — the bright-eyed fellow?"

Lamb's Humor. — The most conspicuous quality of Lamb's essays, one is not surprised to find, is humor. It is humor of a unique order, moreover, though it manifests itself in a variety of ways. Sometimes it consists in a novel use of quotations; as, for example, in *A Dissertation upon Roast Pig*, where he rejoices in the immaturity of the animal

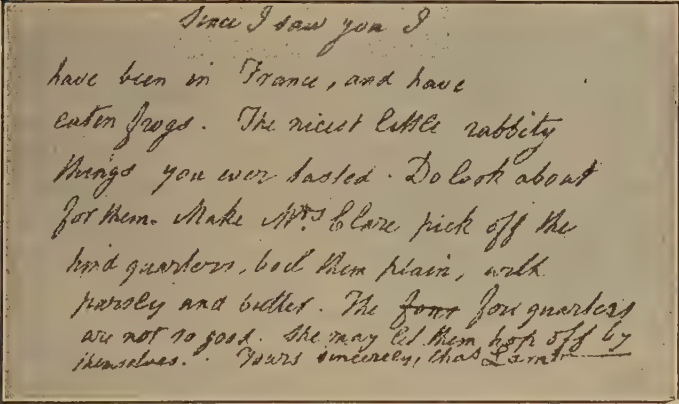
"Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care" —

from Coleridge's *Epitaph on an Infant*. Frequently it is an unexpected turn of phrase, as the first sentence in *A Chapter on Ears* — "I have no ear;" after which he hastens to inform us that he refers to an ear for music. The introductory paragraph in *Poor Relations* is typical yet not exactly paralleled elsewhere: he gives twenty-seven phrases to characterize his subject, beginning with "the most irrelevant thing in nature" and ending with "the one thing not needful."

Lamb's Pathos. — This humor, of which a variety of illustrations might be given indefinitely, has been well described as that "which lies near to pathos and continually passes

¹ Wapping is the shipping quarter of London.

into and emerges from it." In some of the *Essays of Elia* it has passed quickly into pathos and not emerged at all. Such a one is *Dream-Children*, giving an imaginary picture of himself with grandchildren. It is by many believed to be autobiographical, "Alice W—n," whom he says he courted "for seven long years," being identified with a certain Nancy Simmons. The story goes that, when he assumed charge of



Since I saw you I
have been in France, and have
eaten frogs. The nicest little rabbit
things you ever tasted. Do look about
for them. Make Mrs. Clare pick off the
bird quarters, boil them plain, with
parsely and butter. The ~~four~~ four quarters
are not so good. She may let them hop off by
themselves. Yours sincerely, Chas Lamb

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER OF LAMB.

Telling how to cook frogs' legs.

(British Museum.)

his sister, he felt it necessary to put behind him all thoughts of love and marriage.

Autobiography of a "Gentle" Writer. — Whether or not *Dream-Children* has immortalized a real love-affair, there is certainly much autobiography in *Elia*. *Mackery End* in *Hertfordshire* and *Blakesmoor* in *H—shire* are undoubted reproductions of communities in which he visited. His "cousins," James and Bridget *Elia*, are himself and his sister. Many of his friends are called by their real names in

the essays. The writings of such a man as Lamb are, it has been said, all autobiography; and the life pictured is a singularly sweet and gentle one. Said one friend: ¹

“He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years,
Far worthier things than tears.
The love of friends without a single foe:
Unequaled lot below!”

THOMAS DE QUINCEY, 1785-1859

A Stylist. — It is as a writer of “impassioned prose” that De Quincey claimed a place for himself in English literature. To-day it is evident that although there is much of value in the matter of his writings, he is important chiefly for style. Since, moreover, impassioned prose is a thing likely to attract strongly or repel strongly, readers of De Quincey are almost invariably partisan or hostile. The final judgment should probably take a middle course, frankly admitting his defects while stoutly proclaiming his merits.

Carlyle’s Description of De Quincey. — No one could read *The Confessions of an Opium-Eater* without feeling that the author was a strange being. Strange he was indeed, not only in mind, but in physical appearance as well, if we may trust Carlyle’s famous description of him.

“One of the smallest man-figures I ever saw; shaped like a pair of tongs; and hardly above five feet in all. When he sat, you would have taken him, by candlelight, for the beautifullest little child; blue-eyed, blonde-haired, sparkling face, had there not been a something, too, which said, ‘*Eccovi,*² *this child has been in Hell!*’”

¹ Walter Savage Landor, *To Mary Lamb*.

² Italian, meaning something like “Look here!” This is from Carlyle’s *Reminiscences*, written many years after De Quincey’s death.

Irregular Education. — De Quincey was born in Manchester, a large manufacturing city about two hundred miles north-west of London and about forty east of Liverpool. When he was eight years old his father died ; and shortly afterward his mother moved to the city of Bath in southern England. His early education was obtained in most unsatisfactory fashion : two years at Bath Grammar School, a short time with private tutors, one year at a school in Wiltshire, a period of travel with a friend in Ireland, two years at Manchester Grammar School. Yet despite this irregularity, he made a strong impression everywhere by his scholarship, particularly in languages. At fifteen, he says, he “ could converse in Greek fluently and without embarrassment ; ” and he quotes one of his teachers as saying to a friend : “ That boy could harangue an Athenian mob better than you or I could address an English one.”



DE QUINCEY.

Wanderings. — Unhappy at the Manchester School, and not allowed to withdraw, he ran away. He was not returned to the school ; and a short time afterward received an allowance of a guinea a week for a tramp in Wales. For several months he wandered, the latter part of the time without funds because of failure to communicate with his home. In November, 1802, he was in London, and for five months lived the life of a vagrant in the streets. Discovered accidentally

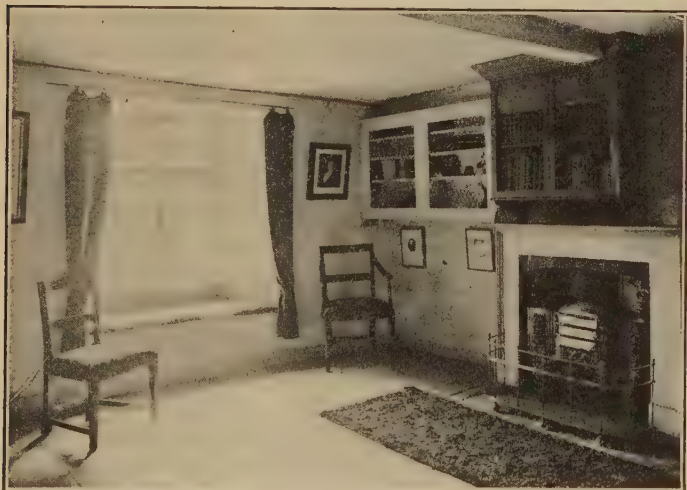
by friends, he was persuaded to go home; and in the autumn was entered at Worcester College, Oxford.

Introduction to Opium. — At the university he lived much to himself, and read extensively; and the habit of solitude which he cultivated increased natural diffidence. The result was that, after passing written examinations brilliantly, he so dreaded the orals that he ran away and hence received no degree. During these years, while on a visit to London, he first used opium, the practice to which he unquestionably owed not a little of his fame. His own minute record, however, of a not entirely successful struggle against opium would hardly lead one to desire fame at so great a cost.

To the Lake District. — After the Wordsworths left Dove Cottage, Grasmere, De Quincey occupied it for a number of years. Though Wordsworth was the chief attraction in the region for him, he found another in the person of Margaret Simpson, a Westmoreland farmer's daughter, whom he married in 1816.

Publication of the "Confessions." — The year 1821, when De Quincey removed to London, stands out prominently in his life. In that year there appeared in the *London Magazine*, in two instalments, *The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater: Being an Extract from the Life of a Scholar*: and De Quincey's career as a contributor to magazines was determined. Readers who had become used to new and striking things in both poetry and prose found in this work a yet greater surprise. The intimate self-revelation, together with the wonderful style which revealed new capacities in the language, made the *Confessions* eclipse in interest even the *Essays of Elia* appearing in the same magazine.

A Peculiar Character. — De Quincey returned to Grasmere, and continued to reside there until 1828. In that year he removed to Edinburgh, in and near which city he spent the remaining thirty-one years of his life. After the death of his wife in 1837, his daughters tried to make a home for him; but he was impatient of company and regularity, and



THE STUDY AT DOVE COTTAGE.

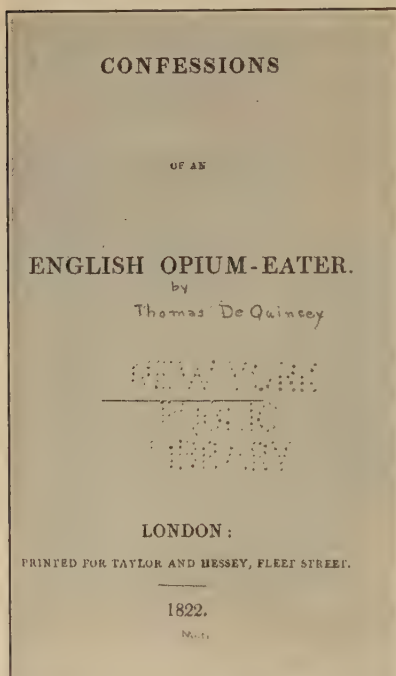
De Quincey gives a full description of the entire house in his *Confessions*.

occupied lodgings in various parts of Edinburgh. To the end he continued a peculiar man. He would remain in one abode, we are told, until his accumulation of books and papers made work impossible; then he would move, leaving his property behind him. One of his daughters would then follow him, sort the worthless from the valuable, and take the latter to her father's new home.

A complete list of De Quincey's works would fill several

pages of this book. Not only was he a voluminous writer; he wrote on a wide range of subjects, classified by Masson as

autobiography, biographies, historical essays, speculative and theological essays, political economy and politics, literary theory and criticism, tales and romances.



TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST EDITION OF
THE *CONFESSIONS*.

This edition was published anonymously. Note that the author's name on title-page is inserted in pencil.

(New York Public Library.)

Minor Writings. —

It cannot be said that he was equally successful in all fields. His political and speculative writings have served no purpose beyond "respectable padding for magazines." Some of his historical essays, *Joan of Arc*, for example, are marred by the intrusion of jocular passages at most serious moments, and by an occasional lapse into conversational tone. His

criticism of Goethe, in which he asserts that the German poet's reputation will sink for several generations till it reaches its proper level, is a classic of misconception. One of his literary essays, however, *On the Knocking at the*

Gate in Macbeth, is a classic piece of analysis and interpretation.

In his autobiographical writings De Quincey is seen at his best. These include, besides the *Confessions*, chapters dealing with his early life, and sketches of prominent men in the Lake District and in London.

Self-revelation in the "Confessions."—By the *Confessions* De Quincey will always be best known, and by them his position as a prose writer may not unfairly be determined. Even after we allow for some exaggeration, some inaccuracy of memory, and some coloring due to use of the drug, this work remains a wonderful piece of self-revelation. It is also a memorable record of a struggle even the beginning of which would be beyond most men in such a situation. The pleasures of opium are set forth in picturesque language that might tempt the unwary; but this is followed by a presentation of the pains of opium forceful enough to deter the most daring.

Defects of De Quincey's Style.—We have said that De Quincey is to readers of to-day important for his style, and that it is not a style altogether meritorious or the reverse. There is a tendency frequently to use too many unfamiliar words of Latin origin, such as "pandiculation," "hypochondriacally," "sternutation." His sentences too frequently run to unwieldy lengths, and are made more objectionable by digressions. He too often drops suddenly from a dignified to almost a colloquial manner.

Chief Attraction of his Style.—These and more serious defects one can overlook in view of the quality that is properly described as "poetical." This quality is apparent

on almost every page — in that wonderful apostrophe to opium, beginning :

“ Oh ! just, subtle, and mighty opium ! ”

in the contrasting of “ the beautiful English face of the girl ” and “ the sallow and bilious skin of the Malay ; ” in various descriptions of an opium-eater ; and in accounts of tremendous opium “ dreams.” Despite his digressions, De Quincey shows also great constructive power ; and the combination of this with the flow of poetical, “ impassioned ” language results in literary art of a high order.

NOVELISTS

In addition to reaching great heights in poetry and essay, the Romantic period is marked by high achievements in another field, the novel. Of the two chief novelists of the period we may say that each created a type of novel, and attained a preëminence in that type which has not yet been successfully disputed. Sir Walter Scott, the “ Wizard of the North,” is still, after a century of imitation, our foremost historical novelist ; Miss Austen, in like manner, remains our foremost writer of the novel of social comedy.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1771-1832

One of the fullest, most varied, and most attractive lives to be found in the annals of literature is that of Sir Walter Scott. His literary life began, while he was engaged in the practice of law, with translations from the German ; proceeded with a collection of ballads from the Border peasantry ; continued with a series of romances in verse ; with lives of Napoleon, Dryden, Swift, and the novelists ; extensive editions of the works of Dryden and Swift ; essays on a

variety of subjects; and reached its climax in a series of twenty-nine historical romances, picturing vividly most of the important periods in English and Scottish history from the First Crusade (end of the twelfth century) to the last effort of the Scotch to restore the Stuarts (1745). We are exceedingly fortunate in having a full and authoritative account of this life, written by his son-in-law, John Gibson Lockhart, a biography worthy to be compared with Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

Early Life.—His life before he became a man of letters was not particularly eventful. He was born in Edinburgh, and was, as he himself put it, of gentle, though not of distinguished, birth. An illness when he was eighteen months old left him so weak that he was sent to his grandfather's farm to recuperate. When he had improved enough to be moved, he returned to his parents in Edinburgh and entered the high school, from which he proceeded in 1785 to the University of Edinburgh. Though never accused of being a dunce, he made no mark as a student, chiefly because he was more interested in studies of his own choice than in those imposed upon him.



SIR WALTER.

Marriage. — Scott followed his father into the profession of law, which did not interest him, but at which he worked assiduously for five or six years. During this period he wooed and lost Miss Margaret Belches; then finding his heart “handsomely pieced” in a year or so, wooed and won another Margaret, Miss Carpenter, daughter of a French royalist who died early in the Revolution. The union appears to have been an ideally happy one, in striking contrast to those of his friends Coleridge, Byron, and Shelley.

To Abbotsford. — In 1799 Scott was appointed Sheriff of Selkirkshire, of which the duties were light, leaving him much leisure for writing. Five years later he took up his residence at Ashestiel on the Tweed; and eight years after that, he moved to Abbotsford, the large estate, also on the Tweed, with which his name is inseparably connected.

Poems. — Scott’s literary career was begun while he was still practising law, with translations. *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, a collection of ballads obtained by him chiefly from unlettered peasants, appeared a few years later. The year after his removal to Ashestiel, however, marks the beginning of his popular success, with *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. This he followed with *Marmion*, a tale of Flodden Field; and *The Lady of the Lake*, a romantic story of the time of King James V, the scenes of which are laid on and around beautiful Loch Katrine. These compositions deserve distinction especially as the first of his “fine examples of romantic story, freely embroidered upon a framework of genuine history.”¹ As such, they are the direct ancestors of his romantic novels, and therefore of the greatest value in the development of English story.

¹ Herford, *The Age of Wordsworth*, page 112.

"Waverley." — Shortly after he settled at Abbotsford, or to be exact — for this is a red-letter date in English literature — in February, 1814, while rummaging in search of fishing tackle, he came across an unfinished prose romance. This manuscript, begun and laid aside some years before, he now took up and finished; and in July it appeared anonymously with the title *Waverley; or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since*. The identity of the author was soon guessed; and his fame, which had been under a partial eclipse since Byron's *Childe Harold* appeared, immediately surpassed its former brightness. It is scarcely too much to say that it has not been dimmed since.



LOCH KATRINE AND "ELLEN'S ISLE."

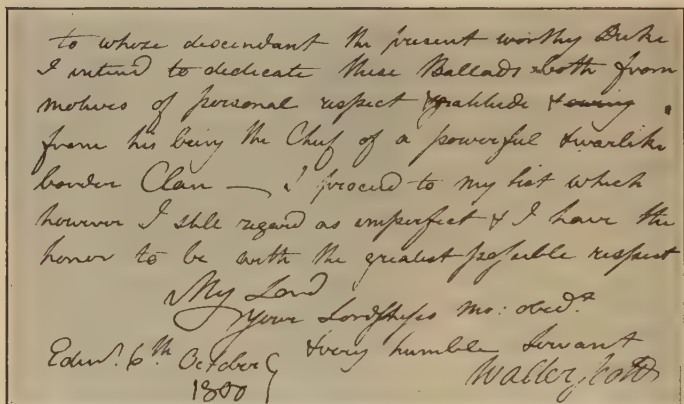
Ascendency of Byron.

— It is characteristic of

Scott's penetration and generosity that he himself recognized and freely acknowledged Byron's superiority as poet, and deliberately sought another field. After the publication of his second novel, *Guy Mannering*, his publisher, Ballantyne, calling on him found on Scott's table a copy of Byron's *The Giaour*, with this inscription by the author: *To the Monarch of Parnassus from one of his subjects*. Though Scott appreciated the kindness of these words, he knew them to be in-

accurate, and said to Ballantyne: "James, Byron hits the mark where I don't even pretend to fledge my arrow." In his new field no such concession has yet been needed.

Made Baronet. — Being created a baronet in any fashion would doubtless have given Scott great satisfaction; but the fashion in which he was thus honored was especially pleasing to him. George IV conferred the honor entirely



to whose descendant the present worthy Duke
I intend to dedicate these Ballads both from
motives of personal respect & gratitude & owing
from his being the Chief of a powerful warlike
border Clan — I proceed to my list which
however I still regard as imperfect & I have the
honor to be with the greatest possible respect
My Lord
Your Lordships mo. obed.^t
Edin. 6th October 1800
Very humble servant
Walter Scott

FACSIMILE OF LETTER OF SCOTT TO BISHOP PERCY ABOUT BALLADS.
(New York Public Library.)

on his own initiative; and in doing so said to Scott: "I shall reflect with pleasure on Sir Walter Scott's having been the first creation of my reign."

Fortune Frowns. — So far Fortune had only smiled on Sir Walter. She was soon to bend upon him a frown, the darkness of which was to overshadow the remainder of his life. He had for many years been a silent partner in his publishing firm; and when it failed, in 1826, Scott found himself involved to the extent of more than £100,000. In his diary he

records that it was in his power to become a bankrupt, and that "it is the course one should, at any rate, have advised a client to take." This is not, however, to be his course: "No, — if they permit me, I will be their vassal for life, and dig in the mine of my imagination to find diamonds (or what may sell for such) to make good my engagements." His creditors met his wishes; he heroically retrenched, and devoted himself to the stupendous task. When he died, half the debt was paid; and the income from his copyrights paid the remainder in a few years. Although the struggle very probably shortened his life, sixty-one is not an early age to end a crowded career; and one cannot altogether regret the episode that showed him to be possessed of the sort of heroism so often celebrated by him in both prose and verse.

The End. — The strain of these years of forced composition soon began to tell. He could write *Guy Mannering* in six weeks with pleasure when the chief spur was the pleasure of writing; the thought of creditors outside the door made such feverish haste a burden. Early in 1831 he suffered a paralytic stroke, and a general breakdown soon followed. In October he sailed for Italy in the hope that "warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes" would repair his shattered health. The hope was vain. In March, 1832, hearing of Goethe's death, Scott said: "Alas for Goethe; but he at least died at home — Let us to Abbotsford." To Abbotsford he was taken, died there in September, and was buried in Dryburgh Abbey near by.

Popular Estimation. — The journey from Italy to Scotland was broken by a short stay in London where Scott was very ill at a hotel in Jermyn Street. "Allan Cunningham mentions that, walking home late one night, he found several working-men standing together at the corner of Jermyn

Street, and one of them asked him — as if there were but one death-bed in London — ‘Do you know, sir, if this is the street where he is lying?’” (Lockhart.) Such was the universal affection in which the people held him.



SCOTT'S TOMB, DRYBURGH ABBEY.

“With the noble dead
In Dryburgh's solemn pile,
Amid the peer and warrior bold,
And mitred abbots stern and old,
Who sleep in sculptured aisle.”

Scott's Title to Fame. — Scholars and students of folk-lore will always owe Scott a debt for his enthusiasm for the ballads which he so lovingly sought and transcribed. It is likely that his poems will find not a few readers for many decades. His chief title to fame and continued popular affection, however, will undoubtedly rest on his prose romances, called from the first of the series the *Waverley Novels*.

A Selection from the *Waverley Novels*. — Although anything approaching an adequate characterization of the series in the space at our disposal is impossible, something should be offered as a guide to one who is yet to be introduced to the series, or having been introduced is to pursue the acquaintance to the best advantage. Of *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth*, *Rob Roy*, and perhaps *The Talisman*, it is unnecessary to speak, because of long-continued wide popularity. If the present writer were to make a selection to represent Scott



THE ENTRANCE HALL AT ABBOTSFORD.

most adequately and to make disciples, he would name these: dealing with Scottish history, *A Legend of Montrose*, and *Old Mortality*; with English history, *The Fortunes of Nigel*; with Scottish private life, *Guy Mannering*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, and *The Bride of Lammermoor*.

A Legend of Montrose is a better introduction to the *Waverley novels* than most of the series, because of its brevity and its simplicity of plot. Its historic setting is the Great Rebellion (1645-6), specifically the operations of Royalist forces under Montrose in the Highlands. History is treated with great freedom; and the most entertaining character

in the romance is Dugald Dalgetty, soldier of fortune, with a wonderful horse named after Gustavus Adolphus — “ the Lion of the North and the bulwark of the Protestant faith.”

Old Mortality deals with a larger canvas (the rebellion of the Covenanters in 1679), contains many stirring battle scenes, and portrays intimately the peasant life of Scotland. The leaders of the opposing sides, Graham of Claverhouse and Balfour of Burley, are superb figures, drawn with an impartiality to which Scott did not always attain.

The Fortunes of Nigel, while it contains much of varied interest, is chiefly notable for its picture of James I, generally regarded as Scott's greatest achievement in historical portraiture.

Novels of Scottish Private Life. — If it be true, as one critic says, that “ the permanent value of Scott's novels lies in his pictures of the Scottish peasantry,” then the last three of our selection constitute his chief claim on our attention. The plots of two, *Guy Mannering* and *The Heart of Midlothian*, are based on facts; but the facts are handled as freely by Scott as are his historical personages and backgrounds. Jeanie Deans, the peasant girl who in *The Heart of Midlothian* walks from Edinburgh to London to obtain her sister's pardon, is Scott's finest heroine; and she is surpassed by few in prose fiction. In this book also is found the fierce Madge Wildfire, almost matched by the gypsy Meg Merrilies in *Guy Mannering*. *The Bride of Lammermoor*, a sort of novelized Romeo and Juliet,¹ is his only attempt at a

¹ Chapter V is headed by this quotation from the play :

“ Is she a Capulet ?

O dear account ! my life is my foe's debt.”

love-tragedy. The characters of the technical hero and heroine, Edgar of Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton, are more convincing than such persons usually are in Scott. This romance contains also one of his best comic figures — Caleb Balderstone, faithful retainer of Ravenswood.

Scott a Large Figure. — The preceding four paragraphs must be regarded as mere hints or suggestions. Sir Walter



JEANIE DEANS'S COTTAGE.

Home, near Edinburgh, of Scott's most delightful heroine.

Scott *created* the historical romance. He wrote at least fifteen specimens of that type which have not been surpassed, even if it be admitted that they have occasionally been equalled. He fixed the type as it has remained; and no sensible writer would to-day attempt this kind of fiction without a diligent perusal of the master's works. To know so large a figure requires extensive and repeated reading: a sketch of this sort cannot hope to do more than whet the reader's appetite.

JANE AUSTEN, 1775-1817

Jane Austen's outward life was utterly commonplace. Her father was minister in Steventon, Hampshire; and she, the seventh of eight children, was born in the rectory there. No details are known regarding her education; and of the first twenty-one years of her life almost the only recorded happening is an illness she had at the age of eight while on a visit to Southampton.

A Life in One County. — When Jane was twenty-one years old, the family moved to Bath; and after eight years in that city, they returned to Hampshire. The remainder of Jane's life was spent in this county, at Southampton, Chawton, and Winchester. In the last-named city she died; and in the cathedral there she was buried.

Jane and Cassandra. — Almost the only other point worth mentioning in connection with her life is her devotion to her sister Cassandra, two years her senior. To this attachment is doubtless due her custom of presenting pairs of sisters in her novels — Jane and Elizabeth Bennet in *Pride and Prejudice*, Elinor and Marianne Dashwood in *Sense and Sensibility*, Emma Woodhouse and Isabella Woodhouse Knightly in *Emma*, Maria and Julia Bartram in *Mansfield Park*.

Character of her Writings. — Surely no life could be apparently more wanting in materials for fiction; but it provided just the materials Miss Austen needed. "Three or four families in a country village," said she, "is the very thing to work on." Her people are presented in their everyday dress and manners, and develop, if they may be said to develop at all, without the aid of any striking episodes. We see them at close range; we are admitted to family

circles and village parties where we can hear a great deal of exceedingly aimless conversation. Yet one does not seem to be speaking rashly in saying that he must indeed be dull of soul and innocent of a sense of humor who does not enjoy these novels.



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

The most familiar of Jane Austen "shrines." She died in Winchester, and is buried in the cathedral.

Scott's Tribute. — No greater tribute has been paid her than an oft-quoted one by Sir Walter: "The Big Bow-wow style I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders commonplace things interesting" (found in Miss Austen) "is denied me." This contrast between the methods of the two novelists may be brought

out by comparing passages that may be found in any of their books.¹

Humor in Dialogue. — One who can make such subjects as Miss Austen's interesting must be a genuine humorist, and that is what Miss Austen is. Her humor charms on almost every page, manifesting itself most delightfully in dialogue. Frequently when action is lacking, interest in the characters is kept at a high point by the humor and entire naturalness of their every-day conversation.

THE VICTORIAN AGE

No definite year marks the change from the Romantic age to the Victorian. Macaulay and Carlyle, true Victorians, began their literary careers in 1825 and 1824 respectively; and De Quincey and Wordsworth, as we have seen, continued to write until the middle of the century. The year 1832 is chosen as the dividing line, not quite arbitrarily, yet with no idea of being exact.

Variety in Individual Writers. — One characteristic of the second division of the century has been mentioned — the growth of the scientific spirit. Of many others that might be given, perhaps *variety* is the most striking. Wordsworth and Coleridge combined the callings of poetry and criticism; Coleridge also claims consideration as philosopher. The other great writers of the earlier period, however, were limited in their modes of expression: Byron, Shelley, and Keats, poets only (and each eminent in one limited field), Miss Austen, a novelist only, Lamb and De Quincey, essayists

¹ Cf., for example, the first meeting of Edgar and Lucy in *The Bride of Lammermoor*, chap. V, with the interview of Elizabeth Bennet and Lady Catherine, in *Pride and Prejudice*, chap. LVI.

only. It is further to be noted that the entire group were men of letters exclusively.

The great Victorians, on the other hand, were seldom to be restricted to a scanty plot of ground. Macaulay was statesman, historian, literary essayist. Arnold was poet, literary essayist, worker in education, student of society, and through all, *reformer*. Thackeray, though in all minds primarily a novelist, wrote some essays of great merit, and some ballads by no means to be despised. One thinks of Dickens as novelist; yet in view of the conscious purpose underlying many of his fictions, it is a question whether he should not be considered first of all a reformer. Tennyson and Browning, the two most conspicuous figures in Victorian literature, were poets only; but their poetry covers so wide a range that they too exemplify well the variety of interest and of form of expression belonging to the age.

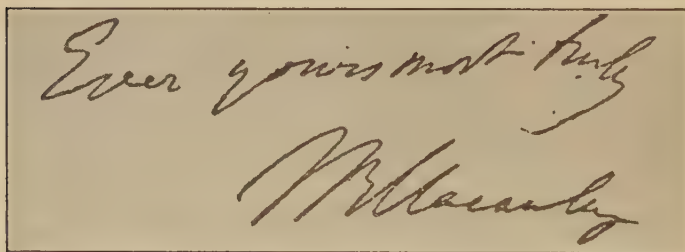
THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, 1800-1859

First in time of the Victorians is Macaulay, who was born in the year of Wordsworth's preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*, and who published his first essay nine years before the deaths of Lamb and Coleridge. That the enthusiastic reception of his *Milton* (1825) was due somewhat to the Romantic love of newness, makes his work look backward; but he was not essentially an innovator, and his work as a whole clearly belongs with that of the later period.

Macaulay's Style. — What attracted readers to Macaulay was his style. "The more I think," wrote Jeffrey, editor of the magazine in which the *Milton* essay appeared, "the less I can conceive where you picked up that style." It is a style that has had a host of admirers; and even its severest critic, Matthew Arnold, admits that it is "a style to dazzle,

to gain admirers everywhere, to attract imitators in multitude." To this topic we must return after stating briefly the facts of Macaulay's life.

Childhood. — He was born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, almost the geographical centre of England. His mother was a Quaker, and his father a Scotch Presbyterian who devoted his life to the cause of abolition. He was one of the precocious children of literary fame; precocious, moreover, in a way to foretell his future greatness. When



FACSIMILE OF MACAULAY'S SIGNATURE.
(British Museum.)

a mere child, asked by a lady whether he was suffering from a slight accident, he replied that "the agony was abated." Before his school-days were over, he had written a history of the world and several heroic poems, which a wise mother withheld from publication.

College Life. — His parents moved to London while he was still young; and although his preparatory education was received in the country, he was a city boy, emphatically a London product. His record at school and at Trinity College, Cambridge, did not disappoint the hopes raised by his precocity. After graduating in 1822, he contributed to

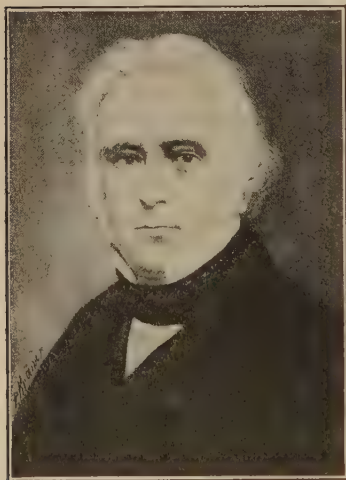
magazines, making his first success with *Milton* three years later. From 1824 to 1831 he held a fellowship at Trinity worth £300 a year.

Public Career. — Macaulay's career as statesman began with his election to Parliament in 1830. Though he continued to write for magazines, he gave much thought to the need of government reforms, especially in India. His understanding of the situation in India brought him appointment as a member of the Supreme Council there at a salary of £10,000. During four years in the East his principal work was formulating a Criminal Code for India, which he did admirably. Despite the demands of this work on his time, he read an almost incredible amount, chiefly Latin and Greek, not restricting himself to classic authors. He seems to have been a quite indiscriminating reader.

"Baron" Macaulay. — After returning to England he again sat in Parliament, held positions in two Whig ministries, and was an active member of the opposition during the Tory ministry of Peel. In 1857 his services to the state were rewarded by elevation to the peerage as "Baron Macaulay of Rothley." His retirement from public life was due to anxiety to complete his *History of England*, the first two volumes of which had appeared in 1848. His failing health retarded the writing, and the five volumes completed before his death were only a small portion of his original plan. He died in December, 1859, and was buried in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

Poetry and Critical Writing. — Besides the *History of England* and the *Essay on Milton*, Macaulay wrote a number of literary and historical essays for magazines, several biographies for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and some

poems. Although it would be a mistake to call Macaulay a great poet, the volume called *The Lays of Ancient Rome* enjoyed great popularity, and at least one, *Horatius at the Bridge*, still has admirers. Another justly popular poem is the martial *Battle of Ivry*, celebrating the victory of Henry of Navarre over the Holy League. His essays dealing with



MACAULAY.

literary subjects, it must be admitted, do not seem destined for a high place. He himself said: "I never have written a piece of criticism on poetry or the fine arts which I would not burn if I had the power."

Historical Writing. — There remain the *History* and the historical essays to establish Macaulay's rank as a great writer. "I have written several things," said he, "on historical, political, and moral questions, by which I am

willing to be estimated." In these we find great narrative skill, and power to present scenes in vivid language. His description of the scene at the trial of Warren Hastings (essay on Hastings) is one of the most real pictures in words which our language can boast. The account of London coffee-houses (*History of England*, chapter III) is even more striking because he is presenting not an individual one but a type.

Virtues of his Style. — The virtues of Macaulay's style are not hard to discover, and they are virtues worthy of

cultivation by every one who would write effectively. Clearness, simplicity, and force are the most evident qualities. One may object to his judgments. Not every reader of Boswell, by any means, will agree that whereas other men "attain literary eminence in spite of their weaknesses, Boswell attained it by reason of his weaknesses;" but no one questions Macaulay's meaning, or his effectiveness in expressing it. One may object, as Arnold vigorously does, to the panegyric of the *Essay on Milton*; but no one will deny that it is set forth in a perfectly clear and exceedingly effective manner.

Macaulay's means of obtaining these qualities can be readily found by a careful reader. Simple, concrete words; illustrations from nearby objects, scenes, and incidents; use of climax, and of parallel and periodic structure in sentences; and, to crown all, a sense of organization that makes every chapter of the history, every essay, every logical subdivision a clear-cut unit — these are some of the most evident means of producing the style that aroused Jeffrey's wonder and that has enabled Macaulay ever since to hold so conspicuous a place in literature.

THOMAS CARLYLE, 1795-1881

One of the characteristics of Macaulay that is not altogether pleasing is what an acquaintance called his "cocksureness about everything." From this arose a supreme satisfaction with his country, its society, and its institutions. Of the many respects in which Carlyle is opposed to Macaulay, perhaps none is more striking than his lack of satisfaction with things as he found them, and his determination to shout forth denunciation of existing evils demanding remedy.

Carlyle's Style. — Carlyle's style offers a great contrast to Macaulay's. His vocabulary, says Barry,¹ "we learn as though a foreign language." Macaulay himself doubtless took a fling at his great rival when, in his *Essay on Addison*, he spoke of "the half-German jargon of the present day." An amusing characterization of this style is given in one of George Meredith's novels.² There it is described as

"a wind-in-the-orchard style, that tumbled down here and there an appreciable fruit with uncouth bluster; sentences without commencements running to abrupt endings and smoke, like waves against a sea wall, learned dictionary words giving a hand to street slang, and accents falling on them haphazard, like slant rays from driving clouds; all the pages in a breeze; the whole book producing a kind of electrical agitation in the mind and joints."

Two Great Scotchmen. — This great writer, who became, in the words of Goethe, "a moral force of great significance," was a Scotchman, born the year before Burns's death, in the town of Ecclefechan in Dumfriesshire, some fifteen miles from Burns's last home. This association of the two writers' names is a natural, not a forced one; for Carlyle was a great lover of his fellow-countryman, and twice championed his cause at great length — in an essay in the *Edinburgh Review*, and in *The Hero as Man of Letters*.

Education. — Carlyle was of sturdy though humble stock; his father was a stone-mason, his mother a very religious Lowlander, who learned to write in order to write to her son Thomas. His years in the grammar school were made unhappy by bullies, who took advantage of his determination not to fight. At the age of fourteen he entered Edinburgh University; and though he attended lectures for five years,

¹ *Life of Newman*, page 77.

² *Beauchamp's Career*, chapter II.

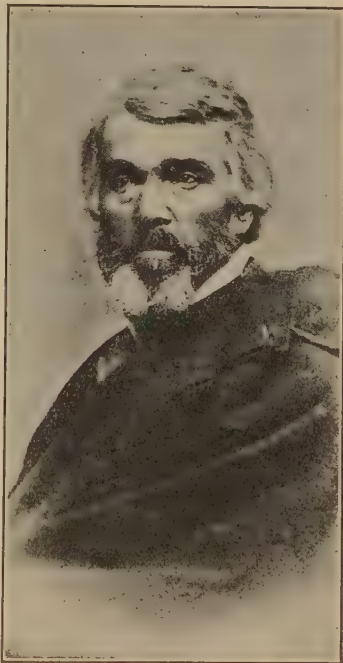
he left without a degree. Apparently the only university study that interested him was mathematics.

For four years he engaged in teaching. It was then that he met the only intimate friend he ever had, Edward Irving, except for whom, said Carlyle, "I had never known what the communion of man with man means." When his family wondered at his not choosing a vocation, he informed them that he was "a stubborn dog," and would in the end master fortune.

Jane Welsh Carlyle. —

In 1821 Carlyle met, and in 1826 married, Jane Welsh, "the woman intellectually most suited to him in all Scotland," says one biographer. Spiritually they were not so well suited — both were too strong. He, pressed constantly by the need for expression, gave too little attention to the needs of his wife; and

after her death he discovered in her journal that she had felt herself neglected, but had suffered in silence.

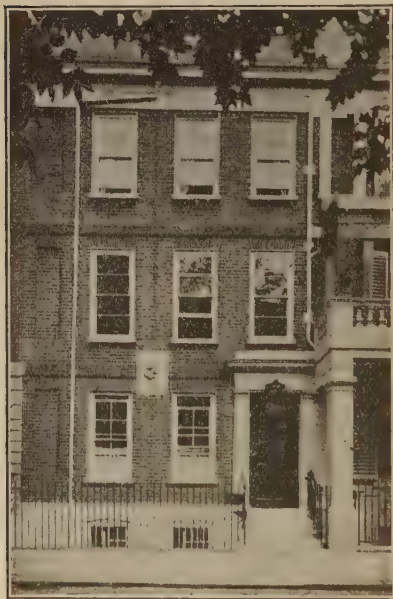


CARLYLE.

"The Voice of Scotland" Speaks. — In ten years from 1818, the year of his removal to Edinburgh, Carlyle translated Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* and specimens of many other

German writers, and did much hack-work for various publishers. In 1828 came the *Essay on Burns*, nominally a review of Lockhart's life of Burns, which Carlyle characterized as "trivial enough." Here spoke "the very voice

of Scotland," trying, it said, "to estimate what Burns really was and did for his country and the world."



CARLYLE'S LONDON HOME.

In Chelsea, famous as the resort of many literary men.

From Dumfriesshire to London. — In the same year, driven by financial stress, the Carlyles moved from Edinburgh to a small estate in Dumfriesshire which belonged to Mrs. Carlyle. After six years here, "the dreariest spot in all the British dominions," they made their last change of home, taking up their residence at Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London.

In 1836 *Sartor Resartus*,

Carlyle's monumental attack on the shams of the day, was published; in 1837, *The French Revolution*; in 1839, *Chartism*, a book demanding substitution of aristocracy for the existing government. During these years he gave several successful series of lectures on German literature, and a series which was published in 1841 with

the title, *On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History*.

Success — Financial and Personal. — At last he had found his public, had indeed “mastered fortune;” and from this time he was in receipt of a comfortable income. He also began to make friends, including Tennyson, whom he described as “one of the finest men in the world,” and Dickens, “the good, the gentle, highly-gifted, ever-friendly, noble Dickens.” Of far more interest to the student of Carlyle is the friendship with Emerson, begun by correspondence some years before, and sealed during Emerson’s tour of England in 1847.

Frederick the Great, completed in six volumes in 1865, was his last important work. In the same year he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, the only public honor he received from his native country.

The Great Loss. — Mrs. Carlyle’s death in 1866 was a blow from which he never recovered. Honors came to him from many directions, some of which he declined; money was “superabundant,” he said. But he felt his loss deeply; and the reading of Mrs. Carlyle’s journal oppressed him, with its revelation of the strong points in her character which he had failed to appreciate.

Carlyle outlived his wife fifteen years, dying at the age of eighty-five. To Edinburgh University he left money enough to help ten students, the foundation being named after his wife’s father, John Welsh; and to Harvard a large section of his library. By his own express wish he was buried at Ecclefechan.

Carlyle’s Test for Greatness. — In popular thought Carlyle is the worshipper of heroes, and the champion of his country.

We have referred to his two works in behalf of Burns's reputation. Scarcely less worthy of note is his championship of the character of James Boswell, so vigorously held up to ridicule by Macaulay a year before. In this Carlyle makes good use of an argument already used in the *Essay on Burns* and subsequently used in *Heroes and Hero-Worship*; namely, that recognition of greatness implies the possession of greatness. He shows that if Boswell had been merely seeking notoriety there was no more unlikely person for him to attach himself to than Samuel Johnson.

His Theory of History. — Carlyle is, however, undoubtedly of importance chiefly as historian. His theory of history, very clear and positive, is set forth in numerous places. "History," he says in the *Essay on History*, "is the essence of innumerable Biographies." In the first lecture of *Heroes and Hero-Worship* it appears in these words: "Universal History is at bottom the History of the Great Men who have worked here." In *Sartor Resartus*: "Great Men are the inspired (speaking and acting) Texts of that divine BOOK OF REVELATIONS, whereof a Chapter is completed from epoch to epoch, and by some named HISTORY."

From this it is clear that to Carlyle a certain amount of hero-worship is necessary to write a history. The outcome of his method is not a canvas like Macaulay's giving a panoramic view of the country or period under consideration; but a canvas from which stand out a few conspicuous figures. Macaulay's method is admirably adapted to such a work as his *England in 1685*—chapter III of the *History of England*.

Carlyle's, however, is the better to give one a vivid conception of the figures who dominated the scene in Paris from 1789 to 1795. In his pages we come to know Marat of the "bleared soul;" Danton, "the huge, brawny figure;"

Mirabeau, "the world-compeller," "manruling deputy," "roughest lion's whelp ever littered of that rough brood;" Robespierre, the "greenish-colored individual;" Lafayette, "whose name shall fill the world."

Carlyle's Gospel. — One result of his theory regarding history and hero-worship is what is commonly called Carlyle's

We have two Saint-Simonian Missionaries here; full of earnest zeal; copious enough in half-truth, and to me rather wearisome jargon. By and by you should have some account of that matter: Southey's is the bur-
tudy was trivial, (misleading), and on the whole erroneous and worthless. I know a man here, who could do it, perhaps much to your satisfaction.

Believe me always,

My Dear Sir

Faithfully Yours,

Thomas Carlyle

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER OF CARLYLE.

(British Museum.)

"gospel." The essential stuff of all his heroes is "sincerity," the quality that enabled them to see into the heart of things, and made them act "sincerely" on the convictions resulting from this seeing. This led him to an outspoken and constantly-emphasized condemnation of *sham*, the prevalence of which he held responsible for most of his country's ills.

Carlyle's Influence. — The influence of Carlyle has been strong and far reaching. We seem to see it in Browning's *Luria*;

"A people is but the attempt of many
To rise to the completer life of one;
And those who live as models to the mass
Are singly of more value than they all."

It can hardly have failed to influence Tennyson in such poems as *Maud* and *Locksley Hall*, with their notes of rebellion against "the social lies that warp us from the living truth." It was to the influence of Carlyle that Phillips Brooks, the great American preacher, and John Ruskin, perhaps the greatest English social reformer of the nineteenth century, attributed their determination to *do* and *be* something.

THE VICTORIAN NOVEL

Although there were a number of poets of first rank in Victorian England, the greatest achievements of the age were in prose. Of the two prose forms which reached a high development during this period — the novel and the essay — the first is secure in its preëminence. Essayists of the eighteenth century and the Romantic period may challenge the superiority of the later essayists; but great as are the novels of Richardson and Fielding, and of Jane Austen and Scott, it must be admitted that in total impression they fall below the great body of Victorian fiction.

For this age the novel surpassed in appeal every other form of literature, because of its greater capacity for giving expression to the many-sided life of the age. Of the Victorian novelists listed in Baker's *Guide to the Best Fiction* (more than a hundred) twelve seem to stand out as greater than the rest: Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Trollope,

Reade, Kingsley, the three Brontë sisters, Stevenson, George Meredith, and Thomas Hardy. Of these the last two have never reached a large audience, and hardly require to be discussed in a short history of English literature. Among the rest we must choose;¹ and we shall not vary much from either the critical or the popular judgment in choosing Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot from the realists. Stevenson must hold a place as the inaugurator of the reaction from realism and the return to romance.

CHARLES DICKENS, 1812-1870

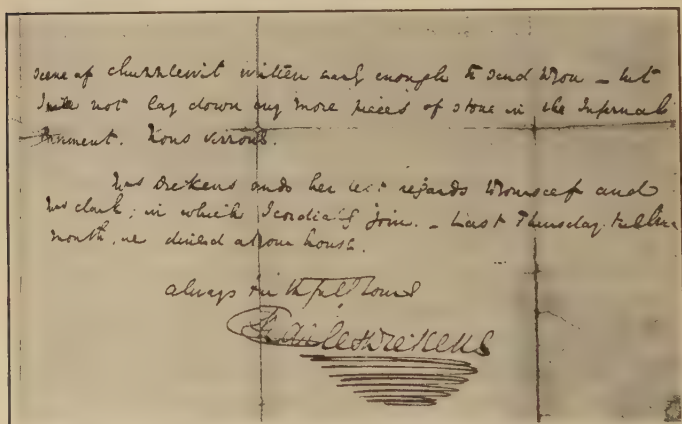
It has been said that whenever literary London gets very dull somebody revives either the Bacon-Shakspere controversy or the reason of Dickens's popularity. The questions, "Did Bacon write Shakspere?" and "Why was Dickens popular?" are similar in their entire absurdity. A reading of Bacon's essay *Of Love* and Shakspere's *Romeo and Juliet* should answer the first; a reading of *Oliver Twist*, or *David Copperfield*, or *A Tale of Two Cities*, or *Nicholas Nickleby*, or any of six or eight other novels of Dickens should answer the second.

Dickens's People. — Dickens was interested in *people*, so much interested that by the creations in his stories he added largely to the population of the world, especially that of England. This interest led to his career as reformer, to his humanitarianism, his continued efforts to improve the condition of the poor and down-trodden. All the country was waking to the need of reforming prisons and workhouses, and of abolishing the slums of London; and through

¹ The writers omitted here are briefly characterized in the supplementary list, pages 374-379.

Dickens, says Professor Cross,¹ "spoke the heart and conscience of Britain."

One important quality for his work which he possessed and used with great effect, was *humor*. A host of humorous figures he created; and at least a hundred of them are familiar to all who claim to be well-read in English literature. The tone of his humor is suggested by his great rival, Thack-



FACSIMILE OF A LETTER OF DICKENS.

(New York Public Library.)

eray: "I am grateful for the innocent laughter and the sweet and unsullied page which the author of *David Copperfield* gives to my children."

Early Life. — Dickens's early life contained very little in the way of preparation for a great career. He was born in Portsmouth, where his father, John Dickens, was a navy-yard clerk. The senior Dickens was a poor financier; and

¹ *Development of the English Novel*, page 183.

after several not helpful moves found himself and his family located in a wretched part of London. While Charles was still a child, his father was imprisoned for debt, leaving him to earn a living as best he could. Following his custom of turning personal experiences to account in novels, he has left in the early chapters of *David Copperfield* a record of these miserable days.



ONE OF SEVERAL "ORIGINALS."

Beginnings of Authorship. — When John Dickens's fortunes improved, Charles obtained a few years' schooling. His real education, however, came from the London streets and from his work as a newspaper reporter, out of which grew his first independent writing, *Sketches by Boz*, published in periodicals in 1835-1836. From the success of this venture came his first long fiction, *Pickwick Papers*. Dickens was

engaged to write "something" to accompany drawings by one Robert Seymour. When, however, Seymour died after eight drawings were published, the fame of the stories which the "something" had become was great, and Dickens was empowered to secure an artist to illustrate them.

Variety of Work. — *Oliver Twist* appeared in 1837–1838, *Nicholas Nickleby* in 1838–1839; and in the remainder of his life he wrote twelve other novels, some verse, *The Child's History of England*, and two Christmas stories of enduring charm — *The Cricket on the Hearth*, and *A Christmas Carol*. In 1842 Dickens visited the United States on a lecture tour. He was disappointed at not finding "the republic of [his] imagination;" and on his return to England published two books satirizing the land that had welcomed him heartily.

Married Life. — The novelist's home was not happy. In 1836 he married Catharine Hogarth, but soon discovered that they were "strangely ill-assorted." After twenty years of unsuccessful efforts at living together, they agreed to separate. He had already purchased Gad's Hill, an estate about twenty miles from London on the Canterbury road; and he took up his residence there shortly after the separation.

Last Years. — Early in his period of residence at Gad's Hill, Dickens began to give public readings from his works. He travelled much for this purpose, not only in England but also in America, and was well received everywhere. Though he was not an old man, and though he was in reasonably good health, the work required too great effort. He died suddenly at Gad's Hill in June, 1870, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Some acquaintance with the novels of Dickens has for so long been considered a part of even the average child's intellectual equipment, that it seems almost unnecessary to characterize him. It is nevertheless a fact that the average reader does not always get all he could (and should) from Dickens. A few hints may therefore be given to show the best he stands for.



DICKENS'S LIBRARY AT GAD'S HILL.

Dickens's Pathos. — The taste that is touched by the death-scenes of Dickens is hardly a healthy one, is certainly not a cultured one. Not that the death of Little Nell in *Old Curiosity Shop* has not in it the possibility of pathos—it has. So has the death of Paul in *Dombey and Son*. The trouble is the deliberateness with which the novelist

sets out to make us weep, not unlike the manner of the typical evangelist who tells harrowing tales to bring weeping crowds to the "mourners' bench."

His Plots. — A thoughtful reader will find little to praise in Dickens's plots, which are as a rule artificial, melodramatic, and marked by repeated abuses of coincidence. These characteristics are frequently shown in his conclusions, such as notably that of *David Copperfield*, where all the still living villains of the story are assembled in a prison which David *happens* to visit. Other faults might readily be pointed out; but these are sufficient as "hints" of shortcomings, and it is more desirable to indicate qualities of another sort.

Pictures of Contemporary Life. — As a portrayer of contemporary life and manners, Dickens has not been surpassed. It must be admitted that he was more successful in handling the lower walks of life than the upper; but so, for that matter, was the aristocratic Sir Walter. *Oliver Twist* gives a quite convincing picture of the underworld in London; *Nicholas Nickleby*, of a large class of abominable schools for boys; *Bleak House*, of the tedious procedure of English courts. Exaggeration there is perhaps in all; but they remain in essentials true to conditions existing in his day.

Dickens's Humor. — Nearly all the good things one might say about Dickens may be covered by a phrase applied to him by Andrew Lang—"the greatest comic genius of modern times." His humorous figures, though here also his proneness to exaggeration must be admitted, are an unfailing source of wholesome delight. The method, caricature as it is commonly called, "the heightening of non-essential characteristics," may seem simple; but though other

great novelists have used it at times, they have proved unequal to the accomplishment of Dickens. Uncle Pullet in George Eliot's *The Mill on the Floss* might almost be called "the man with the lozenges." Dalgetty, in Scott's *The Legend of Montrose*, is marked invariably by boasting of his horse or his college. George Osborne, in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, is adequately summed up in Becky Sharp's nickname "Cupid." What other writers did well occasionally, Dickens did repeatedly with almost uniform success.

The Dickens Gallery.

—What has this method given us? The Dickens "gallery" is very extensive, and one knows not where to select. In *David Copperfield* there are Micawber the impecunious but verbally grandiloquent, "waiting for something

to turn up;" Uriah Heep, of the "clammy fingers," the "writhing body," and the "'umble" pretensions; Miss Betsey Trotwood, with an antipathy to donkeys; Mr. Dick, the weak-minded one who, despite Charles the First's



SAIREY GAMP AND BETSEY PRIG TAKING
TEA.

Two famous characters in Dickens's
Martin Chuzzlewit.

head, has sense enough to use his lack of sense to great advantage. *Oliver Twist* contributes chiefly to the rogues' gallery; but the Jew Fagan, the Artful Dodger, the personification of cruelty called Bill Sikes, and his loving, faithful companion Nancy, are unforgettable. Squeers, the schoolmaster, in *Nicholas Nickleby*; Mr. Pumblechook, the self-styled victim of ingratitude in *Great Expectations*; Sairey Gamp, the honest (?) nurse, friend of "Mrs. Harris," in *Martin Chuzzlewit* — the list might be continued into the hundreds.

The Debt of Gratitude Due Dickens. — Most eulogies on Dickens, as Mr. Chesterton has said, are bad; criticism of his characters must necessarily be inadequate. "Real primary creation," says this eminently successful eulogist of Dickens, "calls forth not criticism, not appreciation, but a kind of incoherent gratitude." And gratitude is the feeling expressed by Thackeray in the passage quoted above. Dickens's scenes of pathos may be too manifestly moist, his plots may be melodramatic, his characters and incidents may show exaggeration and too much coincidence; but these defects are of little weight in the scales when the "innocent laughter and the sweet and unsullied page" are set over against them.

GEORGE ELIOT, 1819-1880

When George Eliot arrived in this world, her father recorded the event in his diary as the birth of "Mary Ann Evans." She preferred to write herself "Marian;" and when her first piece of fiction appeared, the name attached as author was that by which she is best known — "George Eliot." Her choice of a masculine pen-name was due to a feeling that the public would look askance at the sort of story she wrote if the author were known to be a woman.

Education. — She was born at Arbury Farm, Warwickshire, the “heart of England.” She came of good stock not highly cultured; and her own formal education was limited to town schools in her native county, which she attended until she was twelve years old. While she was still a girl, the death of her mother made her the housekeeper. Though further schooling was out of the question, she con-



ARBURY FARM, WARWICKSHIRE.

Birthplace of George Eliot.

tinued studying by herself. There is hardly a novel of hers which does not show good results from her labor in this line; for one is usually impressed, not merely by her masterly portrayal of English life and people, but by the extent of her information.

Religion. — When she was twenty-one, she and her father moved to Coventry, an important event in her life because

of associations formed there. Under the influence of a family named Bray, she became a sceptic, and stopped going to church. One of the strongest evidences of George Eliot's breadth is her sympathetic presentation of religious characters so utterly unlike herself as Dolly Winthrop in *Silas Marner* and Dinah Morris in *Adam Bede*. Her first publications were translations of German works dealing with religion — Strauss's *Life of Jesus*, and Feuerbach's *Essence of Christianity*.

Influence of Mr. Lewes. — In 1851 she became assistant editor of the *Westminster Review*. Through this connection she met George Henry Lewes, to whom she was united three years later. At Lewes's suggestion she attempted a work of fiction; and in *Blackwood's Magazine* for January, 1857, appeared the first instalment of *The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton*, published the next year with two other stories as *Scenes of Clerical Life*. The volume was well received; and of all the critics who reviewed it, only Charles Dickens suspected that the author was a woman. If he was mistaken, said he, "no man ever before had the art of making himself so like a woman since the world began."

"Adam Bede" and its Source. — In these stories the author drew largely from Warwickshire, using real incidents as well as real persons and places. Though in her first novel, *Adam Bede*, which came out the year after *Scenes*, she again drew on the same stock, she avoided so faithful a portraiture. The closeness to fact of the short stories seemed to her a mistake, and was, she admitted, due to inexperience. The hero of *Adam Bede* was taken to some extent from the author's father, Robert Evans, though he is not a portrait. Dinah Morris was modeled after an aunt of George Eliot's, and Mrs. Poyser has some characteristics that came from

George Eliot's mother. *Adam Bede* fixed the author's place as one of the leading novelists of England, and must have convinced her that her "besetting sin" was gratified — "ambition — a desire insatiable for the esteem of my fellow-creatures."

Two More Warwickshire Novels. — Two other novels of the same general type followed, in which characters and

To my dear husband, George Henry Lewes.
I give this chd. of a work which would
never have been written but for the
happiness which his love has conferred
on my life

Marian Lewes

March 23. 1859,

FACSIMILE OF GEORGE ELIOT'S HANDWRITING.

Dedication of the MS. of *Adam Bede* to her husband.

(British Museum.)

scenes came from the middle-class country life she knew so well. These were *The Mill on the Floss*, and *Silas Marner*. In the first of these she pictured herself in her heroine Maggie Tulliver, not, indeed, as regards outward events, but most truly as regards the "inward life," the character. "The need of being loved" was "the strongest need in Maggie's nature;" Maggie had a wonderful imagination. Philip Wakem caught in her eyes a look of "unsatisfied intelligence,

and unsatisfied, beseeching affection," such as would have been her lot had she remained in her early surroundings. *Silas Marner*, her most widely read book, is a charming story "setting in a strong light the remedial influences of pure natural human relations," influences brought to bear by a little child upon a man who has utterly lost faith in his kind.

Change in Subject and Method. — In *Romola*, published 1863, the author showed a great change. It is not so much that the time and place are vastly different, though there is an immense gap between England of the nineteenth century and Florence of the fifteenth, the day of Savonarola and Lorenzo de Medici. The more vital change was in her method, which from this time on was minute, exhaustive analysis of human souls passing through great crises.

Studies in the Evolution of Character. — The same sort of subject and method she used in three more novels — *Felix Holt*, *Middlemarch*, and *Daniel Deronda*. The first is, comparatively speaking, a failure, and the last is in the opinion of most readers inferior to her earlier volumes. The setting of *Middlemarch*, a provincial English town, is similar to that in *Silas Marner* and *The Mill on the Floss*; but the real subject is, as in all of this group, the ruin of a human soul under temptations too great for it to bear.

Last Years. — In 1878 Mr. Lewes died, and eighteen months later George Eliot married Mr. J. W. Cross. She died only a few months after this second union; and Mr. Cross's account of her burial gives another indication of how truly she had gained the esteem of her fellow-creatures. "In sleet, in snow," he tells us, "on a bitter day — the 29th December — very many whom she knew, very many whom she did not

know, pressed to her grave-side with tributes of tears and flowers."

Character-Drawing. — If one feature of George Eliot's work stands out more conspicuously than others, it is her power in character-drawing. She has not added so many figures to our everyday thinking as has Dickens; but she has added many whose place is as secure as are those of Bill Sikes, Squeers, Uriah Heep, and Mr. Micawber.

Characters in "Silas Marner." — Dolly Winthrop, the blacksmith's wife in *Silas Marner*, is a very real person. In referring to God, she always used the plural pronoun, "which was no heresy of Dolly's, but only her way of avoiding a presumptuous familiarity." Her simplicity, straightforwardness, and understanding of human nature made her a mountain of strength to Silas in his times of perplexity. The group of minor figures that give us the life of Raveloe village, including the butcher, the landlord, the parish clerk, the farrier, the doctor, have not been surpassed by any author since Chaucer created his pilgrims.



GEORGE ELIOT.

From the portrait by Durade.

Characters in "The Mill on the Floss." — *The Mill on the Floss* contributes several portraits to what might be called "the Eliot gallery." The heroine, Maggie Tulliver; Mr. Tulliver, whose misfortunes all arise from his inability to cope with "a puzzling world;" Bob Jakin, "a person suspected of preternatural wickedness," but showing himself a boy of sterling worth and a stanch friend to one in distress; and the aunts and uncles, who disapproved of Mrs. Tulliver's marriage and of her every action since; Mr. Stelling the tutor, and Mr. Poulter the village schoolmaster — these and several other clearly drawn figures make the novel a great work of art.

Her Triumph in Creation — Mrs. Poyser. — Undoubtedly her best creation, however, is Mrs. Poyser in *Adam Bede*. This lady is herself a genius at characterization; and not a few persons in the story are almost as well portrayed by her in a sentence or two as they are by the author otherwise in a page or two. Of Mr. Craig, the gardener, Mrs. Poyser declared she had "nothing to say again' him, on'y it was a pity he couldna be hatched o'er again, an' hatched different." Dinah Morris she summarized perfectly in a sentence: "She's one o' them things as looks the brightest on a rainy day, and loves you the best when you're most i' need on't." Herself she also put into brief space: "There's no pleasure i' living, if you're to be corked up for ever, and only dribble your mind out by the sly, like a leaky barrel."

Mrs. Poyser is characterized by the author by direct methods within twenty-five pages after she is introduced. She was "remarkable for the facility with which she could relapse from her official objurgatory tone to one of fondness or of friendly converse." In speaking to Dinah she fell in a moment "from the key of B with five sharps to the frank

and genial C." "The confidence she felt in her own powers of exposition was a motive force that overcame all resistance." There are other well-drawn characters in *Adam Bede*; there are fine descriptions and strikingly told incidents; but for most readers the book *is* Mrs. Poyser.

A Supreme Realist. — When an author gives us characters that seem to us like real people; and when he represents them as thinking and acting as such people would think and act, we call that author a *realist*. Such an author George Eliot is, in the highest degree. She aims to give, using her own words, "a faithful account of men and things as they have mirrored themselves in my mind." She is content, she says, "to tell my simple story, without trying to make things seem better than they were; dreading nothing, indeed, but falsity, which, in spite of one's best efforts, there is reason to dread. Falsehood is so easy, truth so difficult." The continued wide popularity of these stories of Warwickshire village life is abundant evidence that she attained her object.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, 1811-1863

Childhood and Education.—Thackeray was born in Calcutta, where his father and both his grandfathers were in the civil service. When he was five years old, his father died; and some years later his mother married a Major Smith, with whom he was on the best of terms till the major's death. When quite young he was brought to England and entered the Charterhouse School, famous as the school of many great men, including Addison and Steele, of whom Thackeray wrote with such understanding and affection.¹ He did not distinguish himself either at school, or at Trinity

¹ In *Henry Esmond* and *The English Humourists*.

College, Cambridge, where he was registered for something less than two years.

Student of Law and Art. — Having inherited a fortune, Thackeray was not at first forced to work for a living. He



BUST OF THACKERAY BY MAROCHETTI.

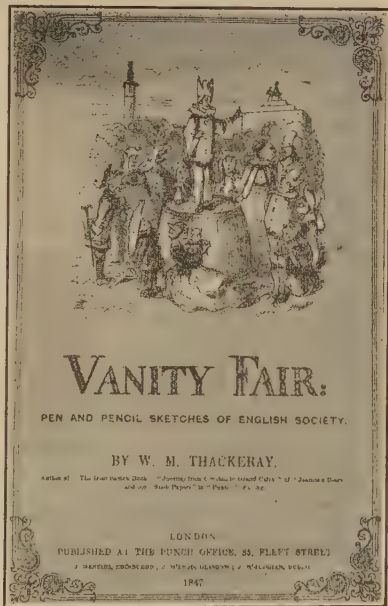
In Westminster Abbey.

read law, with no definite plans for practising. Then losing his fortune, chiefly through unwise investments, he took to writing for newspapers, studied art in Paris, and served as correspondent of a London journal. One of the stock stories of Thackeray is that of his endeavor to succeed Seymour, as illustrator of *Pickwick Papers*, and being refused. Dickens found his public early; but Thackeray

had to toil many years without recognition.

Marriage, and Family. — In 1836 Thackeray married Miss Isabella Shawe. After a few years, Mrs. Thackeray went through a severe illness, and shortly after became insane. He took her the length and breadth of Europe consulting specialists, but without success; and seven years after his marriage he was living in London without her. Of his three daughters, one died in childhood; one married Sir Leslie Stephen, biographer and essayist; and the third, Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie, attained a distinguished place in the world of letters.

The Climb to Fame. — After Thackeray's first volume, *The Memoirs of Mr. Charles J. Yellowplush*, 1837, which purported to be a footman's opinions on life in genteel families, he for ten years did hack writing for the magazines, and remained an unknown figure. His day of triumph came in 1847–1848 when *Vanity Fair*, refused by several magazines, appeared in twenty-four monthly numbers. His literary success was followed by a great social success; he was fêted and dined on all sides, including that very society which he had satirized in most masterly and unsparing fashion. Between 1848 and 1855 he wrote the three other novels which, with *Vanity Fair*, constitute his chief claim to distinction: *Pendennis*, in which is found not a little autobiography; *Henry Esmond*, perhaps the best portrayal of the early eighteenth-century England so dear to him; and *The Newcomes*, a social satire as severe as *Vanity Fair*.



FACSIMILE OF COVER OF THE FIRST
NUMBER OF *VANITY FAIR*.

The Lectures. — During these years of success as novelist Thackeray delivered in London, Oxford, Edinburgh, and

America, a series of lectures on *The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century*. Using the word "humourist" in a very broad sense, he treated twelve men, among them five authors included in this history — Swift, Addison, Steele, Pope, Goldsmith. After being well received in America in 1852–1853, he returned thither three years later with a series of lectures on *The Four Georges*. He made a most agreeable impression on American audiences, and was pleased with his reception; and unlike Dickens he did not find it necessary to condemn in satire any shortcomings he found among us.

Thackeray wrote several other novels, which fall below the four noted above. One, however, *The Virginians*, a sequel to *Henry Esmond*, has merits which make it a close second to the group of masterpieces.

Ballads and Essays. — Besides novels and lectures Thackeray wrote many ballads, and a number of essays which may be described in general as of the *Spectator* type. They were called *Roundabout Papers*, and range in subjects from *On a Lazy Idle Boy*, a page of autobiography, to *Nil Nisi Bonum*, criticism of Irving and Macaulay, who had recently died. Of the ballads doubtless the best known and certainly one of the best is *The Ballad of Bowillabaisse*, celebrating "a noble dish — a sort of soup or broth," for which a Parisian restaurant was famous.

Death. — After being in ill health for a number of years, Thackeray died December 24, 1863. A misunderstanding which had estranged him from Dickens for several years was removed before his death; and only a few days before the end Dickens was a visitor at Thackeray's home, Palace Green, talking over plans for the future.

Thackeray's Attitude toward his Material. — Although it would be a great mistake to say that Thackeray has created no notable characters, it must be admitted that

scoffing disbelief. Of course any man is welcome
to believe as he likes for me except a parson:
^{and help}
and I look upon Swift & Sterne as a couple
of traitors and renegades, as one does upon Bonaparte
and a poor Beau the other day, with a scoffing
pity for them in spite of all their genius and
greatness.

With many thanks for your loan believe me dear Sir
very faithfully yours
Wm Thackeray.

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER OF THACKERAY.

Expressing a strong, adverse judgment on two great English writers.
(British Museum.)

his greatest strength does not lie in character-drawing. From *Vanity Fair* we remember very distinctly Becky Sharp, Dobbin, Mr. Osborne, the Marquis of Steyne, and other individuals; but our strongest impression of it is, using the author's words, as a "Comic History," in which most in-

dividuals are lost in the crowd. "Who is ever missed in Vanity Fair?" asks the author.

His Method. — In a sort of preface, "Before the Curtain," Thackeray pretends that *Vanity Fair* is a puppet show, and that he manipulates the wires moving "the famous little Becky Puppet," "the Amelia Doll," "the Dobbin Figure," and so on. Most of his characters, he admits, are "Faithless, Hopeless, Charityless;" and of his method of dealing with them he says: "Some there are, and very successful, too, mere quacks and fools: and it was to combat and expose such as those, no doubt, that Laughter was made."

Belief in his Calling. — The satirist professes himself, then, a teacher, a moralist. In a lecture on *Charity and Humour*, he asserts that his motives are of the best; and it is in the light of this assertion that we must view his labors in fiction.

"To describe what I see otherwise than it seems to me would be falsehood in that calling in which it has pleased Heaven to place me; treason to that conscience which says that men are weak, that truth must be told, that faults must be owned, that pardon must be prayed for, and that love reigns supreme over all."

The reader who would enjoy Thackeray must see the *man* in his pages as well as the *artist*. He will then, we believe, reach the conclusion of one admirer, that Thackeray "must survive with Shakespeare and Cervantes in the memory and affections of men."

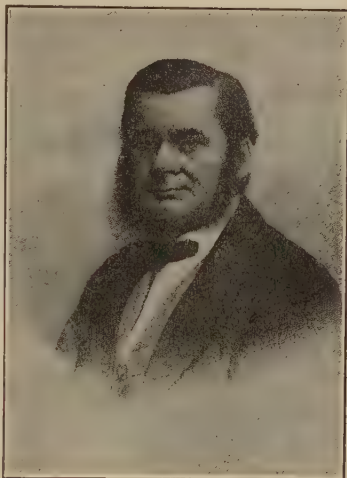
THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY, 1825-1895

The Scientist as Man of Letters. — If the scientific spirit did, as has been said, in these pages, affect every form of expression in the Victorian Age, it is only reasonable that

science as such should be represented in a history of Victorian literature. Of the many scientists whose writings are entitled to a place in literature, we shall now take up the one who is by well-nigh universal consent placed at the top — Thomas Henry Huxley.

An Ideal and its Pursuit. — The story of his attaining so high a place is the story of a high ideal, and the consistent pursuit of it. No statement on this point can be as good as his own, near the close of his brief autobiographical sketch, written in 1889.

“If I may speak of the objects I have had more or less definitely in view since I began the ascent of my hillock, they are briefly these: To promote the increase of natural knowledge and to forward the application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems of life to the best of my ability, in the conviction which has grown with my growth and



HUXLEY.

strengthened with my strength, that there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and of action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make-believe by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features is stripped off.”

The facts of Huxley's life, except his lectures and writings, are of no great significance to the present volume, and few need be recorded. If we had space to give his auto-

biography entire, a dozen lines would suffice to fill out the sketch.

Education. — He was born in Ealing, now a suburb of London. He had practically no formal schooling, and in the opinion of many owed the public an apology for his idleness. Had he written such, it would have been properly a copy of Stevenson's *Apology for Idlers*; for, like Stevenson, he was intent on some very important business of his own. Thwarted in his desire to be a mechanical engineer, he took up the study of medicine. The aspect of his profession that most appealed to him was not at all the art of healing. He says, "The only part of my professional course which really and deeply interested me was physiology, which is the mechanical engineering of living machines."

Success. — In 1845 he published his first scientific paper, in the *Medical Gazette*: "On a Hitherto Undescribed Structure in the Human Hair Sheath." He wished to pursue the study of science rather than to practise medicine; but he had to wait nine long years before a paying position came to him. Then he secured several lecturing appointments, including one in St. Thomas's Hospital and one in a government scientific school; and with this competency he married Miss Henrietta Heathorn, an Australian girl to whom he had been betrothed for eight years. In the succeeding five years he began his lectures to workingmen, which contain much of his finest writing.

Champion of Evolution. — When Darwin's *Origin of Species* (1859) set the nation by the ears, and was vigorously attacked from every direction, Huxley came out as its chief defender. Among the "other ends" to which he subordinated his ambition for scientific fame he mentions: "to

the endless series of battles and skirmishes over evolution." Probably no other individual has done so much as Huxley to establish in men's minds the theory of evolution; not Darwinism, but evolution in its broadest meaning.

American Addresses. — Huxley travelled much — for health, for recreation, for scientific research. One of his



HUXLEY'S LAST HOME.

Near Bournemouth, on the southern coast of England.

most important journeys was that to America in 1876, primarily to give the inaugural address at the Johns Hopkins University. Other addresses of this American visit were published in one volume in 1877, of which the most notable are the three lectures on Evolution. The first of these should be read by every person who is ignorant of the theory, and by every one who feels an antagonism to it. It is an in-

troduction to the whole subject which cannot offend the most sensitive, and which carries conviction to most readers.

Old Age. — For the remaining twenty years of his life Huxley was in ill-health, which increased for a number of years. He travelled much in search of relief, but without avail. His last six years were somewhat easier, and were made happier by the attentions of a large family and a large circle of friends. "His latter days were fruitful and happy," says his son and biographer, "in their unflagging intellectual interests, set off by the new delights of the *succidia altera*,¹ that second resource of hale old age for many a century.

"All through his last and prolonged illness, from earliest spring until midsummer, he loved to hear how the garden was getting on, and would ask after certain flowers and plants. When the bitter cold spring was over and the warm weather came, he spent most of the day outside, and even recovered so far as to be able to walk once into the lower garden and visit his favourite flowers. These children of his old age helped to cheer him to the last."

Attitude toward Life. — On Huxley's tombstone are inscribed three lines from a poem written by his wife :

"Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep;
For still He giveth His belovèd sleep,
And if an endless sleep He wills, so best."

The lines, again quoting his son's biography, were "inspired by his own robust conviction that, all question of the future apart, this life as it can be lived, pain, sorrow, and evil notwithstanding, is worth — and well worth — living."

¹ The phrase is from Cicero, *De Senectute*, XVI, where "the second resource" is, as it was with Huxley, a garden.

Merits of his Style. — Clearness and simplicity, inspired by “veracity of thought and of action,” are the most striking qualities in Huxley’s writing. It has been often remarked that the secret of his power lies in simple, direct definition, and thorough analysis. The essays *On a Piece of Chalk* and *On Coral and Coral Reefs* are models for the writer who would present scientific subjects to well-educated but not technically trained readers. *The Method of Scientific Investigation* is equally effective to show that ordinary persons make use every day of processes identical with those of the scientist.

Writings on Educational Topics. — Many of his essays touch on educational topics; for he was deeply interested in the advancement of popular education. We can think of no better mode of saying our last word on Huxley than by quoting his definition of a liberal education, which seems to include the best in every modern theory.

“That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamer as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

“Such an one and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education; for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with Nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together rarely; she as his ever beneficent

mother; he as her mouthpiece, her conscious self, her minister and interpreter."

JOHN RUSKIN, 1819-1900

Volume and Variety of Work. — In volume of work and in variety of subjects treated John Ruskin exceeded all other Victorian writers. In 114 books, some small but many large, he wrote "about mountains, rivers, and lakes; about cathedrals and landscapes; about geology; about minerals, architecture, painting, sculpture, music, drawing, political economy, education, poetry, literature, history, mythology, socialism, theology, morals" (F. Harrison). As another critic (Saintsbury) puts it, Ruskin "applied his method to the whole encyclopædia, with the contents of any daily newspaper thrown in."

Two Main Interests. — His life as a writer falls into two distinct periods. In the first he was critic of art, endeavoring to make the fine arts intelligible to the common man — to help those who have eyes but see not. In the second he was social reformer, and gave his time, strength, and large fortune to raise the standards of life throughout the nation.

Parentage and Childhood. — He was born in London, but both parents were of Scotch descent. His father was a wine-merchant, "an entirely honest one," says the son's inscription on his father's tomb; and his mother's connections were all with the merchant class. She watched over her only child so closely that he seemed likely to become a useless "mollycoddle." Most of his education was obtained under tutors at home; he had no playmates; and he was allowed to do none of the things that most boys are fond of. Among the prohibited things he himself has recorded are "to go to the edge of a pond, or be in the same field with a pony."

Reading. — Among the disciplines enforced by his mother was a daily reading of the Bible, sufficient in quantity to enable him to go through the book in the course of each year. This requirement he never regretted, saying that to it he owed “not only a knowledge of the book, which I find occasionally serviceable, but much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature.” For recreative reading he was allowed *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, Sir Walter Scott's works, and Pope's *Homer*.

He gained not a little education from frequent carriage journeys over England, and from several tours on the Continent. The Alps made a particularly deep and lasting impression on him.



JOHN RUSKIN.

At Oxford. — At the age of seventeen he went up to Oxford, entering Christ Church College as a “gentleman commoner.” This gave, among other privileges, exemption from entrance examinations. Shortly before time for graduation his course was interrupted by a severe illness, for which the treatment was an extended visit to Italy. Two years later he returned and was graduated.

“Modern Painters.” — The year following graduation his first book appeared — the first volume of *Modern Painters* by “a graduate of Oxford.” It was largely a defence of J. M. W. Turner, the great landscape-painter whose work, very different from that of others, had been ill received. In four other volumes which appeared at intervals for seventeen

years, he set forth in great detail a theory of beauty. The style which was to become perhaps the most famous aspect of Ruskin was already notable, showing "a mastery over all the melody of cadence that has no rival in the whole range of English literature" (Harrison).

"**Seven Lamps of Architecture.**" — Ruskin's second work appeared before *Modern Painters* was completed. In this, *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, the author shows himself the disciple of his fellow-countryman, Carlyle, protesting against sham, pretence. It is a sermon on truth in art, insisting that a building ought to be suited to its purpose, and that its suitability ought to be plain to the eye.

"**Stones of Venice.**" — A third important work of the period of his art criticism is *Stones of Venice*, which in Ruskin's words, "taught the laws of constructive art, and the dependence of all human work, for its beauty, on the happy life of the workman."

In 1854 there was founded in London the Workingman's College, an institution designed to give academic training to a class denied the advantages of higher education. The idea appealed strongly to Ruskin; and for four years he gave courses in drawing, and contributed liberally to the support of the institution. Subsequently he supported the University Extension Courses in London, St. George's Guild in Sheffield, and many other philanthropic movements.

Ruskin the Reformer. — Ruskin's career as social reformer rather than art critic began in the year 1860, and was signalized by the publication of *Unto This Last*,¹ expounding a new political and social science. Part I, "The Roots of Honor," deals with the obligations of men holding respon-

¹ The title is from *Matthew XX, 14*.

sible positions; part II, "The Veins of Wealth," argues that "that country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings;" part III, "Qui Judicatis Terram,"¹ asserts that true riches come only from just dealing. Because it set wholly at defiance accepted ideas on the subjects treated, the book was harshly criticised and ridiculed. Undaunted he turned out volume after volume, repeating and extending his new political economy.

"**Sesame and Lilies.**" — Among these later books is that by which Ruskin is most widely known, *Sesame and Lilies*. He was fond of fanciful titles; and one can seldom tell from the name of any volume what its contents will be. *Sesame and Lilies* treats first, "Of Kings' Treasuries," the world's great books; second, "Of Queens' Gardens," the queenly power of women; third, "Of the Mystery of Life and Arts," that is, "the connection of all that is best in the crafts and arts of man, with the simplicity of his faith and the sincerity of his patriotism." Of the three parts the first is most widely and deservedly popular; for it has revealed for the first time to many inquirers, "How and What to Read," and — a "far deeper" secret — "Why to Read."

Professor at Oxford. — At the age of fifty Ruskin became Professor of Art at Oxford, and was immensely popular, perhaps because of his very liberal interpretation of his business. "He never submitted," says Harrison, "to regard his chair as one in which he was to confine himself to teaching or studying art. He was to be moralist, philosopher, lawgiver, prophet — or nothing." In his fifty-seventh year

¹ This title is from *Wisdom of Solomon* (in the Apocrypha), I, 1: *Diligite justitiam qui judicatis terram* ("Love righteousness, ye that be judges of the earth" — translation in the Authorized Version). Ruskin translates the main clause, "Give diligent love to justice."

he was collecting material for sixty-nine volumes on seven different subjects.

At Brantwood. — Ruskin suffered from many serious illnesses; but he continued his various activities until his sixtieth year. After this time attacks of brain fever inter-



RUSKIN'S GRAVE.

In Coniston churchyard.

rupted plans for writing and for further reform work; and the last ten years of his life were spent in retirement. His cousin, Mrs. Severn, made a home for him at Brantwood on Coniston, in the heart of the beautiful Lake District made famous by Wordsworth. The only valuable work of these years is the autobiography already mentioned

— *Præterita: Out-*

lines of Scenes and Thoughts Perhaps Worthy of Memory in my Past Life. His eightieth birthday had a notable recognition. From all parts of the world came gifts large and small, and communications friendly and formal — telegrams, letters, and addresses.

A few weeks before his eighty-first birthday he passed away, and was buried in Coniston churchyard. Because of his well-known dislike of black, his funeral was striking for the presence of gay colors. "There was no black about his burying," said one of his closest friends, "except what we wore for our own sorrow."

Even for readers who have no particular sympathy with either Ruskin's art-criticism or his schemes of social betterment or his political economy there is real interest in Ruskin. This interest rests on his prose style and his attractive personality.

Ruskin's Style: Chief Defect. — One who becomes enthusiastic over Ruskin's "lucidity, purity, brilliance, elasticity, wit, fire, passion, imagination, majesty, melody of cadence" (Harrison) should not fail to heed the advocate's subsequent statement: "It is indeed very far from a perfect style; much less is it in any sense a model style, or one to be cultivated, studied, or followed." *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, the author himself condemned for its rhetoric and word-painting — its "purple patches."

Ruskin's Style: Chief Merit. — Ruskin's style is usually described as "prose-poetry." His writing is frequently (more in his early than in his late work) of the sort summed up by the unthinking merely as "beautiful," or as "word-pictures." To the admirer of Ruskin this is entirely inadequate: "he claims," says Harrison, "to be not merely the poet of the beautiful, but missionary of the truth." In part I of *Sesame and Lilies* he seems to be concerned only with helping readers to understand some great pieces of literature.

Personality. — Of Ruskin's personality there is only one opinion. Even those who dissented most strongly from his teachings found him, as a man, beyond criticism. Perhaps no testimonial is of more interest and value than that of a distinguished American scholar, Professor Charles Eliot Norton :

"For the sake of others who have not known him as I have, I would declare my conviction that no other master of literature in our time has more earnestly and steadily endeavored to set forth, for the help of those he addressed, whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, and lovely ; or in his own life has more faithfully tried to practise the virtues which spring from the contemplation of these things."

MATTHEW ARNOLD, 1822-1888

Ruskin and Arnold. — A greater contrast in aims and methods of social reform can scarcely be found than that between Ruskin and Matthew Arnold. Ruskin believed that much might be done by working with the man ; Arnold, that to gain results the beginning must be made with the child in the elementary school. Ruskin's preaching was done with not a little sentiment and emotion ; Arnold's was severely intellectual. Ruskin believed that the starting-point was labor ; Arnold believed that the salvation necessary for the nation must come through the inculcation of " ideas."

Heredity and Environment. — Some of the differences between them may undoubtedly be explained by heredity and environment. Arnold's parentage was of a much higher intellectual order than Ruskin's. His father, the " Doctor " Arnold of Rugby, known to all readers of *Tom Brown's School Days*, distinguished himself sufficiently at Corpus Christi

College, Oxford, to obtain a fellowship at Oriel, a college famous for scholarship. Matthew's mother, daughter of a scholarly rector, and sister of a scholarly friend of Dr. Arnold at college, was a woman of unusual character and intellect.

Education. — Matthew Arnold was born at Laleham on the Thames, about ten miles from the heart of London, where his father was preparing a small number of boys for the uni-



ORIEL COLLEGE.

In the quadrangle.

versity. When Matthew was six years old, Dr. Arnold became head master of Rugby. The son's schooling was obtained at Laleham under an uncle; at Winchester; and at Rugby. Receiving a classical scholarship at Balliol College, Oxford, he was graduated with honors, and was elected, as his father had been, to a fellowship at Oriel. After teaching a short time at Rugby, Arnold became secretary to the minister of education, and in 1851 an inspector of schools.

First Volume of Poems. — Meanwhile he had begun the poetic career foreshadowed by his writing a prize poem at Rugby and one at Oxford. In 1849 appeared *The Strayed Reveller and Other Poems*, by “A;” and in 1852, *Empedocles on Etna and Other Poems*, also by “A.” Neither volume was well received, and the second was withdrawn when only fifty copies had been sold.

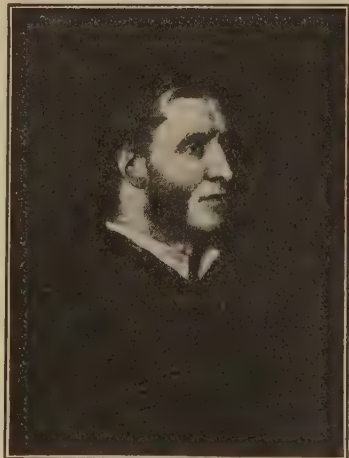
The year after *Empedocles*, Arnold put out the first volume with his name, called merely *Poems*. Besides three of his finest poems — *Sohrab and Rustum*, *Requiescat*, and *The Scholar-Gipsy* — it contained a preface, his first prose work, in which he set forth his idea of poetry, and laid the foundation for his critical work. This essay has been rightly termed “a literary landmark and monument of sound criticism.”

Professor at Oxford. — The year 1857 was made memorable in Arnold’s life by his election as Professor of Poetry at Oxford. In the same year his father died. Such an event could hardly fail of commemoration by a poet son; and *Rugby Chapel* is an altogether fitting memorial to Thomas Arnold. His consecration to his life work, his singleness of aim, and his helpfulness are enshrined forever in this noble poem.

Oxford Lectures. — During Matthew Arnold’s tenure of the chair at Oxford he delivered three notable series of lectures, two *On Translating Homer*, one *On the Study of Celtic Literature*. What a critic had called “the exhausted past” was clearly still the field of abounding interest to the author of the preface of ten years earlier.

Program of Criticism. — Another noteworthy volume published in this decade was *Essays in Criticism, First Series*,

containing, in *The Function of Criticism at the Present Time*, a complete program of Arnold's career as critic. The business of criticism, says he, "is simply to know the best that is known and thought in the world, and by in its turn making this known, to create a current of fresh ideas." A few years later came *Culture and Anarchy*, his most extended and important work in social criticism. Culture, as he explained it, goes a step beyond criticism: it "believes in making reason and the will of God prevail, . . . is the study and pursuit of perfection." The great British middle class, the "Philistines," he attacks as the enemies of culture, with a humorous mildness (or a mild humor) which was a new quality in English criticism.



MATTHEW ARNOLD.

After the portrait by Hollyer.

Work for Public Education. — During this period

Arnold was giving much time and thought and effort to school inspection. For thirty-five years he traveled much in England, conducting examinations and reading papers in out-of-the-way hamlets as well as in cities. He also travelled much on the Continent, studying methods in the schools and universities and making exhaustive reports to the government.

His English home was first in London, then at Harrow; and he spent much time at Fox How, an estate purchased by his father near Rydal Mount, Wordsworth's home.

After the death of his three sons he moved, in 1873, to Cobham, where he lived the rest of his life.

Lectures in America. — “**Emerson.**” — In 1883 Arnold was given a civil pension of £250, which enabled him to retire from the inspectorship three years later. The winter of 1883-1884 he delivered in America a number of lectures, including a memorable one on Emerson in Boston and near-by cities. While denying the “Sage of Concord” a high place as philosopher, stylist, or poet, Arnold asserted that “his relation to us is of even superior importance: he is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit.” In the concluding paragraph, after naming Franklin and Emerson as “the most distinctively American of your writers,” he said of the latter: “You cannot prize him too much, or heed him too diligently.”

Arnold's Poetry. — As poet, Arnold has never reached a large audience, and it seems unlikely that this audience will increase much. The limitation has been explained clearly by Arnold himself. Of *Thyrsis*, he wrote to his mother: “It is probably too *quiet* a poem for the general taste.” Again a few years later he wrote: “It might fairly be urged that I have less poetical sentiment than Tennyson, and less intellectual vigor and abundance than Browning.”

Besides the quietness which Arnold notes, and the lack of certain qualities, there are other characteristics in his verse which never appeal to the “*general taste*.” Most striking are some virtues that he in various places discovers in ancient Greek literature: “sanity,” “moderation,” “admirable symmetry,” “Greek simplicity and Greek grace.” They may be found almost in equal degree in poems differing so widely as *Geist's Grave*, in memory of a favorite dog; *Shakespeare*, an appreciative sonnet; *Sohrab and Rustum*, an epic

episode that "tells itself perfectly, from its first line to its noble close." His poetry is very limited in amount as well as in appeal; but critics are in agreement that, as the author said of *Thyrsis*, "it will wear well."

And besides those voices, there came to
us in that old Oxford time a voice, also,
from this side of the Atlantic, a clear and
pure voice, which for my ear, at any rate,
brought a strain as new, and moving, and
unforgettable, as the strain of Newman, or
Carlyle, or Goethe. Mr. Lowell has well
described the apparition of Emerson to your
young generation here, in the distant time
of which I am speaking, and of his workings
upon them. He was your Newman, your
man of soul and genius visible to you in
the flesh, speaking to your bodily ears, a present
object for your heart and imagination. That
is surely the most potent of influences. Nothing

FACSIMILE OF ARNOLD'S MANUSCRIPT.

Part of the lecture on Emerson.

(Widener Memorial Library, Harvard University.)

Arnold on "Philistinism." — Arnold's social criticism, as has been suggested, was based on an abhorrence of "Philistinism," the spirit of the English middle classes. The upper classes, or "Barbarians," and the lower, or "Populace," are

suffering from the same spirit, says Arnold; but the situation is particularly due to the great majority between. He did not approve of Carlyle, because Carlyle went about "preaching earnestness to a nation which had plenty of it by nature, but was less abundantly supplied with several other useful gifts."

Opposition and Triumph. — Such an attitude was not likely to make a writer popular, and Arnold was long an object of dislike to British leaders. Recognition and acceptance, did, however, come to him. His letters from about 1875 frequently refer to his "influence," not boastfully, but with conviction. "It is a great and solid satisfaction, at fifty," he writes to his sister, "to find one's work, the fruit of so many years of isolated reflection and labour, getting recognition amongst those whose judgment passes for the most valuable."

Literary Criticism: Its Matter. — Arnold's literary judgments have for years now met with almost universal acceptance. Especially when he writes of the great figures of the world's literature, Shakspeare, Goethe, Homer, Milton, these judgments are sure and even his most critical readers agree. In James Russell Lowell's opinion Arnold "always has the art of saying what all of us would be glad to say if we could."

His Method. — Although this criticism is immensely valuable for itself, Arnold's work is even more valuable for its method. He was fond of disarming, or at least embarrassing, the opposition by speaking of himself as "a notoriously unsystematic and unpretending writer." The investigator of the whole body of his criticism, however, soon becomes convinced that he had a method, or at least that he

proceeded with very definite aims. For one thing he was, as Mr. Chesterton observes, "peculiarly a writer who sought to say the true thing on all subjects."

His Mildness. — Another feature of his method is his "inexhaustible mildness." His opponents, in the words again of Chesterton, "were entirely bewildered when they found they were fronted by a mysteriously meek person. Every arrow they shot at him he wore meekly as a decoration, but he sat in the same spot and continued his humble and respectful monologue."

Scientific Spirit. — Perhaps the most important aspect of his method is discoverable from his own words on Sainte-Beuve, incidentally characterized by Arnold as "the master of us all in criticism." It has been pointed out more than once in this chapter that the scientific spirit affected literature just as truly as it affected every other human activity. Sainte-Beuve, said Arnold, "was a born naturalist, carrying into letters the ideas and methods of scientific natural inquiry." His point of view is that "of a man who seeks the truth." Without asserting that Arnold would have accomplished anything as a naturalist, one must still see that his methods were, like those of his French master, the methods of scientific inquiry, the true test of which is the unflinching search for truth.

TENNYSON AND BROWNING

The marked individuality of nineteenth-century writers resulted in intense partisanship among readers. Andrew Lang once said that "every Englishman who reads may be said to be a partisan of Dickens or Thackeray;" and much the same thing might be said of Tennyson and Browning,

twin stars of Victorian poetry. It is pleasant to know that these poets themselves maintained the most generous attitude toward each other. Browning's selected poems of 1872 he dedicated

"To Alfred Tennyson — In poetry, illustrious and consummate : in friendship, noble and sincere."

To this Tennyson responded gracefully in *Tiresias and Other Poems*, with the following :

"To my good friend Robert Browning, whose genius and geniality will best appreciate what may be best, and make most allowance for what may be worst, this volume is affectionately dedicated."

The two poets were born three years apart ; there was a space of about six years between their first appearances in print ; they were buried side by side in Westminster Abbey. Popular recognition of their greatness came at about the same time ; but the degrees in which they were recognized varied much. Browning, indeed, can scarcely be said to have attained a *popular* success at all, perhaps because he is " the poet's poet " of the nineteenth century. While, therefore, it is inevitable that their names should be closely associated, the course of their lives and their poetic ideals and achievement differ greatly.

ALFRED TENNYSON, 1809-1892

Father, and Friend. — Tennyson was born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, where his father was rector. His early education was obtained partly at the grammar school in Louth, a near-by town, and partly under his father's direction at home. At the age of nineteen he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, the chief importance of which in his life is its bring-

ing him into contact with Arthur Henry Hallam. Of him we shall hear again. Tennyson remained at Cambridge only three years, and hence left without a degree.

First Volume of Poems. — His first publication appeared the year before he entered the university — *Poems by Two Brothers*, some poems by his older brother Charles being in-



SOMERSBY RECTORY.
Tennyson's birthplace.

cluded. The volume is of the slightest poetic merit, being memorable chiefly as showing the immense influence of Byron. There was a poem on Byron's death, and there were six other references to him. In later years Tennyson said of this influence on his early poems: "Byron was dead! I thought the whole world was at an end; I thought everything was over and finished for every one — that nothing else mattered."

Rapid Rise to Fame. — In 1830 came *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*, containing fifty-three poems, of which, as a result of criticism in *Blackwood's Magazine*, thirty-two were afterward suppressed. One composition, *The Poet*, in which Tennyson set forth a very high conception of his calling, was received with enthusiasm by several magazines. His third



TENNYSON AT THE AGE OF
EIGHTEEN.

volume, *Poems* (1833), established his position with the discriminating few; but it did not meet with a cordial reception in all directions. Of poems which are now universally appreciated, it contained *The Lady of Shalott*, *The Miller's Daughter*, *The Palace of Art*, and *A Dream of Fair Women*. During the nine years following, Tennyson, though he composed many poems, published only two, and those are unimportant. At the end of

this period the two-volume collection which marked him as the leading poet of his day, appeared. The first volume contained only early poems revised and "considerably altered;" the second contained twenty-nine new poems.

Period of Spiritual Conflict. — The new poems of this collection mark an important episode in Tennyson's spiritual development. The scientific spirit of the Victorian era, to which we have referred, was disturbing many thinking men, unsettling for a time their beliefs in both God and humanity. In addition to this general disturbance Tennyson experienced a great personal loss in the death of his friend Hallam in 1833. It was long before his struggle with doubt was vic-

torious ; and in two poems of 1842 may be found a record of this struggle. In *Locksley Hall*, a monologue, the speaker voices his lack of confidence in the social order of his day, when his cousin Amy,

“Puppet to a father’s threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue,”

marries a man of position and wealth instead of the cousin whom she loves. In *The Two Voices* the question of immortality is discussed ; the conflict within a soul between scepticism and faith is set forth.

Not until 1850 was the poet’s victory complete. In that year was published *In Memoriam*, the poem or series of poems inspired by the memory of Hallam, which had been written at intervals since Hallam’s death. The very first stanza of the poem, which happens to be among the last composed, shows the triumph :

“Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove.”

His Memorable Year. — 1850 was a memorable year for the poet. In addition to publishing *In Memoriam*, by most readers regarded as his greatest work, he was appointed Poet Laureate in succession to Wordsworth ; and he was married to Miss Emily Sellwood. Though they had been tacitly engaged for a long while, Tennyson’s financial condition and prospects made a public acknowledgment seem inadvisable to the young lady’s parents ; and for nine years she and Tennyson had not even corresponded.

Personal Fortunes. — The great increase in his income resulting from the success of *In Memoriam* and the prestige of the Laureateship made possible the poet’s establishing

himself on a beautiful estate, Farringford, Isle of Wight. Subsequently he purchased Aldworth, in Surrey; and thereafter divided his time between the two residences. Frequently, however, he was found in London and other places in company with friends, among whom he numbered the greatest in literature and public life. Everywhere he was a



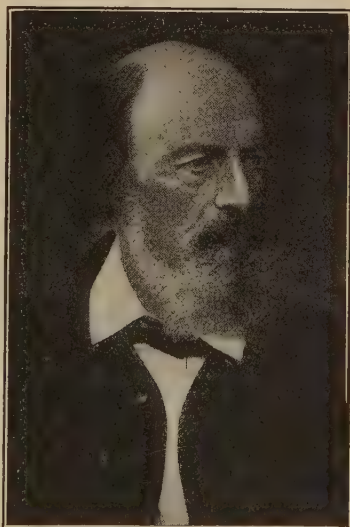
FARRINGFORD.

notable figure, wonderfully described in a few lines by Carlyle:

“One of the finest looking men in the world. A great shock of rough dusky dark hair; bright laughing hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate; of sallow brown complexion, almost Indian looking, — clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy, smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical, metallic, fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie be-

tween ; speech and speculation free and plenteous ; I do not meet in these late decades such company over a pipe ! ”

Repeated Triumphs. — The remainder of the poet's life is a succession of triumphs and honors. Two years after his appointment as Laureate he caught the entire nation with *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. Oxford conferred upon him a doctor's degree. The appearance of the first of the *Idylls of the King* in 1859 silenced the few remaining critics. Five years later came *Enoch Arden*, perhaps the most universally popular of all his poems. The patriotic poems which appeared at frequent intervals met with enthusiastic approval ; and not a few of them, it may be now said, are among his greatest productions — for example, *The Revenge*, *The Defence of Lucknow*, the *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, *The Charge of the Heavy Brigade*.



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

From a photograph by Barraud.

A Peer and his Epitaph. — In 1884, after having twice declined the honor, Tennyson was created a peer with the title, Baron of Aldworth and Farringford. While it would have been impossible for Tennyson to be *honored* by state action, the peerage was a fitting recognition of the esteem in which he was held by the nation. In the minds of English-

speaking people Tennyson's preëminence among non-dramatic poets is not likely to be questioned soon. The explanation is not far to seek. His "extraordinary popularity," says Leslie Stephen,¹ "was partly owing to the fact that he could express what occurred to everybody in language that could be approached by nobody."

A few days before his death in October, 1892, he said to his son: "Mind you put *Crossing the Bar* at the end of all editions of my poems." It is a fitting epitaph for one who had come successfully through a long struggle with doubt:

"For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

The Poet's Interpretations of his Own Poems. — Most readers feel the truth of the poet's own comment on *In Memoriam*: "It is rather the cry of the whole human race than mine. . . . It is a very impersonal poem as well as personal." The sentiment of *Crossing the Bar* appeals to most readers, even though they may have a much less definite conception of after-life than the poet has. Though there may be difficulty in following the allegory in the *Idylls*, there is a very general feeling that the theme —

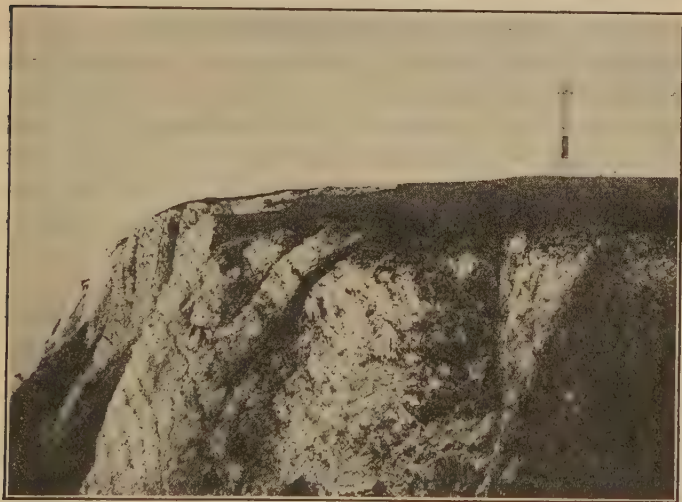
"sense at war with soul" —

has been adequately presented; that there is much profit in reading the *Idylls* in the light of the author's interpretation: "By King Arthur I always meant the soul, and by the Round Table the passions and capacities of a man."

Tennyson's Breadth. — There may be grounds for arguing, as some critics do, that Tennyson's genius is inferior to

¹ *Studies of a Biographer*, II, 80.

some of the preceding age, notably Wordsworth and Byron. Without passing on this question, we may say without hesitation that he surpasses them all in *breadth*. In *The Palace of Art* and *The Lotos-Eaters* he approaches Keats in sensuous appeal; in *In Memoriam* he has produced a greater personal elegy than Shelley's *Adonais*; in little lyrics too numerous



TENNYSON MEMORIAL.

On Beacon Hill, Farringford.

to mention he challenges Shelley's supremacy in another field; in the spirit of revolt set forth in *Locksley Hall* and *Maud*, he bears comparison with Byron; in *The Talking Oak* he gives a spiritual interpretation of nature worthy of Wordsworth.

His Interest in Arthurian Story. — No poet of the Romantic period, moreover, was capable of producing a poem of so

large dimensions in so high a style as the *Idylls of the King*. The subject of King Arthur dominated Tennyson's life, as will appear from a mere recital of dates. The 1833 volume contained *The Lady of Shalott*, afterward worked over as the idyll of *Launcelot and Elaine*. The volume of 1842 contained the Arthurian lyrics, *Sir Galahad* and *Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere*, and *Morte d'Arthur*, afterward incorporated in the last section of the *Idylls*. *Enid and Nimuë* appeared in 1857; and two years later three other poems were published with this as *Idylls of the King*. Four more idylls appeared in 1869; another in 1871; another in 1872; and the last to be composed, *Balin and Balan*, in 1885. In 1888 the idyll called *Geraint and Enid* was divided into two, *The Marriage of Geraint* being the title of the first; and the *Idylls of the King* was complete "in twelve books."

Criticism of "Idylls." — There appears to-day a tendency to disparage the *Idylls*. We are told that the character-drawing is weak, that the allegory breaks down, that there is an "over-exquisite elaboration of form," that Tennyson has taken unwarranted liberties with some figures of Arthurian tradition. Such criticisms may be admitted without seriously detracting from the beauty of the poem as a whole. The thoughtful reader who does not feel the need of revising annually his poetic canons is likely to accept the verdict, that "next to *Paradise Lost* the *Idylls* are the finest body of non-dramatic blank verse in the language."

Unity of his Poetic Ideal. — There are probably few artists whose lives have been so continually directed toward one goal as was Tennyson's. In *The Poet*, written when he was twenty-one, he set forth his conception of the poet's equipment and mission:

"The poet in a golden clime was born,
 With golden stars above;
 Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
 The love of love."

He has a vision of Freedom, in the hem of whose raiment

"was traced in flame
 WISDOM, a name to shake
 All evil dreams of power — a sacred name.

* * * * * *

No sword
 Of wrath her right arm whirl'd,
 But one poor poet's scroll, and with *his* word
 She shook the world."

When the poet was seventy-six, he wrote as an "epilogue" to *The Charge of the Heavy Brigade*:

"And here the Singer for his art
 Not all in vain may plead
 'The song that nerves a nation's heart
 Is in itself a deed.'"

The Final Confession. — Three years before his death, in *Merlin and the Gleam*, he made his final confession of faith as an idealist:

"Not of the sunlight,
 Not of the moonlight,
 Not of the starlight!
 O young Mariner,
 Down to the haven,
 Call your companions,
 Launch your vessel
 And crowd your canvas,
 And, ere it vanishes
 Over the margin,
 Follow it, follow it,
 Follow the Gleam."

ROBERT BROWNING, 1812-1889

Unity of his Teaching. — Browning's poetry, like Tennyson's, shows a striking unity. His conception of the poet and his office is very much larger and is set forth much more in detail than is Tennyson's; but one can find no two or three poems which demonstrate the identity of this conception at the beginning and the end of his career. What can be demonstrated of Browning in this fashion is his optimism, his perfect faith in the ultimate triumph of goodness, justice, virtue. In *Pippa Passes*, written when he was twenty-nine, it appears thus :

"The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world!"

In the *Epilogue to Asolando*, written a few days before his death, he characterizes himself in these words :

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

Life did not run altogether smoothly for him; but he passed through no struggles like those recorded by Tennyson in *The Two Voices*, *Locksley Hall*, *Maud*, and *In Memoriam*.

Parentage and Education. — Browning was born in Camberwell, a section of London south of the Thames. His

father and paternal grandfather were bank clerks; his maternal grandfather was a merchant; and they were dissenters in religion. His formal education, at a private school, ended when he was about fourteen, though he later attended for a short time a Greek class at London University. That from this limitation of training he did not suffer is due to the wide range of reading at home directed by his father.

I can have little doubt but that my writing has been, in the main, too hard for many I should have been pleased to communicate with: but I never designedly tried to puzzle people, as some of my critics have supposed. On the other hand, I never pretended to offer such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar, or game as dominoes to an idle man. So far, hope on the whole I get my deserts and something over — not a crowd but a few I value more. Let me re-
member gratefully that I may sleep you, and the friends you mention, among them: which you, in turn, must remember me as
yours; my dear tri, very
faithfully
Robert Browning

A LETTER OF BROWNING.

In which he denies that he ever "designedly tried to puzzle people."

In addition he received private instruction in music (instrumental, vocal, and theoretical), dancing, riding, and boxing. He became proficient in all these pursuits, enough so in music to think of adopting it as a profession.

First Publication. — Browning's first publication, *Pauline*, the expense of which was borne by an aunt, was put out anonymously in the author's twentieth year. Its theme is the "redemption and restoration" of a self-centred poet "by

Divine love, mediated to him by human love." One review said: "Somewhat mystical, somewhat poetical, somewhat sensual, and not a little unintelligible, — this is a dreamy volume, without an object, and unfit for publication." Browning sympathized with this criticism, and would not have republished the poem but for knowledge that it was going to be done by unauthorized persons.

"**Paracelsus.**" — Two years later there appeared with his name what has been called "one of the most marvellous productions of youthful genius in the history of any literature." This is *Paracelsus*, so difficult to characterize in moderate space that we must content ourselves with calling it a variation of a very old theme — the thirst for knowledge. It brought him little fame; but it brought him notable friendships, including those of Wordsworth, Dickens, Carlyle, and the actor Macready. Readers in general began to say that Browning was "obscure."

"**Sordello.**" — Five years after *Paracelsus* came *Sordello*, which for many established obscurity as the chief quality in Browning's work. Even his loyal friends could make nothing of it. Tennyson said that he could understand only the first line —

"Who will may hear Sordello's story told,"

and the last —

"Who would has heard Sordello's story told;"

and that they were both lies! Mrs. Carlyle after reading it was uncertain whether *Sordello* was a man, a city, or a book. "Many have explained *Sordello*," says a recent writer,¹ "and some have comprehended it. It is uncompromisingly and irretrievably difficult reading."

¹ In *Camb. Hist.*, XIII, 66.

From Dramatic Poem to Dramatic Monologue. — *Pippa Passes*, a dramatic poem which appeared the year after *Sordello*, was the first work that may be said to have brought Browning his public. Through the story of a little silk-mill girl who influenced greatly several people entirely unknown to her, the importance of unimportant things is emphatically asserted. This poem was the first of a low-priced series of volumes called *Bells and Pomegranates*, which included a collection of *Dramatic Lyrics* and one of *Dramatic Romances*. These volumes contain many striking examples of a form invented by Browning and made positively his own — the dramatic monologue, in which, though only one person speaks, the characters, lives, and present circumstances of others are clearly brought out. *Dramatic Lyrics* contained two fine and quite intelligible poems, *Incident of the French Camp*, and *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*; and *Dramatic Romances*, a different but equally delightful one, *How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix*, showing how exciting a ride on a good horse may be.

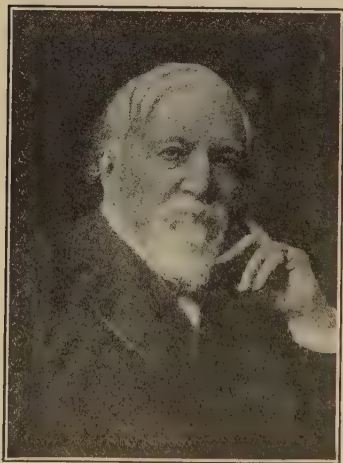


ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

From a portrait by Talfourd.

Browning's Love Story. — The account of Browning's writings must be interrupted here to tell his wonderful love story. He read *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, a poem by Elizabeth Barrett, and expressed to her cousin and publisher, Mr. Kenyon, great admiration for it. Informing Browning that

Miss Barrett was an invalid, the publisher urged him to write her his appreciation. He did so ; some months later he called to see her ; some months later he proposed marriage to her. In the face of her family's unanimous disapproval of such a move, it is not surprising that even an ardent wooer required a year to carry his point. He did carry it, however ; they



ROBERT BROWNING.

were married in September, 1846 ; and the climate of Italy, whither they immediately went, gave her fifteen years of happiness when she had looked for only a few years of wretchedness. Soon after reaching Italy Mrs. Browning wrote to a friend : " He has drawn me back to life and hope again when I had done with both."

Kenyon the Magnificent.
— Mr. and Mrs. Browning wrote much poetry ; but it had very limited circulation

and brought small returns. A legacy of 10,000 guineas from Mr. Kenyon in 1856 put them beyond want for the rest of their lives ; but their sense of loss overpowered any thought of ease to result from the wealth. Browning had once characterized Mr. Kenyon in strong language : " There goes one of the most splendid men living — a man so noble in his friendship, so lavish in his hospitality, so large-hearted and benevolent, that he deserves to be known all over the world as ' Kenyon the Magnificent.' "

The death of Mrs. Browning in 1861 produced a great

change in Mr. Browning's mode of life. He returned to London to live, and devoted himself to his only child, Robert Barrett Browning, and to poetry.

"**The Ring and the Book.**" — Seven years later his greatest work was published, *The Ring and the Book*. A very slight story, the murder of a low-born girl by a nobleman who married her thinking she had money, occupies more than 20,000 lines in the telling. Pure gold, the poet reminds us, cannot be made into a ring, but must be mixed with alloy which is afterward dissolved out with acid. Pure truth, such as was found in a book recounting the nobleman's trial, cannot be communicated directly, but must be mixed with the alloy of the poet's fancy, —

"Because it is the glory and good of Art,
That Art remains the one way possible
Of speaking truth, to mouths like mine at least."

And, again, because

"Art may tell a truth
Obliquely, do the thing shall breed the thought.

* * * * * *

So may you, . . .
— note by note, bring music from your mind,
Deeper than ever e'en Beethoven dived, —
So write a book shall mean beyond the facts,
Suffice the eye and save the soul beside."

Fame in Last Years. — After *The Ring and the Book*, Browning published fifteen volumes, and was generally acclaimed at least the equal of Tennyson. Honors came to him from many directions, including degrees or appointments from the universities of London, Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and St. Andrew's. A part of each year he spent in Italy.

chiefly at his son's home in Venice, the *Palazzo Rezzonico*. On the wall of this house, in which Browning died, is a memorial tablet containing two lines from his poem, *De Gustibus* :

“Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, ‘Italy.’ ”



PALAZZO REZZONICO.

Browning's home in Venice, damaged in an air-raid in March, 1918.

Browning's Subtlety. — “The most profoundly subtle mind that has exercised itself in poetry since Shakespeare,” is one critic's summary of Robert Browning. The widespread belief in his subtlety, for which the word “obscurity” already mentioned is merely a popular substitute, has deterred many from reading Browning. The situation is unfortunate both for poet and for readers. It is happily no longer necessary,

since many well-edited books of selections from Browning may be obtained at low cost, and excellent guides for the beginner may now be found in any good library.¹

Breadth of Interest. — It is unfortunate that Browning is not known to all English readers, because no poet has touched more subjects, or touched any with greater force and understanding. Literature, art, philosophy, music, romance, religion, science, the national life of most countries of Europe, — all are effectively interpreted by him. More wonderful yet are his studies of the human soul, in which it is his practice to seize the subject at some critical moment in his career, and show how he meets and is played upon by the forces of good and evil. The breadth of his interests is well expressed in one of Swinburne's *Sequence of Sonnets on the Death of Robert Browning* :

“No spirit in shape of light and darkness wrought,
No faith, no fear, no dream, no rapture, nought
That blooms in wisdom, nought that burns in crime,
No virtue girt and armed and helmed with light,
No love more lovely than the snows are white,
No serpent sleeping in some dead soul's tomb,
No song-bird singing from some live soul's height,
But he might hear, interpret, or illume
With sense invasive as the dawn of doom.”

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, 1850-1894

“To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor.”

These closing words of Stevenson's essay *El Dorado*, written when he was twenty-eight years old, seem like a guiding star

¹ Among the best of these may be mentioned Berdoo's *Browning Cyclopædia* (Macmillan), Porter and Clarke's *Browning Study Pro-*

of which he never lost sight. Almost his entire life he was an invalid, a consumptive, knowing that his days were to be few, that he was unlikely "to arrive" at a ripe old age of peace and comfort. Yet only the year before his death he could write to his friend George Meredith that, despite many and serious hindrances, he had done his work "unflinchingly." "The battle," he says, "goes on — ill or well, is a trifle; so as it goes. I was made for a contest, and the Powers have so willed that my battle-field should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle."

A Scotchman. — Stevenson was born in Edinburgh. A devotion throughout his life to his parents and his native land caused repeated efforts to live in Edinburgh; but the severe climate made it impossible. To his poor health was also due, in some measure, his inability to follow engineering, the profession of his father and grandfather, although his longing to write was doubtless responsible in part for his distaste for the other occupation. "It was not so much," he says in *A College Magazine*, "that I wished to be an author (though I wished that too) as that I had vowed that I would learn to write."

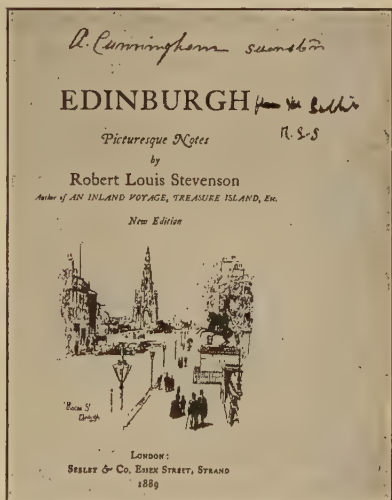
Early Education Irregular. — From the age of eighteen months Stevenson was never in good physical condition; and in consequence of this fact his education was very irregular. Between 1857 and 1867 he attended for varying lengths of time, mostly short, four different schools in Edinburgh and one in the vicinity of London. In addition he had many tutors during the intervals when he was unable to attend regular school. Among the excellent home influences under which he grew up none was of more importance than that of

grammes (Crowell), Corson's *Introduction to Browning* (Heath), and Phelps's *Browning: How to Know Him* (Bobbs-Merrill).

his nurse, Alison Cunningham — the delightful "Cummie" to whom he was devoted to the end of his life. In a letter which he wrote to her just two months before his death, he signed himself, "Your laddie, with all love."

Student of Engineering and Law. — For four years, 1867–1871, Stevenson was a student in the engineering department of the University of Edinburgh. When after an honest effort he informed his father, that engineering was utterly distasteful to him, the elder insisted on the younger's preparing for the bar, lest he should come to be known merely as an unsuccessful author. After two years of study he passed the law examinations, but, as a matter of course, never practised. A man who had spent the better part of twenty-three years learning to write, without encouragement or assistance, was little likely to accept the doom of a life in a dingy office and musty court-rooms.

Friendships. — A not-to-be-despised benefit of his university career was the friendship of Professor Fleeming Jenkin. Although the latter was fifteen years older than his pupil



FACSIMILE TITLE-PAGE OF A VOLUME PRESENTED BY STEVENSON TO HIS "CUMMIE."
(Widener Memorial Library, Harvard University.)

and although his first connection with the pupil was due to truancy, the professor loved Stevenson best of all his friends. Stevenson, on the other hand, writing a memoir of Jenkin, found it a great pleasure, when digging into the past of his friend, "to find him at every spadeful shine brighter." His own sunny disposition and pervading charm gained for him other notable and lasting friendships, including, among men of letters, Andrew Lang, Edmund Gosse, the poet W. E. Henley, and closest of all, Sidney Colvin, professor at Oxford.

Early Writings. — Stevenson's first published work, a magazine article on *Roads*, attracted no attention. Various essays and short stories in magazines, including some of his very best, appeared from 1877 to 1883 without marked success. His first story, *A Lodging for the Night*, ranked, not only by critics but by short-story writers as one of the finest specimens in all literature, did not bring him before the public as the greatest successor of Poe and Hawthorne. Not even when the essays and stories were gathered into dignified volumes did the public realize that a real genius had appeared.

First Successes. — His popularity began with *Treasure Island*, published in 1883, and still enjoying, a full generation later, great favor among young and old alike. One can scarcely think of its ever losing its hold. It is a pirate story, a blood-and-thunder story, but one "with a difference" from all other pirate stories. Of its two most surely immortal characters, Pew and Long John Silver, Professor Phelps well says that it was no "trifling feat to make a blind man and a one-legged man so formidable that even the reader is afraid of them." Three years after *Treasure Island* the work appeared which established Stevenson's position and brought him an income commensurate with his merit. This work was *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, a setting forth in

story form of the dual nature in man — one struggling upward toward good, the other downward to evil.

Wanderings, and Marriage. — We must turn back some years to resume the thread of his life aside from his writings. From 1873 to 1891 Stevenson made a succession of moves in search of health, living in southern France, Switzerland, Bournemouth (south coast of England), California, the Adirondacks. On one of the visits to France he met and fell in love with an American lady, Mrs. Osbourne, whom he married in 1880 at her home in San Francisco.

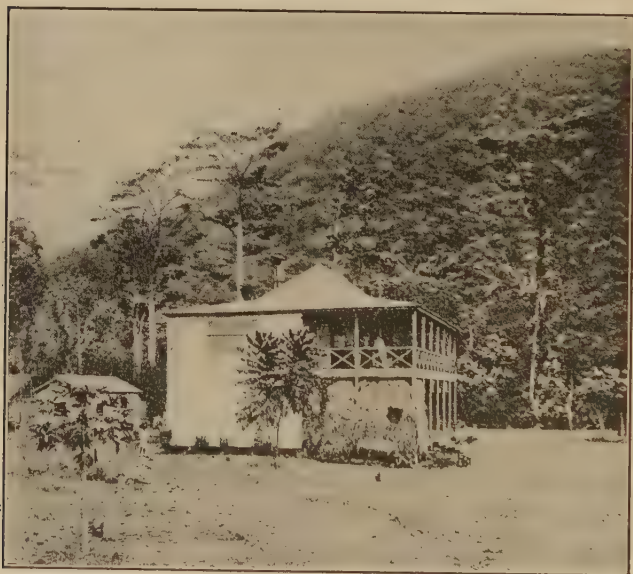
“The Amateur Emigrant.” — When he decided to go to California, his finances were low, and he made the trip as an emigrant. His experiences are recorded in two delightful volumes — *The Amateur Emigrant* and *Across the Plains*. The first is perhaps more entertaining, with its humorous yet sympathetic portraits of steerage types, and its account of steerage life. Stevenson made himself thoroughly at home in the motley crowd; enjoyed himself and added to their enjoyment; and made some shrewd observations on life.

He rightly called himself an *amateur* emigrant; for he was not born to such associations as the journey furnished. The uniform failure of his fellow-passengers to recognize him as a “gentleman” (from an Englishman’s point of view) was notable. One took him to be a mason, another a seaman, another a practical engineer, and so on. “From all these guesses,” says Stevenson,

“I drew one conclusion, which told against the insight of my companions. They might be close observers in their own way, and read the manners in the face; but it was plain that they did not extend their observation to the hands.”

Home in Samoa. — The union of Stevenson and Mrs. Osbourne appears, from testimony of many kinds, to have

been one of those ideal unions which all too seldom bless men of genius. In 1891, after sailing the Pacific in a yacht for three years, the Stevensons settled at Apia, Samoa. Here he built a home, and here he lived to the full the three years left to him. Besides writing much he interested himself in the



VAILIMA.

Stevenson's home in Samoa.

natives and in the bad government provided for them by their European masters; and became, with the title of "Tusitala," general counsellor to all classes of people on all sorts of subjects. Lloyd Osbourne, Stevenson's stepson and literary partner, says:

"Government chiefs and rebels consulted him with regard to policy; political letters were brought to him to read and

criticise; his native following was so widely divided in party that he was often kept better informed on current events than any person in the country. An armed party would come from across the island with gifts, and a request that Tusitala would take charge of the funds of the village and buy the roof-iron of a proposed church. Parties would come to hear the latest news of the proposed disarming of the country, or to arrange a private audience with one of the officials; and poor war-worn chieftains, whose only anxiety was to join the winning side, and who wished to consult with Tusitala as to which that might be. Mr. Stevenson would sigh sometimes as he saw these stately folk crossing the lawn in single file, their attendants following behind with presents and baskets, but he never failed to meet or hear them."

Death and Epitaph. — At the end of a hard day's writing in December, 1894, Stevenson was taken suddenly ill, lost consciousness immediately, and passed away in two hours. Natives cut a path up the steep side of Mount Vaea, and bore his body to a spot on its summit which he had chosen for his final resting-place. On one side of his tomb is his own *Requiem* :

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

"This be the verse you grave for me;
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

Stevenson wrote poems, plays, long romances, romantic short stories, travel sketches, essays on various subjects, and a great number of letters which make almost, if not quite, as good reading as anything else he wrote. His plays were not successful on the stage, and may be entirely disregarded in an estimate of his work. If his achievement in essay and romance were not so high, his three volumes of poetry might

claim some attention; but under the circumstances, only a few poems in his *Child's Garden of Verse* seem likely to live.

Stevenson the Romancer. — It is in the field of romance that Stevenson's achievement has long been recognized, a



STEVENSON.

From a photograph taken in Samoa.

field for which he had an inborn liking, and in which he produced several unquestioned masterpieces. When realism had been long dominant in prose narrative, when "the novel of society" had come to be synonymous with *the novel*, Stevenson set out to write "the romance of man."

His Creed as Romancer. — In *A Gossip on Romance*, he deliberately takes issue with the public who have come "to look somewhat down on incident, and reserve their admiration for the clink of teaspoons and the accents of the curate. It is thought clever," said he, "to write a novel with no story at all, or at least with a very dull one." He argues the superiority of romance because "fiction is to the grown man what play is to the child;" and be-

cause in a good romance "the game so chimes with the grown man's fancy that he can join in it with his whole heart, and it pleases him with every turn, and he loves to recall it and dwell upon its recollection with entire delight."

In *A Humble Remonstrance* he trains his guns on Walter Besant and Henry James, two eminent realists and champions of realistic fiction. Here he urges that "the novel exists not by its resemblances to life, but by its immeasurable difference from life;" and that in art, including prose narrative, "man's one method, whether he reasons or creates, is to half-shut his eyes against the dazzle and confusion of reality."

These two essays, it might be said, embody Stevenson's entire creed as a writer of fiction, a creed from which he never wavered. Walter Scott, "out and away the king of the romantics," he admitted to be his master; and although Stevenson never painted so large a canvas as his predecessor, or attempted to depict any great historical period or movement as did Scott, he was a worthy disciple. In some stories — *Kidnapped*, *David Balfour*, and *The Black Arrow*, for instance — there is something of an historical background; but history is never Stevenson's chief interest.

Long Romances. — Besides *Treasure Island* and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, Stevenson wrote three other long romances of the first rank — *Kidnapped* and its sequel *David Balfour*, and *The Master of Ballantrae*. They are mostly Scotch in characters and setting, but much of *Kidnapped* takes place at sea, and with *Treasure Island* must be placed high in the literature of the sea. Two other long romances, *Weir of Hermiston* and *St. Ives*, he left unfinished.

Short Stories. — Among his short romantic tales it is difficult to choose for special praise. In *A Lodging for the Night*, his first composition of this class and generally considered his best, he produced "a grisly winter's tale" of François Villon, a fifteenth-century Frenchman previously described by Stevenson in an essay as "student, poet, and housebreaker." *Markheim* is another presentation of the

problem of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, written on a very different plan from its successor, and showing in this very difference Stevenson's imaginative power. *The Merry Men*, a tale of the northern coast of Scotland and of the effect of wrecks on the natives, is wonderfully thrilling, in the best sense of that much abused word. *Will o' the Mill* is as much opposed as possible to most of his narratives, being as he himself said, an "experiment" in presenting an inactive, unambitious sort of person with whom he could have had little sympathy.

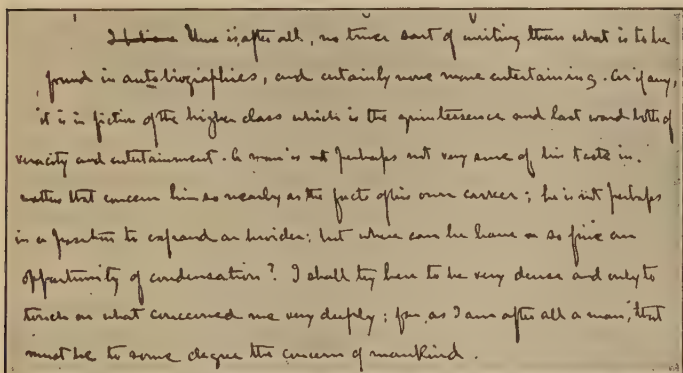
Stevenson the Essayist. — Recognition of Stevenson's greatness as an essayist has come slowly but certainly to thoughtful readers. To-day not a few critics predict that when his romances short and long are regarded as antiquated, his essays will still be fresh and inspiring. This statement should be modified so as to refer, not to his critical essays, pleasant though these may be; but to his personal essays, those easy, graceful, and friendly compositions that so endear him to the reader.

Personality. — In these, Stevenson the man stands clearly revealed. "It is surely beyond a doubt," he says in *An Apology for Idlers*,¹ "that people should be a good deal idle in youth. Many by extreme activity make a large fortune, who remain underbred and pathetically stupid to the last. And meantime there goes the idler, who began life along with them — by your leave, a different picture. Extreme *busyness*, whether at school or college, kirk or market, is a symptom of deficient vitality; and a faculty for idleness implies a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity." Now this is perfectly acceptable if one understands what

¹ Included in the volume *Virginibus Puerisque*.

Stevenson means by "idle:" not "doing nothing, but doing a great deal not recognised in the dogmatic formularies of the ruling class." It would be hard to find a great man who did nothing less frequently than Stevenson.

Belief in the Value of Effort. — A passage in *Aes Triplex*, generally called his masterpiece of literary composition, shows the same faith in the value of honest endeavor as *El*



I believe there is, after all, no truer sort of writing than what is to be found in autobiographies, and certainly none more entertaining. As if any, it is in fiction of the higher class which is the quintessence and last word both of veracity and entertainment. A man is not perhaps not very sure of his taste in matters that concern him so nearly as the facts of his own career; he is not perhaps in a position to expand or hide; but where can he have so fine an opportunity of condensation? I shall try here to be very dense and only to touch on what concerned me very deeply; for, as I am after all a man, that must be to some degree the concern of mankind.

FACSIMILE OF STEVENSON'S MANUSCRIPT *MEMOIRS OF HIMSELF*.

(Widener Memorial Library, Harvard University.)

Dorado, from which we quoted at the beginning of this sketch. "It is not only in finished undertakings that we ought to honor useful labour. A spirit goes out of a man who means execution, which outlives the most untimely ending. All who have meant good work with their whole hearts, have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it." Stevenson signed enough, one may think; but he left two romances unfinished, and as Chesterton says, "he died with a thousand stories in his heart."

Nearly every essay is marked by a "wholesome ethical quality," resulting in a spirit of optimism not surpassed by Robert Browning himself. Amid his various high excellences, none is more valuable than this. One other passage must be given to illustrate; from the concluding paragraph of one of his late essays, *Pulvis et Umbra*.

"As we dwell, we living things, in our isles of terror and under the imminent hand of death, God forbid it should be man the erected, the reasoner, the wise in his own eyes — God forbid it should be man that wearies in well-doing, that despairs of unrewarded effort, or utters the language of complaint."

Optimism. — This pervading quality becomes even more inspiring when we note how utterly he lived his philosophy. His cheerful optimism under the constant shadow of death is the best of sermons. Students of American literature will recall the similarly inspiring struggle of the great Georgia poet, Sidney Lanier. To the present writer another characteristic common to the American and the Scotchman is that they *wear well*. The works of the latter that will wear best are undoubtedly these friendly essays revealing a true, beautiful, and vigorous spirit, and pointing ever to greater heights as the best goals of man's effort.

CHAPTER IX

LITERATURE SINCE 1900

Record rather than Criticism. — In dealing with the writers of our own time, it is better to give records and impressions than to attempt dogmatic criticism. No study of contemporary literature can be altogether satisfactory; we are too near the arena, and much is obscured by the dust of controversy. Sir Leslie Stephen has said that an author is entitled to be called a classic when his books are read a century after his death. No one can pronounce a final judgment on the writers of the past thirty years; the perspective gained when a generation has passed will enable juster estimate to be made. It is, however, an interesting and fruitful exercise to summarize the work of our contemporaries, and briefly to note those which seem to attain a high literary quality.

Development, not Change. — We must remember that the literature of our own time has its roots in the past. It is not something entirely new and original, as if we had broken with the old and emerged into a field of virgin forms and ideas. Such a view is fatal to reasoned judgments and estimates. The tendencies of the twentieth century in English literature may fairly be termed those of the nineteenth worked out more fully and more widely. Thus, if we turn back to the essays of Ruskin and Arnold, we shall find the discussion of problems which seem oddly familiar — in *Traffic*, for instance, or in *Hebraism and Hellenism*. The writings of Carlyle have by no means lost their effect upon modern

thought. No modern poet has surpassed Browning in the analysis of character and emotion, or sounded more deeply the waters of sorrow and joy. The modern critic still applies Arnold's famous definition of criticism as "the disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best." If we have opened fresh fields of poetic expression — notably the "free verse" and "imagist" types — it is rather a revolt against convention than a new discovery. Literature is in its nature continuous. What modern writers give us is a new interpretation of "man, of nature, and of human life." It is with this new interpretation that we are now concerned.

The student of modern literature will discover no dominating figure — no Shakespeare or Scott. But he will find a surprising amount of good material. There are many writers of high average excellence. The general fields are well represented: the Novel, the Drama, the Essay, and Poetry. A glance at the more important writers in each of these fields will enable us to understand the chief tendencies of contemporary literature.

Rudyard Kipling. — One of the most original and versatile of modern writers is Rudyard Kipling. He has been an innovator in several fields, and he has exercised a strong and direct influence upon the literature of his day. Born in Bombay, India, in 1865, he was educated in England. At the age of seventeen he returned to India and engaged in newspaper work in Lahore. The strangeness and interest of the life fascinated his imagination. By the time he was twenty-one he had published his first volume of verse (*Departmental Ditties*) and had begun the remarkable series of *Barrack-Room Ballads* (published 1892). These were soldier songs, written in the slang of the British "Tommy" in India.

"They were astonishingly true to life, possessed grim power and strong metrical appeal, and were unlike anything which had as yet appeared in English literature.

By the time he was twenty-six he had issued six volumes of short stories, among them *Plain Tales from the Hills* (1888), *Soldiers Three* (1888), and *Life's Handicap* (1891). It is not too much to say that these, with his poetry, took the English-speaking world by storm. No author since Dickens had won such wide and genuine popularity. Critics and public alike were stirred by poems such as "Mandalay," "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," and "Gunga Din," and by masterly short stories like "The Man Who Would be King" and "The Drums of the Fore and Aft." In the year 1907 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for idealism in literature.

Kipling's Poetry. — The poetry of Kipling shows a wide range. We have the group of soldier poems, starkly true and not infrequently possessed of great poetic beauty. We have, further, a remarkable series of patriotic poems. He was the first to interpret the British Empire in verse, its far-flung mingling of races, its glories — and its duties. "A Song of the English" is a good example. Again, he has written noble songs of the sea, such as "Anchor-Song," "L'Envoi," and "The Bell-Buoy." He was the first to discover the romance of the modern machine, and he sings this in memorable verse like "McAndrew's Hymn." He was first, too, to use the interesting method of placing interpretative poetry in his collections of short stories; the later volumes, especially, contain work that is sometimes of striking merit, as "If —" and "The Song of the Children."

Kipling's Prose. — By far the greatest part of Kipling's prose is in the form of short stories. The type seemed pecul-

ially well adapted to his genius, and a dozen or so might be selected from his writings which could not be surpassed in this field. Those which deal with life in India are usually considered his best — the soldier tales and the two *Jungle Books* (1894, 1895). By some critics the latter are ranked as his finest achievement. He produced in *Kim* (1901) a remarkable “panoramic” novel of life in northern India. Wholly original are the two volumes *Puck of Pook’s Hill* (1906) and *Rewards and Fairies* (1910). These contain stories which recreate, in memorable and beautiful fashion, scenes and characters from English history from the time of the Roman occupation down to the eighteenth century. The *Just So Stories* (1902) were written for children. Mention should also be made of *The Day’s Work* (1898), which contains the charming dream story of “The Brushwood Boy.” In *Captains Courageous* (1897) he writes of the Gloucester fishermen on the Grand Banks; in *The Light that Failed* (1891), his only novel in the true sense of the word, he depicts the tragic career of a war-artist. The supernatural enters into the strange fantasy “They”; the future (2000 A.D.) is pictured in “With the Night Mail.”

It may fairly be said that Kipling has utilized to the full the literary possibilities of practical modern life, and has infused it with the light of his imagination. He may not have sounded the depths of human nature, but he has given a series of pictures and character-sketches which have truth and power in a high degree. Tennyson called his “Ballad of East and West” the finest thing of its kind in the English language. He interprets Indian life, animals, ships, soldiers and sailors, machines and the men that run them. Underlying all his work there is a strong sanity, which is well seen in the lines which close “A Song of the English”:

“Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,
Balking the end half-won for an instant dole of praise.
Stand to your work and be wise — certain of sword and of pen,
Who are neither children nor Gods, but men in a world of
men!”

Moreover, as a recent critic¹ has said, “whether writing of the jungle or the barracks, for children or their elders, he worships not only the ‘God of things as they are,’ but also the ‘God of our fathers known of old.’”

The Novel. — The chief characteristic of what we may call the “twentieth-century” novel is its amazing variety. To the older “romantic” and “realistic” types has been added a varied group to which these terms can hardly be said to apply. Sociological and political treatise-novels, mystery stories, and glimpses into the future — all these and more form the staple of the modern novelist. The old fields have been more fully exploited, and new fields have been opened. With this there has come also a tendency towards moral and religious teaching which is more marked than of old and which seems to be welcomed by the modern reader. In the main, we may say that the modern novel reflects all the complexity of modern life.

The Old Guard. — Two names meet us at the outset — George Meredith (1828–1909) and Thomas Hardy (1840–1928). In reality they are members of the “Old Guard,” since most of their writing was done before 1900, and Meredith was actually a younger contemporary of Dickens and Thackeray. But they have carried over into our own time, and their work is undoubtedly of the highest rank.

Meredith was poet, novelist, and reformer. His style is at times obscure, and this has resulted in his never attaining

¹ Professor W. A. Neilson.

great popularity. But it is as true of him as it was of Robert Browning that he was never intentionally obscure; though he never intended anything he wrote as a "substitute for a cigar, or a game of dominoes, to an idle man." He is a psychological realist; much concerned with the frailties of his race and nation, and aiming at reform. His best novels are: *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* (1859), setting forth the failure of a fantastic scheme of education; *Beauchamp's Career* (1875), portraying a political idealist; *Diana of the Crossways* (1885), and *One of our Conquerors* (1891), attacking the generally accepted ideas regarding marriage.

Thomas Hardy, like Meredith, has written excellent poetry, but seems destined to be finally known as a novelist only. The scenes of nearly all his novels are laid in southwestern England, which he designates as "Wessex." Although there is hardly a weak novel among his works, three are superior to the rest, and seem sure of a place with the greatest English fiction. These are: *Far from the Madding Crowd* (1874), *The Return of the Native* (1878), and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* (1891). Hardy is a humorist of the first water, and his portrayal of the Wessex peasants is delightful in this kind. Because of the sombre cast of his stories, however, and because of his apparent belief in the domination of life by events beyond human control, he is by many regarded as a "pessimist," a "fatalist," or even a "pagan." Another view is that he is a "rigid moralist," whose observation of life has impressed upon him the truth that "man may be forced to reap where he has not sown." His latest work of note was *The Dynasts* (1904-1910), a "huge and cloudy" epic-drama of the Napoleonic wars.

Herbert George Wells. — The most popular, and in some respects the most remarkable, of modern novelists is Herbert

George Wells (1866). He began life under humble conditions, was apprenticed for some time to a London linen-draper, but soon worked his way through college and became a teacher, then a journalist. His first novel was *The Time Machine*, which appeared in 1895. It is a story of a mysterious machine which could transport its inventor backward and forward through time, as other machines move through space. It showed two fundamental characteristics of the writer: first, his astonishing power of making his fancies seem true; and second, his deep interest in the social progress of humanity.

"Romances of Science." The early work of Wells dealt chiefly with the marvels of science in a vein of highly imaginative romance. The most important of these writings are: *The Invisible Man* (1897), *The Food of the Gods* (1904), *The War of the Worlds* (1898), and *The War in the Air* (1897). The last foretold much that has actually come to pass. In *When the Sleeper Wakes* (1899) he carries us forward a thousand years and gives a remarkable picture of human society in the future. Here he is more interested in sociology than in the marvels of inventive genius, and with this field his later work concerns itself almost exclusively.

Sociological Romances. — In this later work Wells appears for the most part as teacher — even at times as a prophet. His background is the modern world of machinery, politics, and social problems; against this background he develops ideas which are always original and suggestive. In 1909 he published *Tono-Bungay*, a brilliant satire on successful quackery. During the War he wrote *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* (1916), which pictures the change in life and thought of an average Englishman brought about by the stress and

sacrifice of that great conflict. Two years later came *Joan and Peter*, a study of the love of man and woman under the complications of modern life. Among others of his novels, distinguished always by power and skill, the following may be mentioned: *The New Machiavelli* (1910), *Bealby* (1915), and *The Undying Fire* (1919). He has written also several charmingly humorous studies of middle-class life in England — *Kipps* (1905), *Mr. Polly* (1910) — and a group of treatises such as *New Worlds for Old* (1908), *God, the Invisible King* (1917), and *The Outline of History* (1920). His latest work, *The World of William Clissold* (1926), is a sort of massive review and epitome of his own life and work.

Traits of Recent Fiction. — The popularity of Wells's works lies in the fact that they are so truly representative. They show clearly the four traits which have been pointed out as marking the general trend of English fiction at the present time. These traits are: first, the interest in science and invention; second, the effort to improve social and moral conditions through appealing pictures of the life of the day; third, an attack upon social conventions through the medium of humor; fourth, a call to better living and greater earnestness. In all these fields the novel maintains its popularity.

Pure Romance. — At the same time, there are some excellent examples of the more conventional type — pure romance and the historical novel. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (1863), better known under his pen-name of "Q," tells a good story in such stirring novels as *The Delectable Duchy* (1893) and *The Ship of Stars* (1899). Maurice Henry Hewlett (1861-1923) wrote historical novels of unusual quality: *Richard Yea and Nay* (1900), a tale of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and *The Queen's Quair* (1903), wherein Mary Queen of Scots is the central figure.

Arnold Bennett. — Most successful of the modern “realistic school” is Arnold Bennett (1867). Best known are his novels of the “Five Towns”¹ in the pottery district of England. Notable among these are *The Old Wives’ Tale* (1908) and *Clayhanger* (1910). He has written drama in *Milestones* (1912), and essays in *The Plain Man and His Wife* (1913).

Joseph Conrad. — Born in the Ukraine, of Polish political exiles, Joseph Conrad (Teodor Josef Konrad Korseniowski) is one of the most interesting of modern writers. He was born in 1857 and died in 1924. Early in life he became a seaman on a British ship, and eventually worked his way up to captain. His books are filled with the breath of the sea. To a distinct originality of style, he adds a touch of mysticism and a note of fatalism inherited from his Slavonic ancestry; to this extent his books are unique. He himself has stated his aims in literature: “My task is, by the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel — it is, before all, to make you see. That — and no more, and it is everything.” His first novel was *Almayer’s Folly* (1895); his best, perhaps, *Nostromo* (1904). Other remarkable stories are *Lord Jim* (1900), *An Outcast of the Islands* (1896), *The Nigger of the Narcissus* (1897), and *The Rescue* (1920). Conrad writes with first-hand knowledge, both of men and of places; his favorite theme would seem to be the indomitable soul of man at odds with an invincible Fate. As Kipling with India, so he has revealed the beauty, romance, and tragedy of Malaysia and the islands of the sea. It seems probable that he, with Wells and Galsworthy, will take place among the greatest English novelists.

¹ The Five Towns are: Newcastle-under-Lyme, Stoke, Longton, Burslem, and Tunstall.

Sir James Matthew Barrie. — The most personally charming of recent English writers is Sir James Matthew Barrie (1860). By birth a Scotchman, he began his career in London as a journalist. His early writings show much of the whimsical charm and the real knowledge of human nature which have become characteristic of all his work. Among them are *Better Dead* (1887) and *My Lady Nicotine* (1890) — little humorous sketches which should be more widely known than they are. Lightly drawn pictures of his native town of Kirriemuir occur in *Auld Licht Idylls* (1888) and *A Window in Thrums* (1889). More fully developed are his well-known novels *The Little Minister* (1891) and *Sentimental Tommy* (1896), with its sequel, *Tommy and Grizel* (1900).

Since the beginning of the twentieth century, Barrie has devoted himself almost entirely to the stage, and has won a popularity as great as it is deserved. All his plays exhibit rare humor and fantasy, together with truth of character and restrained sentiment. Like most modern playwrights, he satirizes social conventions and discusses social problems, but with him "the world of fairyland lies close to the world of reality." Best known of all his plays is *Peter Pan*, first produced in 1902. Peter is the boy who never grew up — he is eternal Youth. Other plays, all abounding in whimsy and delight, with a noble underlying truth, are *The Admirable Crichton* (1903), *A Kiss for Cinderella* (1916), and *Dear Brutus* (1917). Nor should we forget the group of admirable short plays contained in *Echoes of the War* (1918).

John Galsworthy. — The weaknesses of the modern social order have often been attacked by modern writers, but nowhere with keener insight than in the novels and plays of John Galsworthy. He was born in 1867 and educated at Harrow and Oxford. He gained, during his education and

subsequent years of travel, a deep knowledge of the upper class of English society, and an equally thorough grasp of the lowest stratum — the wronged and the down-trodden. His novels are ironic in tone, with real power and excellent characterization. The series known as *The Forsyte Saga* contains his best work. In a fashion not wholly unlike that of Thackeray in *Pendennis* and *The Newcomes*, he traces the fortunes of a typical English family. The books are rich in ironic comment upon the "crass unintelligent traditionalism" which he finds characteristic of the wealthy classes. Galsworthy is best realized as a novelist of distinction if we read *The Man of Property* (1906), *The Country House* (1907), *The Patrician* (1911), and *To Let* (1921).

The Plays. — His plays, like his novels, attack class limitations and the over-emphasis on rank and wealth. He sets before us things as they are, omitting nothing of sordid or tragic detail. In *The Silver Box* (1909) the sordid element prevails; in *Loyalities* (1912) there is a note of inevitable tragedy. The power of these dramas lies in their inescapable truth. No solution is given for the tangled affairs of the modern world; no panacea is offered for the sufferings of the poor or the ignorance and prejudice of the rich. The stark facts are shown, and we are left to draw our own conclusions. There is, of course, no moralizing. But to those who see aright the plays suggest the only remedy for the inequalities of the age — understanding and sympathy. "It will be long years before a generation will arise which has no need of the message of consideration and human kindness which Galsworthy has conveyed with so much subtlety and charm."¹

Hugh Walpole. — The work of Hugh Walpole (1884), like that of Galsworthy, concerns itself largely with the study

¹J. W. Cunliffe.

of modern social conditions. In *The Prelude to Adventure* (1912) he pictures university life; in *Fortitude* (1913) and *The Duchess of Wrex* (1914), life in general. The theme is suggested in a loose way by a sentence from the latter book: " 'Tisn't life that matters! 'tis the courage you bring to it." His later writing shows a wider range and an increased power of observation. *The Dark Forest* (1916) treats of the War in Russia; *The Green Mirror* (1918), of London life immediately after. In *Jeremy* (1919) he has successfully portrayed the small boy. His studies of social conditions in England since the War, in *The Cathedral* (1922) and *The Old Ladies* (1924), are astonishingly vital.

The Drama. — We have spoken of the plays of Barrie and Galsworthy in connection with their novels; we shall now briefly consider the drama by itself. The greatest single force, or incentive, in modern English dramatic work has been the influence of Henrik Ibsen (1828–1906), the Norwegian dramatist. He became prominent in Europe in the "nineties." When, during the early years of the present century, there was a revival of interest in the drama, Ibsen's influence was strongly felt. To the field he had made three important contributions. He attacked the faults of the social order, with realistic machinery, in *The Doll's House* (1879) and *Ghosts* (1881); he revived the spirit of poetry and fancy in *Peer Gynt* (1867); and by giving up some of the conventions of the stage, such as "asides" and "soliloquies," he laid stress upon simplicity and directness of dramatic method. The drama became more natural.

Yeats and Synge. — Part of the general movement was in the matter of experiment on the stage. A striking instance was the founding of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, in 1904.

Here many plays of excellence were produced, the subject usually being contemporary Irish peasant life and old Irish myths and legends. Most important of the dramatists of this "Irish Dramatic Movement" were William Butler Yeats (1865) and John Synge (1871-1909). They made a plea, as Yeats said, "for intellectual spontaneity against unyielding, mechanical, abstract principles." Yeats wrote the lovely fairy play *Land of Heart's Desire* (1894), and the tragic *Deirdre of the Sorrows* (1907). Synge, "the most brilliant star of the Celtic revival," was advised by Yeats to go to the Aran Islands on the West coast of Ireland and live among the people — "express life," said Yeats, "that has never found expression." Synge did so, and wrote three of the most noteworthy plays of recent years — *Riders to the Sea* (1903), *The Well of the Saints* (1905), and *The Playboy of the Western World* (1907). The peculiar value of these plays is found in their beautiful prose style and the unusual nature of their dramatic appeal.

George Bernard Shaw. — The most conspicuous English dramatist since 1900 is George Bernard Shaw. Born in Dublin in 1856, he went to London as a young man and began life as a writer and dramatic critic. He has enemies as well as friends, but all alike admit his genius. After some years of struggle, he "emerged," as the saying goes, and by a long series of striking plays won and maintained the most prominent place among modern English playwrights. His works include novels of no special merit; a host of essays, long and short; and about twenty-five plays. All these are clever; some of them are brilliant. He has great power in impressing his themes upon the minds of his audience.

Shaw is a satirist, and in his own peculiar way a reformer. He loves paradox; he attacks the ideas upheld by the

majority. He is fond of maintaining the opposite of a truth generally accepted. He is a master of dramatic dialogue; the conversation in most of his plays is an intellectual treat. Some of his most successful dramas are *Candida* (1898), *Man and Superman* (1903), *Major Barbara* (1905), *Androcles and the Lion* (1912). *Saint Joan* (1923) is a "chronicle" play of Joan of Arc, touched with modernity, but developed with great vividness and tragic power. Most of Shaw's plays contain introductions which are always controversial and usually stimulating.

The Essay. — The great tradition established during the nineteenth century by Lamb, De Quincey, and Leigh Hunt has been sustained by a number of vigorous and entertaining writers. Wells, Shaw, and Galsworthy have all contributed to this field, although their chief work lies elsewhere. The two essayists who stand out most prominently are Gilbert Keith Chesterton (1874) and Hilaire Belloc (1870). Chesterton is highly original; he said: "If you are writing an article you can say anything that comes into your head." He is fond of paradox, irony, and surprise. Excellent critical comment is found in *Charles Dickens: A Critical Study* (1906), and brilliant essays in *Tremendous Trifles* (1909). Hilaire Belloc is thought by many to be the most pleasing of all modern essayists; some one has said that "there is nothing he cannot write well." Among his books of essays are *On Nothing* (1908), *On Anything* (1910), *First and Last* (1911). Of his more general writings we may cite *The Path to Rome* (1902) and *The River of London* (1913). The essays of Edward Verall Lucas possess much of the charm of style which we find in Charles Lamb — *Old Lamps for New* (1911), *A Wanderer in London* (1906). Max Beerbohm (1872) is well known as a clever caricaturist. His essays sometimes have

the sharpness of etchings — *Yet Again* (1909), *And Even Now* (1920).

Biography and Criticism. — We may here say a brief word about biography and criticism. It is characteristic of the modern age that a good deal of this sort of writing is concerned with the readjustment of ideas and theories quite as much as with the promulgation of new thought. In biography especially has arisen a type which is marked by complete frankness of utterance. Such a frank piece of work is *Queen Victoria* (1919), by Lytton Strachey, a book of high literary merit. With these biographies have come a group of personal reminiscences — *Margot* (1919), by Mrs. Asquith, or *Hail and Farewell* (1914), by George Moore — for which we find no parallels in previous writings, unless we go back to the *Diary* of Samuel Pepys. The best of these books have literary charm, in greater or less degree, yet their complete lack of reticence and their consideration of matters avoided by earlier writers in the same field, place them — to use a well-worn phrase — in a class by themselves. If at times morbid, they are always interesting; but it is quite impossible to gauge their ultimate value.

Chief among biographers and critics should be placed the name of Lord John Morley (1838–1923), whose lives of *Oliver Cromwell*, *Gladstone*, and others are regarded as standard works, for their broad insight and their scholarly style. A good example of modern critical writing is found in *Shakespeare's Workmanship* (1916), by Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch.

Poetry. — It is inadvisable to attempt any final judgment on modern poetry. Every reader will feel, however, that English poets since 1900 have produced much excellent — even first-rate — verse, and that there has been abundant

variety in form, subject, and purpose. There is no single great figure which has dominated the field, nor has there been a general movement in one direction, as in the time of Wordsworth, Shelley, and Byron. But the average level is high; the point of view is sincere. The modern poet has a "message" for his world, just as his forerunners have had for ages past.

John Masefield. — There are two poets of high attainments who have followed the traditional theories of poetry, and at the same time have infused their work with the note of the new era. They are John Masefield (1874) and Alfred Noyes (1880). Masefield has written drama, as well as lyric and narrative poetry and some fine prose. His youth was spent in wandering about the world, some of the time as a sailor before the mast. His verse is largely colored by his experiences on the ocean. The best of his wonderfully vivid sea-poems is *Dauber* (1913). He writes with first-hand knowledge of the hard things of life — the wet and the cold, poverty and sickness. His first poems to win attention were *The Everlasting Mercy* (1911) and *The Widow in the Bye Street* (1912). Besides *Dauber*, he has written two other long narrative poems which revive, not unworthily, the tradition of *The Canterbury Tales*. *Reynard the Fox* (1920) is a story of the hunting-field, and *Right Royal* (1920) is a splendid picture of horse-racing. "No poet," says a critic, "sings more clearly of the real England. No poet is singing more directly to his people than Masefield."

Alfred Noyes. — Earlier popular than Masefield, Alfred Noyes does not realize in his work so much of the sombre side of life. His "exuberant and melodious" poetry deals more with dramatic externals. Many striking ballads are found

in his writings, and not a few poems which exhibit a haunting musical cadence. Perhaps he is best known by virtue of one ballad — *The Highwayman* — and two sympathetic studies of phases of modern life, *The Electric Tram* and *The Barrel-Organ* (all before 1910). The latter two show (what is, indeed, a characteristic quality of the best modern poetry) the beauty inherent in common things if one has the eye to see it. Noyes essayed epic poetry in *Drake* (1908), a poem of real distinction. His *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern* (1912) reproduce in a remarkably lifelike way the men and the atmosphere of Shakespeare's London.

Robert Bridges. — We may take here the name of Robert Bridges (1844), not only because he is Poet Laureate, but also because his work shows a singularly delicate simplicity of expression and a feeling for beauty in all its forms. Never a popular poet, he is endeared to those who appreciate restraint of emotion and purity of diction. Among his books may be noted *Demeter* (1905) and *Britannia Victrix* (1919).

The "New School." — The so-called "new" school of poetry has left its impress upon modern English literature. It has won less attention, however, than has been the case with the contemporary verse of France and the United States. Among the "imagists," the writers of "free verse," and other experimenters, may be mentioned the name of Richard Aldington (1892). The followers of this fashion would do away with the limitations imposed by metre, rhyme, and stanza forms, and would produce the desired effects without recourse to any of the commonly accepted poetic methods. The movement is an interesting one, though there are not wanting signs that it has run its course. What these poets have done is to arouse interest in poetry, to open new fields of

poetic material, rather than to impose radical changes upon poetic technique.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. — The theory of Wordsworth — that spiritual truth may be found in the stories of the humble poor — is well exemplified in the poetry of Wilfrid Wilson Gibson (1880). As Wordsworth went to the farmer and the shepherd, so Gibson goes to the city worker, the factory hand, and the shop girl. He uses simple and unaffected language (this is true of practically all the modern poets) and succeeds in securing original effects without discarding the traditional theories. Some of his titles are significant: *Thoroughfares* (1914), *Livelihood* (1920).

Poetry of the Great War. — The Great War cut very deeply into English life. All the English poets were affected sooner or later by its insistent demands; all of them have written something of its heroism and suffering. A few of the poems produced under the terrific stress of those four years seem destined to live; all alike are marked by deep emotion and abiding sincerity. Two or three, in particular, may be mentioned, as struck out under an extremity of feeling: *In Flanders Field*, by John McCrae; *The Spires of Oxford*, by Winifred M. Letts; *The Soldier*, by Rupert Brooke; and *Aftermath*, by Siegfried Sassoon.

In Conclusion. If we should look for an underlying principle characteristic of modern English poetry, we should find it in honesty of conviction and sincerity of expression. The poets are sometimes puzzled by the sadness or the complexity of things, but none the less they "see life steadily and see it whole." The old-time music finds new instruments of expression; the old faith in a new guise reaches out confidently into the future.

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST OF AUTHORS NOT TREATED IN THE BODY OF THE BOOK

Chapters I-III (before 1557)

AELFRIC (955?-1020?) was a learned and eloquent monk. In him Anglo-Saxon found the highest development the period permitted. He is best known for his *Homilies*.

BARBOUR, JOHN (1320-1396), was a Scotch poet and historian. His chief work, *The Bruce*, is a metrical romance of the reign of Robert the Bruce of Scotland.

DOUGLAS, GAVIN (1475-1522), Bishop of Dunkeld, was a younger son of the fifth earl of Angus — the Great Earl. He was a learned man in a country and age that despised learning. His *Translation of the Aeneid* was his great work, steeped in the spirit of the original, a notably fine rendition, the first in the vernacular. He wrote also *The Palace of Honour*, *King Hart*.

DUNBAR, WILLIAM (1485-1530), had remarkable range of style — tenderness, bitter satire, elfin fancy. *The Golden Targe*, *The Thrissel and the Rosis*, *The Ballad of Kynd Kittok*. *The Dance of the Sevin Deidlie Synnis* is a fine example of literary cunning. He has been called the "Scottish Chaucer."

GASCOIGNE, GEORGE (1525-1577), was a popular poet when Shakspeare was a boy. He belongs to the period of literary transition, was somewhat of an experimenter in blank verse, first of the Elizabethan court poets. *Complaint of Phylomene*, *Voyage into Hollande*, *Hundred sundrie Flowers*, *Jocasta*, *Spoyle of Antwerp*, *Weedes*.

GOWER, JOHN (1325?-1408), of whose life little is known, was a close friend of Chaucer. He wrote mostly in Latin and French, and it was probably Chaucer's example that led him to write in English at all. His most important work, *Confessio Amantis* ("Confession of a Lover"), is a collection of stories from various sources.

HAWES, STEPHEN (1474?-1525), was a poet of wide learning as his poems show. *The Pasetyme of Pleasure*, an allegorical poem, a link between *The Canterbury Tales* and *The Faerie Queene*, is probably his chief work. He was the last exponent of the Chaucerian tradition, a survivor of the past amidst linguistic transition.

HENRYSON, ROBERT (1430-1506), was a Scottish Chaucerian. *Treatment of Cresseid*, *The Tale of the Uponlandis Mous* and *The Burges Mous*, *Robene and Makyne*. His *Morall Fabellis of Esope* is in many ways his best work. He was a man of felicitous expression and his fables are humorous and trenchant.

HOCCKLEVE, THOMAS (1367?-1450?), poet, was possibly a friend of Chaucer. His greatest work, *De Regimine Principium*, is a long poem, made up chiefly of Prologue wherein lies most of the interest.

HOLINSHED, RAPHAEL (?-1580). His biography is obscure. His chief work, *The Chronicles of England, Scotland and Ireland*, is a quaint example of common traditions ornamented; it begins with the Flood and meanders on to well-nigh the day of publication. Chief interest lies in the fact that Shakspeare drew upon these Chronicles, sometimes using the very words, as in *Henry V* — Agincourt; *Macbeth* — Duncan.

JAMES I, of Scotland (1395?-1437), was the most able man of the Stuart line, deeply influenced by Chaucer. He wrote *The Kingis Quair* (book), which heralded a change in Scottish literature. He is credited with a humorous "rustic" ballad, *Christis Kirk on the Grene*.

LAYAMON (see page 17) was a country priest who lived near the Welsh border, and who wrote early in the thirteenth century a long poem called *Brut*. It deals with the stories of Arthur for the first time in English. Layamon based his work on Wace, a French writer, but often departed from his source. In *Brut*, for instance, we first get the story of Arthur's being carried to Avalon by fairies, instead of dying.

LYDGATE, JOHN (1370?-1451?), was a monk in the Benedictine monastery of Bury St. Edmunds and a disciple of Chaucer. *The Story of Thebes*, designed to be an additional "Canterbury Tale,"

is a translation from the French of part of Boccaccio. His works vividly portray the manners and customs of the time. He was a writer of wondrous fecundity. *The Fall of Princes*.

LYNDSAY, SIR DAVID (1490–1555), was a vivid example of Chaucerian influence; a memory of yesterday in a new day. His poems, in the main, bear on the political and social doings of the day, allegorical, humorous, sarcastic — pregnant with the common life. *Dialog betwix Experience and Ane Courteour*, *The Dreame*, *The Tragedie of the Cardinal*, *Squire Meldrum*.

MANNYNG, ROBERT of BRUNNE (now Bourne) (1263–1340), was an English monk, and the most skilful story-teller of his day. He wrote a *Chronicle* and *Handlyng Synne*, a popular manual in rhyme for the instruction of ignorant folk who delight in long drawn-out stories. His work is valuable as a picture of contemporary manners.

MORE, SIR THOMAS (1478–1535), is best known for his *Utopia* (meaning “Nowhere”), a picture of an ideal commonwealth, drawn largely from Plato’s *Republic*. Since it was originally written in Latin, and was not put into English until sixteen years after the author’s death, its importance in English literature is due solely to its matter. So realistic was the account of the land and its inhabitants that many men of the day believed it a real country, and some wished to send Christian missionaries there.

ORM, a monk (circa 1215), was a poet who wrote a group of English paraphrases of the gospels in the Mass book, which he called *Ormulum*. Such works as this and *Piers Plowman* suggest the strong influence exerted by the Bible in the days between Aelfric and Wyclif. Moreover, valuable hints are to be obtained showing the evolution of the tongue towards a language spoken by the educated, as well as serving as a mere literary medium.

SKELTON, SIR JOHN (1460–1529), is noted for his poems of a rattling, “doggerel” type, his wide knowledge and use of invective and pungent satire. He obtained the degree (academical) of *poeta laureatus*, helped Caxton to revise his *Aeneid* and was known to Erasmus. He lived at a time when court poetry was expiring and popular growing amazingly. He wrote *New Gramer in Eng-*

lyssche compylyd, Against the Scottes — anant Flodden Field, — *The Garlande of Laurell, The Bowge of Courte* — satire, — Colyn Clout — a roaming vagabond, — *Why come ye nat to courte?* — a daring satire against Wolsey, — *Magnyfycence*, a morality. Among the successors of Chaucer, Skelton is regarded as the most original.

UDALL, NICHOLAS (1505–1556), was a schoolmaster. He wrote the rollicking *Ralph Roister Doister*, which is said to be the earliest English comedy extant.

WILLIAM of MALMESBURY (1080?–1143?) was a monk who spent the better part of his life in the monastery of Malmesbury. He gave much time to the study of general history, his ambition being to write a popular history of England patterned after Bede. He was the best English historian of his time. Like the writers of the early days he was not very careful about chronology, but he certainly knew how to tell a good anecdote; his data dealing with things after 1066 are reliable. *Gesta Regum, Gesta Pontificum, Historia Novella*.

Chapter IV (1557–1642)

ASCHAM, ROGER (1515–1568), was one of the foremost scholars of his day; tutor to Queen Elizabeth (see page 48). Quite in contrast with the great scholar of a slightly later time, Francis Bacon, Ascham believed in English as a language for literature, and wrote in English. *Toxophilus*, nominally written to advocate archery as a national sport, is really a plea for a sane manner of living, with due regard for outdoor sports in general. His other important work, *The Schoolmaster*, sets forth some very modern-sounding theories regarding education.

BEAUMONT, FRANCIS (1584–1616), was one of the greatest dramatists, contemporary with Shakspeare. Much of his work appears to have been done with John Fletcher. Out of the fifty-two plays one certainly was written by Beaumont alone, eight or nine with the coöperation of Fletcher and others by coöperation with others. *The Woman Hater, Philaster, The Maides Tragedy, The Knight of the Burning Pestle, A King and no King*. He wrote a good deal of poetry, including the well-known lines about the Mermaid Tavern, Broad Street, the home of a sort of literary club

established by Sir Walter Raleigh. Tradition has it that Shakspeare was the soul of that brilliant group.

What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame.
As if that every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life.

BROWNE, WILLIAM (1591–1643), was a poet who found “pleasure in a fine line for its own sake” and whose verse is full of rural charm, especially when treating of his own “leafy” Devon. Simplicity of diction, purity of thought breathe through his work. *Britannia’s Pastorals* is his most famous work. *The Shepherd’s Pipe*, *The Inner Temple Masque*, are less well known. He was a friend and admirer of Spenser.

CAMPION, THOMAS (1566–1620), was a writer and composer, who wrote words in order to set them to music himself, both possessing much Elizabethan charm. His masques, e.g., *The Lords’ Masque*, are marked not only by their charming songs but by the poetic beauty of their conception. *My Sweetest Lesbia* (English rendering of Catullus’s famous song), *There is a garden in her face* (of which Herrick’s *Cherry Ripe* is an echo), *Booke of Ayres*, *New Way of Making Fowre Parts in Counter-Point*, *Songs of Mourning*, *Observations in the Art of English Poesie*. A quotation from the Preface to his *Two Bookes* completely states Campion’s point of view, “I have chiefly aymed to couple my Words and Notes lovingly together.” He was poet and composer in one.

CHAPMAN, GEORGE (1559–1634), besides dramas (see page 82) wrote some poems and a conclusion to Marlowe’s *Hero and Leander*, and made poetic translations of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Keats’s sonnet, *On First Looking into Chapman’s Homer*, now seems undue praise; but Chapman’s faults are chiefly those of the age in which he wrote, and his work is a noble beginning of Homeric translations.

CONSTABLE, HENRY (1555?–1616?), spent most of his life in exile because of his faith — Roman Catholic. He wrote sonnets of which *Diana* is the best.

DANIEL, SAMUEL (1562-1619), was a poet of consequence who had no taste for "aged accents and untimely words," "a well-languag'd man" and a "historian in verse." *The Civil War between the two Houses of Lancaster and York* is his great epic. *Delia*, *Musophilus*, *Philotas*, *The Vision of Twelve Goddesses*, are others of his works. He is remarkable for the purity and clarity of his style.

DEKKER, THOMAS (1567?-1637), was the most important pamphleteer of Jacobean London. Pageants, plays, and pamphlets literally poured from his pen, and no dramatist supplies so humorous and realistic a picture of the city life of the day as this man. *The Pleasant Comodie of Patient Grissill*, *The Witch of Edmonton*, *Match Mee in London*, *Old Fortunatus*, *Rod for Runaways*, *Satiromastix*, are some of his works. *The Wonderful Yeaere* gives a terrible account of the horrors of the Plague; *Worke for Armourous* shows the conflict between Money and Poverty, the problem of this day as well as of that, scathingly presented; *The Foure Birds of Noahs Arke* is a striking book of devotion instinct with simple beauty. Many of these works are notable examples of appeal through the denunciation of sin, fiercely and vigorously limned.

DONNE, JOHN (1573-1631), was the founder of the "school" of poetry called by Doctor Johnson the "Metaphysical." His poems, which were not published till after his death, are marked by philosophizing, far-fetched allusions, too ingenious figures of speech, and a conscious display of out-of-the-way information. His influence on other English poets for half a century was great and unhealthy.

DRAYTON, MICHAEL (1563-1631), was a writer of much verse, but little real poetry. He is best known by his *Battle of Agincourt*, one of the best pieces of patriotic poetry in English. His most ambitious work, *Polyolbion*, is a sort of poetical geography of Britain.

DYER, SIR EDWARD (1550-1607), is known chiefly as a song writer. He wrote the famous, *My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is*.

FLETCHER, JOHN (1579-1625). See BEAUMONT.

FLETCHER, PHINEAS (1582-1650), was satirist, dramatist, poet. He is best known for an immensely long poem, *The Purple Island*, which is full of party hatred.

FORD, JOHN (1586-1693), was a lawyer, and a playwright at times. *A Sun's-Darling*, *The Lover's Melancholy*, *The Ladies Triall*, are some of his works. His tragedies are of the kind that would be called "problem plays" nowadays.

FOXÉ, JOHN (1516-1587), is the author of *Acts and Monuments of these Latter and Perillous Dayes*, commonly called the *Book of Martyrs*.

GREENE, ROBERT (1560-1592), was a writer of tales, plays, and poems, a facetious, rollicking personage who sang the songs of vagabondage, possibly from personal experience, for 'tis said he led a wild kind of life. His best-known tales are *Mamillia*, *Philomela*, *Blacke Bookes Messenger*; and of his plays, *A Great Worth of Wit* is perhaps his best.

GREVILLE, FULKE, Lord Brooke (1554-murdered 1628), was primarily a statesman who, after the manner of his day, deemed poetry a thing to be cultivated by every gentleman. He was an intimate friend of Sir Philip Sidney, whose biography he wrote under the title, *Life of the Renowned Sir Philip Sidney*. He wrote *Caelica* — a collection of sonnets, — *A Treatise of Humane Learning*, *A Treatie of Warres*, and the tragedies, *Mustapha* and *Alaham*.

HEYWOOD, THOMAS (circa 1572-1650), was emphatically one of the earliest writers of domestic drama and seemingly no lover of courts. He was a most industrious writer, and is said to have had his finger in the pie in two hundred and twenty plays, some of which are *The Foure Prentises of London*, *With the Conquest of Jerusalem*, *If ye know not me*, *You know no bodie*, *A Woman Kilde with Kindnesse* — his masterpiece.

HOOKE, RICHARD (1553-1600), was a prominent upholder of the Church of England in the early days of the Puritan controversy (see page 86). His *Ecclesiastical Polity* is important in the history of English prose style as one of the few works of its time uninfluenced by Euphuism (see page 50). It is not a "modern" style, but it has points of real superiority over most contemporary prose works.

LODGE, THOMAS (1558?-1625), was born in London and studied at Oxford. He was a lawyer, a sailor, and finally a physician. At this time seamen began to appear in literature, telling their

thoughts in the strong, virile language of the heaving ocean. Lodge wrote his *Rosalynde* — pastoral though it be — amid storm and surge, *Margarite of America*, in the Strait of Magellan, when he was more concerned about his dinner than fame. This new spirit in literature can be seen in the works of Spenser and Bacon; above all it sings in Shakspeare. Realism had arrived. A fine version of Seneca; and the best poems in *The Phoenix Nest* are his.

MASSINGER, PHILIP (1583–1640), was one of the chief dramatists of his time. *The Bond-Man, A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, is a famous comedy. Other plays are *The Maid of Honour*, *Fatal Dowry*, *The Bashful Lover*, *Believe as you List*, *A Very Woman*. He collaborated with others, notably Beaumont and Fletcher.

MIDDLETON, THOMAS (1570?–1627). In an age when sex dominated the drama Middleton at least makes vice ugly; he writes of the brutal comedies and noble tragedies being enacted in London life. *A Mad World, My Masters*, *The Widdow*, *The Roaring Girle*, are noteworthy. *Woman beware Women* and *A Game at Chesse* are two of his finest.

NASHE, THOMAS (1567–1601), was a Cambridge man and an extensive reader. He wrote a great number of poems, pamphlets, and tales, among them *Anatomie of Absurdity*, *Pierce Pennilesse*, *The Terrors of the Night*, — a homely and broad-minded talk about rustic superstitions, — *The Unfortunate Traveller or the Life of Jack Wilton*, perhaps, his chief work, certainly a striking example of the rogue-hero type. He gives interesting side-lights on the then Continental life; and wrote the best picaresque romance before Defoe.

NORTH, SIR THOMAS (1535–1601?), was the best of the Elizabethan translators. A fine specimen of this type of work is found in his *Lives of Noble Grecians and Romans* from the French version of *Plutarch's Lives*. North knew very little about the Classics, but he did know the splendor and nobility of English of which this work is ample proof. Shakspeare knew this and under his magic touch there came forth the magnificence spread out in his plays. *The Diall of Princes*.

NORTON, THOMAS (1532–1584), is chiefly known as the translator of Calvin's *Institutes*, which ran through many editions, and *Gorboduc*, a tragedy.

PEELE, GEORGE (1558?-1587?), is best known for his play *The Araygnement of Paris*, which is masque, pastoral, and tragedy. The feeling seemed to be growing that there is more breadth and beauty in the out-door than can ever be found smothered by walls, and artificial scenery. Milton felt this and a comparison of *Comus* with Peele's work will be found helpful.

RALEIGH, SIR WALTER (1552-1618), was a typical combination of statesman, poet, prose writer, and courtier, who may be compared with Sidney (see page 51). He was a man of action, and belongs more to history than to literature; but he is memorable here as friend and patron of Spenser, and as writer of a number of interesting lyrics, of a *History of the World*, and of several "accounts" of his voyages of exploration and colonization.

SACKVILLE, THOMAS, first earl of Dorset (1536-1608), was a statesman, jurist, poet. With Thomas Norton he wrote the first English tragedy in blank verse, *Gorboduc*, and *Induction to a Mirror for Magistrates*.

SHIRLEY, JAMES (1596-1667), was dramatist and poet who has given us some exceedingly lively pictures of city life in the days of Charles I. *Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*—containing a famous funeral chant—and *Love Tricks*, *Echo*, *The Cardinall*, are accounted his best.

SOUTHWELL, ROBERT (1562-executed 1594), was a Jesuit poet of merit and master of the simple Anglo-Saxon style. He wrote *St. Peter's Complaint* and *The Burning Bush*.

WATSON, THOMAS (1557-1592), was a writer of stilted, artificial love poetry. He is amusing, if nothing more, as an example of what people can do to be fashionable. He wrote *Passionate Century of Love* and *Tears of Fancy*, 2 vols., and also the ultra-pedantic, *Hekatompathia*.

WEBSTER, JOHN (1580-1625), was a dramatist of considerable merit. He is best known for the grim tragedy *The Dutchesse of Malfy*, *The White Divil*.

Chapter V (1642-1660)

COWLEY, ABRAHAM (1618-1667), was a royalist poet of great reputation in his day, now not holding a high place even among

minor poets. He belonged to the school of Donne; his work shows all the weaknesses of Donne, and few of the solid talents that redeem much of Donne. *The Mistress*, a collection of about a hundred love poems, may still be read with interest. Cowley's aspiration was to be merely:

"Too low for envy, for contempt too high."

CRAWSHAW, RICHARD (1613?-1649). His poetry is made up of short, somewhat ecstatic, religious outpourings, and translations from Latin and Italian. He wrote a *Hymn to the Name of Jesus* and translations from Catullus, *Carmen Deo nostro*, *Hymns to St. Teresa*, *Vexilla Regis*, *The Weeper*. His poetry is all sugary and wanting in virility.

FULLER, THOMAS (1608-1661), belongs with Sir Thomas Browne (see page 113) among the "quaint" writers of old time who were beloved by Charles Lamb. He also shares with Sir Thomas the distinction of being no partisan in the stirring days of Cromwell. Both the Parliamentary party and the Royalists objected to his moderation. His most important interesting work is *Worthies of England*, biographical sketches enlivened by curious anecdotes and a pervading quiet humor.

MARVELL, ANDREW (1621-1678), a close friend of Milton, is the only other Puritan poet of the day deserving even passing mention. He took an active part in politics during the Commonwealth, and was only occasionally a poet. His feeling for nature was genuine, and his verses embodying this feeling constitute his best claim on modern readers. *The Garden* is perhaps the most generally admired of his poems.

TAYLOR, JEREMY (1613-1667), was the greatest preacher who espoused the cause of the Church of England in the theological controversies of the day. His greatest works, however, *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying*, are not controversial, but manuals for the faithful. "He makes life a procession to the grave," says William Hazlitt, "but crowns it with garlands, and rains sacrificial roses on its path."

WALLER, EDMUND (1606-1687), like Cowley, has fallen greatly in the critics' opinion. Edmund Gosse makes much of Waller's historical position in English poetry, but is compelled to admit

that he can never again be popular. Perhaps half a dozen of Waller's lyrics will be remembered, of which the most pleasing is that beginning:

"Go, lovely rose!"

WALTON, IZAAK (1593-1683), of whom it has been said: "There is perhaps no character, whether personal or literary, more perfectly enviable than that of Izaak Walton." He was a London merchant who was able to retire from business at the age of fifty, and who lived a happy life of ease and quiet forty years more. His writing was solely for recreation; and his most important work is in praise of his favorite sport — fishing. *The Complete Angler* is cast in the form of dialogues between Venator (a hunter), Auceps (a falconer), and Piscator (an angler). Most of the talking is done by the last-named, who gives detailed instructions where and how various fish are to be caught, and quaintly interesting descriptions of English scenery. *The Complete Angler* is a delightful, quiet volume, and deserves, if ever book did deserve it, characterization as "unique."

Chapter VI (1660-1700)

BUTLER, SAMUEL (1612-1680). His only claim to notice is a long satire in verse, *Hudibras*. It is a clever but coarse burlesque on the Puritans, written to please the profligate courtiers of Charles II. The portrait of "Sir" Hudibras is supposed to have been drawn from Sir Samuel Luke, one of the most extreme adherents of Cromwell.

CONGREVE, WILLIAM (1670-1729), was the foremost of the comic dramatists of the Restoration. His chief comedies — *Love for Love*, *The Double Dealer*, and *The Old Bachelor* — are marked by brilliant conversation, but also by the low moral tone characterizing all the drama of the period.

COOPER, ANTHONY ASTLEY. See SHAFTESBURY.

ETHEREGE, SIR GEORGE (1635?-1706), was a dramatist well equipped to tell the story of the fops and wits of the time. His first work was the successful comedy, *The Comical Revenge*, or *Love in a Tub*, his last and best comedy, *The Man of Mode*, or *Sir Fopling Flutter*. *She Would if She Could* is also worthy of mention.

EVELYN, JOHN (1620–1706), was a man of considerable station and means. This is clearly seen in his *Diary*, a work of great historical value as well as a fine literary production. This work covers a much longer period than the famous *Diary* of his friend Pepys. Evelyn, to a large extent, had his way made for him; Pepys had to make his own way. Evelyn's book covers his whole life, Pepys's only some nine years and is altogether a more gossipy affair. He wrote also *The Inconvenience of the Air and Smoke of London dissipated*, and *Gardening, Tyrannus Sylva*, a fine book. In its dedication to the king the writer proudly says, "Many millions of timber trees have been propagated and planted at the instigation and by the sole direction of this book."

LOCKE, JOHN (1632–1704), stands forth as a most important figure in English philosophy. He was a man of consequence and influence, one of a notable group bent upon teaching men to face, not fear, the mysteries of life; investigation, not blind acceptance, was their keynote. Locke was a graduate of Oxford, a student of medical and physical science. His great work, *An Essay concerning Human Understanding*, is ever valuable; it had a great influence upon European philosophy, and in these days, when psychology is in the air, will repay careful reading. *Two Treatises of Government* were potent in the fight for religious and civil liberty. *Thoughts concerning Education* emphasizes the importance of education with the broadest purview; it is to be a training of character; a preparation not merely for a university but for LIFE. This is not out of date, yet. His *Letters, Essays*, also deserve careful reading.

OLDHAM, JOHN (1653–1683), was a nonconformist by birth, and this with a haughty, cynical frame of mind, in his day, naturally, set him off in a satiric direction. *A Satyr upon Woman*, *Four Satyrs upon the Jesuits*, *The Character of an Ugly Old Priest*, live up to their names.

OTWAY, THOMAS (1652–1685), was perhaps the greatest writer of tragedy during the Restoration Period, as Congreve was the greatest in the comic field. His best play, *Venice Preserved*, remained popular for nearly a hundred years, and was occasionally acted until the middle of the nineteenth century.

PARNELL, THOMAS (1679–1718), was a poet, and native of Ireland. He wrote Homer's *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, *Nightpiece on Death*, *The Hermit*.

PRIOR, MATTHEW (1664–1721), was a pupil of the famous Busby at Westminster school, who "cudgelled" Locke, Dryden, Atterbury, and South. He was a writer of poems, fables, epigrams, and a flood of light-hearted jingles, examples of which are: *An English Padlock and Hans Carvell*, a good specimen of fable; *Down-Hall, A Ballad*, *Carmen Seculare*, *Hind and Panther*, *Nut-Brown Maid* — a favorite, — *An Essay upon Learning*, — some pungent remarks about superfluous learning, *Four Dialogues of the Dead*, a fine example of its class.

SHAFTESBURY, third earl of (Anthony Ashley Cooper) (1671–1713), debarred by ill health from following politics, devoted himself to things demanding intellectual training. Leibnitz admired his work: *Characteristics*, *Men*, *Manners*, *Opinions*, *Times*, *Letter concerning Enthusiasm*, *Sensus Communis*.

WALSH, WILLIAM (1663–1708), lisped in numbers somewhat sweetly, *Cælia, too late you would repent*, *The Despairing Lover*, *Jealousy*.

WYCHERLEY, WILLIAM (1640–1716), was second perhaps to Congreve in merit, but far surpassed him in the immorality of his writings. His two best plays (if it is permissible to use the word in connection with Wycherley) are *The Country Wife* and *The Plain Dealer*, the central ideas of which are borrowed from two plays of Molière.

Chapter VII (1700–1798)

BEATTIE, JAMES (1735–1803), was known to Johnson and Goldsmith. He was an essayist and a writer of poetry. He wrote *Essay on Truth*, *Minstrel*, *Pastorals*.

BLAKE, WILLIAM (1757–1827), was a painter and engraver as well as a poet. Most of his poetry and most of his paintings are at least *peculiar*, are to many *fantastic*, and to not a few are the work of an *insane* man. Before he gave himself wholly to this strangeness he had published two volumes, *Poetical Sketches* and *Songs of Innocence*. In these are many short and simple lyrics that even the most hostile critics admit to be great poems.

BYROM, JOHN (1691–1763), was a close friend of William Law, and the writer of *A Serious Call*. Although he was not a poet, he had the gift of making rhymes, pleasing, graceful, sometimes epigrammatic. He liked to versify Law's writings, e.g., *An Epistle to a Gentleman of the Temple*, a paraphrase of Law's *Spirit of Prayer*, good of its kind. *The Private Journal and Literary Remains of John Byrom* is a worth-while book. He wrote also *Enthusiasm*, *Redemption*, *Universal Beauty*. Byrom was highly thought of by his contemporaries.

CHATTERTON, THOMAS (1752–1770), "the marvelous boy that perished in his pride" (Wordsworth), published several poems which he pretended were by a fifteenth-century writer named Rowley. He had poetic power; but when his pretence was exposed and he failed as a writer in London, he committed suicide at the age of eighteen. His career is one of the most striking illustrations of the precocity of genius.

CHESTERFIELD, fourth earl of (Philip Dormer Stanhope) (1694–1773), was one of the ablest statesmen of his time. His name is writ large in history. His fame, literary, rests upon his *Letters to his Son and to his Godson*, works not intended for publication. Scarce a page but has something to remember. The *Letters* are written in English, French, and Latin, and contain much general information of the period, put in a way to suit the pupil; the morals are those of the day.

CHURCHILL, CHARLES (1731–1764), was utterly unfitted to be a clergyman; he made a stupid marriage and a general mess of things. However, he produced a satire, *The Rosciade*, which was an instant success. He made the acquaintance of Wilkes, afterwards becoming mixed up in the Medenham orgies. In spite of everything, his political satires gave him a place in English literature. Some of his works are: *The Duellist*, *The Ghost*, *The Prophecy of Famine*, *The Times*.

CIBBER, COLLEY (1671–1757), was an actor and dramatist, and a defender of the stage which had fallen upon evil days. *Apology* is of the nature of an autobiography and an account of the stage as it then was. He wrote also *Careless Husband*, *Non-Juror*.

DODDRIDGE, PHILIP (1702–1751), was a dissenting minister who, in a revived church, exerted great influence by his writings.

Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul, by its literary quality as well as its spiritual force, may be compared to Bunyan's, if not Milton's, works. His hymns are still to be found in our Hymnals.

DYER, JOHN (1700?–1758), was a poet after the manner of the period. *Grongar Hill* is his best. *The Country Walk*, *The Fleece*, *The Ruins of Rome*.

EDGEWORTH, MARIA (1767–1849), was a novelist who used national or provincial peculiarities, and possessed considerable mimetic power, as seen, especially, in her pictures of Irish life; Scott said that her success with her Irish stories inspired him to go and do likewise about Scottish life. She was a writer for children. Some of her works are: *The Absentee*, *Castle Rackrent*, *Ormand*, *Parent's Assistant*, *Moral Tales*, *Simple Susan* — simple, tender, graceful, — *Belinda*, not great, but very nearly great.

FERGUSON, ROBERT (1750–1774), was a poet of merit, said to have influenced Burns, *Farmer's Ingle* — cf. *Cotter's Saturday Night*, — *Hallow Fair*, *Leith Races*.

GAY, JOHN (1685–1732), has been called the spoiled child among the poets; to him we are indebted for many a droll portraiture of rustic life. A fabulist; balladist — *Black-eyed Susan* — and writer of what has been said to be the first popular success of the modern English stage — the famed *Beggar's Opera*, a triumph of ballad-opera, studded with "local hits" that set the town agog, and won for it a place in English dramatic history. He wrote, also, *Trivia*, *What D'ye Call it*, *Wife of Bath*.

GIBBON, EDWARD (1737–1794), was a great historian. His monument is the classic *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, an encyclopædic, historic panorama that reveals to us the history of thirteen centuries; trenchant, erudite, trustworthy.

HAYWOOD, MRS. ELIZA (1693–1756), was a novelist and dramatist who made sundry attempts at domestic fiction, for instance, *The Fortunate Foundling*, *The Fair Captive*.

HUME, DAVID (1711–1776), was a philosopher of parts and one of the valued historians. His days were cast when the Deistic controversy worried and fretted men. His history, whatever else it is not, bears the imprint of a calmly philosophic mind. His works, some of which are *A Treatise on Human Nature*, *An En-*

quiry concerning Human Understanding, Essays, History of England, Political Discourses, won him both fame and affluence.

MACPHERSON, JAMES (1736–1796), a Scotchman, published in 1762 *Fragments of Ancient Poetry, Translated from the Gaelic*. Later he published *Fingal* and *Temora*, long narrative poems which he claimed to be translations from Ossian, an ancient Scotch poet. Dr. Johnson and other critics denounced the poems as forgeries, and in a short time they were generally understood to be such. Macpherson is important among the forerunners of Romanticism, because he helped to arouse interest in the distant and mysterious past.

MICKLE, WILLIAM JULIUS (1735–1788), was a poet. He wrote *Cumnor Hall, There's nae luck about the Hoose*, and translated Camoens' *The Lusiad* from the Portuguese.

RAMSAY, ALLAN (1686–1758), a Scotchman, was a writer of poems of merit in themselves and of more importance because they influenced Burns. Ramsay was a wigmaker, then a bookseller, conducted a circulating library, and ran a theatre for a short time. He rewrote or imitated many ancient Scotch songs, and wrote many original ones. His best work is *The Gentle Shepherd*, a pastoral drama with songs, a picture of real rustic life in Scotland.

ROBERTSON, WILLIAM (1722–1793), was a historian who wrote in the days when ecclesiastical and political partisanship was rampant. *History of England* and *History of the Reign of Charles V.*

SHENSTONE, WILLIAM (1714–1763), was a poet whose best-known works are, *The Dying Kid, Jemmy Dawson, Pastoral, The Schoolmistress*.

SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY (1751–1816), may be said to have revived the comedy of the Restoration, and to have washed out most of its filth. Examined closely, his two best plays — *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal* — are seen to have a background scarcely more moral than the plays of Congreve and Wycherley. They are, however, not openly immoral, and either play may be read or witnessed without offence. The dialogue is as bright and sparkling, the situations and characters are as amusing now as in the day of their first success.

SMITH, ADAM (1723–1790), is often called the founder of political economy. His great work, the *Wealth of Nations*, *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, first brought him fame.

VANBRUGH, SIR JOHN (1664–1726), was a dramatist. He wrote *The Relapse*, afterwards adapted by Sheridan.

WALPOLE, HORACE, fourth earl of Orford (1717–1797), is celebrated for his correspondence, a very prince of letter writers. He was the owner of the famous Strawberry Hill with its great gardens and collection of curios. He is chiefly known for his *Letters* and *Description of the Villa*. The fantastic piece of pseudo-medievalistic romance, *The Castle of Otranto*, is a book which created quite a stir and is not dead yet.

WARTON, THOMAS, the younger (1728–1790), wrote a *History of English Poetry*, *Pleasures of Melancholy*, *Poems*.

WATTS, ISAAC (1674–1748), was a hymn writer; some have weathered the storms of time, others are simply commonplace moralizings. The fine ones include *O God, Our Help in Ages Past*, *Joy to the World*, *Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun*. Among the children, *How Doth the Little Busy Bee*, *Let Dogs Delight*, and *The Sluggard* may be said to be "classics."

WOLFE, CHARLES (1791–1823), is known for one poem, *The Burial of Sir John Moore*.

YOUNG, EDWARD (1683–1765), is remembered as the author of a long poem in blank verse called *Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality*. As the title suggests, it is a sombre, gloomy composition. It was popular for many years; but almost its only interest for a modern reader is in its epigrams, many of which have become proverbs. Among them are: "Procrastination is the thief of time"; "How blessings brighten as they take their leave";

"Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels can do no more."

Chapter VIII (1) — Age of Romanticism (1798–1832)

BAILLIE, JOANNA (1762–1849), wrote plays, but it is to her bonnie songs writ in right good old Scottish manner that she owes her fame: *Saw Ye Johnnie Comin'* — admired by Burns, — *Woo'd and*

*Married and a', Poverty parts Good Company, It was on a morn,
Tam o' the Lin, Fugitive Pieces.*

BEDDOES, THOMAS LOWELL (1803-1849), at the latter part of his life without a doubt insane, died a suicide. He was a physician; a sort of prophet of what was coming; when one reads some of his plays Ibsen springs up in the mind; a queer production of transition times. *Death's Jest Book, Dream-Pedlary, The Bride's Tragedy, Old Adam, The Carrion Crow, Song of the Stygian Naiades*, are some of the titles.

BOWLES, WILLIAM LISLE (1762-1850), amidst a waste of terrible productions, gave forth *Fourteen Sonnets* — a book two schoolboys, Coleridge and Southey, devoured — also *Bamborough Castle, Tynemouth, Influence of Time on Grief*.

BURNEY, FANNY, Madam d'Arblay (1752-1840), daughter of Dr. Burney, the historian of music, lived in a brilliant literary circle, married a French refugee, one of the many who crowded Juniper Hall, and is the last novelist of note of the period. Her vivacious, often amusing *Diary* shows the full fruitage of this life. Her novels open the door of a new world, gone the stilted monstrosities, enter the home life — the plain story, "A landmark in the history of fiction." She was the first of the procession of woman novelists. Her best-known novels are *Camilla, Cecilia, Evelina, The Wanderer*. She was a regular "character-monger," as Johnson dubbed her.

CAMPBELL, THOMAS (1777-1844), though he wrote several long poems, holds a place in English literature chiefly because of a few short lyrics. Of these the most worth while are two patriotic poems — *Ye Mariners of England* and *The Battle of the Baltic*. They are the best of their kind before Tennyson.

CRABBE, GEORGE (1754-1832), was a poet, the privations of whose early life were great. He found a firm friend in Edmund Burke. *The Village*, a clever, realistic description of rural life, won instant recognition. Then came what was practically silence for more than twenty years. *The Parish Register, Sir Eustace Grey, The World of Dreams* — opium, — *The Borough, The Tales of the Hall*, followed. His *Smugglers and Poachers* is a gruesome yarn. There is evidence that Tennyson, Lamb, and Maria Edgeworth knew and appreciated Crabbe's work.

DE VERE, SIR AUBREY (1788-1846), wrote *Julian the Apostate*, a poem; *The Duke of Mercia* and *Mary Tudor*, dramas; and the poems, *Song of Faith* and *Sonnets*.

FERRIER, SUSAN EDMONSTONE (1782-1854), was a novelist, forceful and interesting, somewhat coarse, yet withal broadly humorous. Her novels include *Marriage*, *The Inheritance*, *Destiny*.

FRERE, JOHN HOOKHAM (1769-1846), was a cultured country gentleman, writer, translator, reviewer. He wrote *The Monks and the Giants*, *The Acharnians*, *The Frogs*, *Theognis restitutus*. Byron's octaves in *Beppo* and *Don Juan* are said to have been patterned after Frere.

GIFFORD, WILLIAM (1756-1826), was the first editor of *The Quarterly Review*, a magazine founded for the express purpose of downing the arrogance of *The Edinburgh Review* and to stem the flood of reformers who were attacking church and state. He was severe, strenuous, and merciless in criticism — and surly — but an editor of high literary standing. He edited Massinger, Ben Jonson, Ford, and Shirley. He wrote *The Baviad* and *Maeviad*, and translated Juvenal and Persius.

GODWIN, WILLIAM (1756-1836), and his wife, MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT, were rebels against established order. *Caleb Williams* was one of the earliest detective stories. He also wrote *Cloudesley*, *Fleetwood*, *St. Leon*.

HALLAM, HENRY (1777-1859), was an outstanding figure amongst the most eminent English historians, learned, clear, solid, accurate; ever adequate to the great issues handled. *Constitutional History of England*, *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, are classics all.

HAZLITT, WILLIAM (1778-1830), attained considerable fame as a critic and is still highly valued by many discriminating readers. He wrote voluminously on the drama, on painting, and on literature. Most of his essays, which were written for periodicals, are short; but he left three large connected studies which have stood the test of time. These are: *Lectures on the English Poets*, *Lectures on the English Comic Writers* (admirable introductory lecture on *Wit and Humor*), and *Lectures on Elizabethan Literature*.

HEMANS, MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA (1793-1835), was a poetess popular in her own day and not yet forgotten. *England's Dead* is her best; *Casabianca*, the best known. *The Forest Sanctuary*, *Modern Greece*, *Records of Women*, are worthy of mention.

HOGG, JAMES (1770-1835), the Ettrick Shepherd, a Scottish peasant, had but sparse education. From a life spent in the fields amongst the sheep he developed his gifts through storm and stress. His poetry is fragrant with the charm of ballad and fairy lore. His work includes *When the Kye comes Hame* — a delicious pastoral; *The Queen's Wake* — his chief; *Forest Minstrel*, *Cam ye by Athol*, *The Spy*. 'Tis said he and his mother helped Scott with material for his famed *Minstrelsy of the Border*.

HOOD, THOMAS (1799-1845), was no mere joke-smith although at times punster and humorist; there is such a thing as tragic-comedy. *The Haunted House*, *The Elm Tree*, *Eugene Aram*, and the ever popular *Song of the Shirt* and *The Bridge of Sighs* are his best.

HUNT, LEIGH (1784-1859), a very miscellaneous writer, wrote a few things of the first, or very nearly the first, rank. His poem, *Abou Ben Adhem*, is still much admired by critical and uncritical alike. He wrote a sonnet, *To the Grasshopper and the Cricket*, which compares favorably with that of Keats on the same subject. Other poems of merit he wrote, but his prose is more deserving of a place in our literature. Perhaps his most interesting and valuable essays are *An Illustrative Essay on Wit and Humor*, and his attempt to answer the question, *What is Poetry?* An interesting episode in his life is an imprisonment for two years for libelling the prince regent. His political friends regarded him as a martyr, and made him more comfortable and happy in prison than he could ever make himself while at large.

JEFFREY, FRANCIS (1771-1850), was editor of *The Edinburgh Review* for twenty-seven years, from its establishment in 1802. The reviewers were at first opposed to all innovations in literature; and Jeffrey is chiefly remembered as a severe critic of Wordsworth and the other "new" poets, whom he criticised simply because they broke with the "fixed standards" of poetry. He later, however, modified his views; and there is no doubt that his independence was an aid to literature.

KEBLE, JOHN (1792-1866), was one of the great figures in the Oxford movement with such men as Newman and Pusey, Professor of Poetry at Oxford and the sweet singer of the church. He wrote *The Christian Year* — which attained marvellous success — containing "Sun of my soul," and *Lyra Innocentium*.

LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE (1775-1864), after a stormy career, died in Italy at the age of eighty-nine, "an exile from his country," says an admirer, "misunderstood from the very individuality of his genius by the majority of his countrymen, but highly appreciated by those who could rightly estimate the works he has left behind him." His poetry has comparatively few readers. In both his poetry and his prose he lived too entirely in the past, and made no effort to bring it into relation with the present. His greatest work, *Imaginary Conversations*, portrays well the personages and periods dealt with; yet there is a sort of "aloofness, and unreality" about even these that detracts from their interest.

LOCKHART, JOHN GIBSON (1794-1854), was a son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott. He was on the staff of *Blackwood's* and afterwards with *The Quarterly Review*. He wrote the *Life of Napoleon*, *History of the Late War*, *Life of Scott*.

MACKENZIE, HENRY (1745-1831), was a novelist whose best-known stories are *Julia de Roubigne*, *Man of Feeling*, *Man of the World*, *Prince of Tunis*.

MARRYAT, FREDERICK (1792-1848), was an English naval commander who, out of the experience gained in long years of storm and battle, wrote books crammed with breezy romance and the tang of the rolling seas — seasoned with rollicky humor and a wide knowledge of men and things. He wrote *Jacob Faithful*, *Japhet in Search of a Father*, *Masterman Ready*, *Mr. Midshipman Easy*, *Peter Simple*, *Settlers in Canada*.

MITFORD, MARY RUSSELL (1787-1855), is chiefly distinguished by her deft use of locality, *Our Village*, *Bedford Regis*, *Atherton*.

MOORE, THOMAS (1779-1852), though extraordinarily popular in his day (and he was contemporary with Scott and Byron), and though his *Lalla Rookh* still has admirers, is not a great poet. Yet it is unlikely that he will soon be forgotten. Besides the

highly colored Oriental tale in verse just named, Moore wrote *Irish Melodies*, at least two of which are familiar to all lovers of music — *Believe me if all those endearing young charms*, and *The Last Rose of Summer*. He also wrote a biography of his friend, Lord Byron, which has not yet been superseded.

NAIRNE, CAROLINE OLIPHANT, baroness (1766–1845), leads all the Scottish songstresses in the variety and humanness of her work — the woman shines through all her songs, for example, in *The Lass of Gowrie*, *The Auld Hoose*, *Here's to them that are Gane*, *Land o' the Leal*, with its tender pathos, *Caller Herrin*, based on the street cry of the fishwives and noted for its beauteous minor mode, and the Jacobite, *Wha'll be King but Charlie*, *Will ye no come back again?* *Charlie is my Darling*, *The Laird of Cockpen*.

PEACOCK, THOMAS LOVE (1785–1866), was a novelist. *Gryll Grange*, *Headlong Hall*, *Maid Marian*, *Melincourt*, *Nightmare Abbey*, are among his works.

PERCY, BISHOP THOMAS (1729–1811), was a collector and editor of ballads, whose *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* (1765) marks a critical epoch in the history of English literature. Many poets were profoundly influenced by it; its influence on not only the poetry but the entire career of Walter Scott is almost incalculable. While still a boy, Scott read the *Reliques* "with a delight which may be imagined but cannot be described." To the inspiration of Bishop Percy's volume we owe, in no small measure, the splendid array of stories of a picturesque past that have endeared Sir Walter to countless thousands.

PRAED, WINTHROP MACKWORTH (1802–1839), was a versifier. He wrote *Gog*, *Molly Mog*, *The Red Fisherman*, *Time's Song* — his best, strangely beautiful, — *Twenty Eight and Twenty Nine*, *The Vicar*.

RADCLIFFE, MRS. ANN (1764–1823). In her works the historical novel is struggling for breath; romance, dungeons, weird castles, wild landscapes, are all amix with the supernatural. *Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne*, *Mysteries of Udolpho*, *Romance of the Forest*, *Sicilian Romance*, are some of her stories.

ROGERS, SAMUEL (1763–1855), is a writer whose subjects are good, whose manner scholarly, whose results deadly dull. *The*

Pleasures of Memory, Italy, Table Talk, are some of the subjects he discusses.

SMITH, SYDNEY (1771–1845), was a humorist pre-eminent, and one whose abounding wit not only scintillated but probed; one of the founders of *The Edinburgh Review*. In *The Review* are to be found some of his most pungent articles dealing with education; he opposed the giving of so much time to the study of Greek and Latin; he also had strong opinions upon the general subject of education. His works are not out of date. His works include *Sermons, Essays, Letters on the Subject of the Catholics*.

SOUTHEY, ROBERT (1774–1843), poet laureate from 1813 till his death, was a voluminous writer. The list of volumes bearing his name numbers one hundred and nine titles, and he wrote a larger number of magazine articles. His poetry is mediocre; and few readers can be found who know more of it than a few of childhood's favorite lyrics, such as *The Battle of Blenheim, The Inchcape Rock*, and *The Cataract of Lodore*. His prose is better, and his best prose work, *Life of Nelson*, is a classic. "The best eulogy of Nelson," said Southey, "is the faithful history of his actions; the best history, that which shall relate them most perspicuously." Adhering to this ideal, he produced one of the greatest biographies in English.

TENNANT, WILLIAM (1784–1848), was a professor of oriental languages at St. Andrews University. He wrote *Anster Fair, The Dingin doon O The Cathedral* — a tale of a mob abolishing a cathedral, — *Tangier's Giant, John Baliol*.

WILSON, JOHN (1785–1854), better known by his pen-name "Christopher North," was prominent among the magazine pilots, being the dominating spirit of *Blackwood's Magazine* from 1825 until his death. His criticisms are hardly to be called great, though they are usually more judicial than the great Jeffrey's. The best of his essays, published with the title *Noctes Ambrosianae* ("Ambrosial Nights"), are imaginary dialogues of prominent men on questions of the day. In these are some striking characterizations, among which the most notable is that of Wilson's friend, the Scotch poet, James Hogg, known in literature as "the Ettrick Shepherd."

Chapter VIII (2) — Victorian Age (1832–1900)

AINSWORTH, WILLIAM HARRISON (1805–1882), was a novelist whose works owe their popularity to their vividly strong style of narration, rough but full of energy and movement and with a strong dash of the weird, gruesome, and supernatural. *Guy Fawkes*, *Jack Sheppard*, *Lancashire Witches*, *Old St. Paul's*, *Rookwood*, *South Sea Bubble*, *The Tower of London*, *Windsor Castle*, are some of his novels.

ARNOLD, SIR EDWIN (1832–1904), was a man active in educational affairs, a journalist, and a student of Hindoo philosophy. His best-known poem is *The Light of Asia*.

BAGEHOT, WALTER (1826–1877), was the editor of *The Economist*. His works include *Economic Studies*, *English Constitution*, *Lombard Street*, *Physics and Politics*.

BALLANTINE, JAMES (1807–1877), was a Scotch artist and poet. He wrote *Gaberlunzie's Wallet*, and was the first to revive interest in stained glass by his work with that title, *Stained Glass*.

BAYLY, ADA ELLEN. See "EDNA LYALL."

BESANT, SIR WALTER (1836–1901), was a novelist. *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* deals with life in East London, a story that rings true. He wrote in collaboration with James Rice, *The Golden Butterfly*, *Ready-Money-Mortiboy*, *The Chaplain of the Fleet*.

BLACK, WILLIAM (1841–1898), was a novelist who brought into play the ballads, tales, superstitions, manners, and scenery of Scotland, especially among the western islands. His novels include *In Silk Attire*, *The Daughter of Heth*, *Princess of Thule*, *Macleod of Dare*, *White Wings*, *White Heather*.

BLACKMORE, RICHARD D. (1825–1900), was schoolmaster, lawyer, poet, and romancer. Not all these designations together are as useful to describe Blackmore as is the mere phrase, "author of *Lorna Doone: A Romance of Exmoor*." This is a story of Somersetshire toward the end of the seventeenth century, with a little history, and with abundant romantic material of various kinds — love, feuds, adventure, a highwayman, and legendary deeds. The story has enjoyed great popularity ever since its appearance in 1869.

BORROW, GEORGE (1803-1881), traveller, and chronicler of gypsy life. He seems to have possessed wide but inaccurate information; and some have said that his writing on his principal subject is superficial. There is, nevertheless, no doubt that the English conception of gypsies is due largely, if not wholly, to Borrow's three books — *The Bible in Spain*, *Lavengro*, and *Romany Rye*.

BRONTË is the family name of three sisters who occupy a small but firm place in English fiction. CHARLOTTE (1816-1855) is certainly the most widely known of the three, and by only one of her four novels — *Jane Eyre*. EMILY (1818-1848) wrote one novel, *Wuthering Heights*, which in some respects is superior to *Jane Eyre*, and which some eminent critics consider entirely superior. ANNE (1820-1849) wrote two novels, *Agnes Gray* and *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, the first having an interest as being largely autobiographical.

BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT (1806-1861). For note on her life see page 349. Her best work in poetry is *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, in which is enshrined her love for her husband. *Aurora Leigh* is a sort of novel in verse which has not found many admirers. In sympathy with the reform ideals of Dickens and others, Mrs. Browning wrote poems in behalf of the downtrodden, especially of factory children. Much of her poetry is marred by obscurity, and not altogether redeemed by the force and vigor that characterize her husband's.

BULWER-LYTTON, EDWARD (1803-1873), was a prolific novelist, highly esteemed in his day, but now seen to be of at least a second order of merit. The only works clearly above his average are *The Last Days of Pompeii*, an historical romance of the first century, and *The Last of the Barons*, the period of which is the Wars of the Roses (1455-1485).

CARLETON, WILLIAM (1794-1869), was a writer of realistic and pathetic stories of Irish peasant life. He described what he knew; and his stories are steeped in the lore of his native sod, *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, *Tales of Ireland*, *Fardorougha the Miser*, *The Black Prophet*.

"CARROLL, LEWIS," pseudonym of CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON (1832-1898), was an Oxford clergyman, who wrote the most joyous, fantastic humor for his child friends which captured the

hearts of all young folk of all ages. It is jargon, pure humor, all solemnly mathematical. *Alice in Wonderland, Through the Looking-Glass, Jabberwocky, The Hunting of the Snark, The Walrus and the Carpenter, Euclid and His Modern Rivals, Formulae of Plane Trigonometry.*

CHAMBERS, ROBERT (1802-1871), was a writer and a publisher. He edited several collections of ballads and traditions, *The Scottish Songs, Popular Rhymes of Scotland.* He wrote *Vestiges of Creation*, a herald of the Darwinian theory.

CLARKE, CHARLES COWDEN (1787-1877), annotated an edition of Shakspeare's plays and did much to revive interest in them. He wrote *Tales from Chaucer, Molière Characters.*

CLOUGH,¹ ARTHUR HUGH (1819-1861), was a poet of unfulfilled promise, more likely to live in Arnold's memorial poem, *Thyrsis*, than by virtue of any writing of his own. Clough's appeal both in subjects and manner is to a very limited audience; and only one of his poems — *Say not the struggle nought availeth* — has had even a moderate popularity.

COLLINS, WILKIE (1824-1899), was author of many mediocre novels, and of two of real merit. In these two, *The Woman in White* and *The Moonstone*, there are very complicated and mysterious plots, and the element of suspense is strong.

"CORNWALL, BARRY," pseudonym of BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (1787-1874), wrote *Song for Twilight, Mirandola, Life of Edmund Kean.*

CRAIK. See MULOCK.

DARWIN, CHARLES ROBERT (1809-1882), was a biologist, the publication of whose *Origin of Species* in 1859 brought a change "in the whole intellectual outlook of the world." It was not the first work advocating the theory of evolution, but it was the first offering an explanation of evolution in the organic kingdom. "Darwinism" has undergone much modification as to details; but its fundamental ideas have survived the most vigorous attack, and it remains to-day essentially true.

DAVIDSON, JOHN (1857-1909), was a poet whose works include *Scaramouch in Naxos, Ballad of Heaven, Kinnoul Hill, The Lutanist.*

¹ The name is pronounced Klūf.

DISRAELI, BENJAMIN (1804-1881), Earl of Beaconsfield, was politician as well as novelist; and his best works, *Coningsby* and *Sybil*, are political novels. In these he introduced well-known people, frequently his political opponents, but under assumed names.

DOBELL, SIDNEY THOMPSON (1824-1874), was poet and critic. He wrote *Balder, England in Time of War, Keith of Ravelston*.

DODGSON, CHARLES LUTWIDGE. See LEWIS CARROLL.

DOWDEN, EDWARD (1843-1913), was a distinguished Shakspearean scholar, professor of English Literature, Trinity College, Dublin. He wrote *Shakspeare, His Life and Mind* — a work of weight and authority, — and *Life of Shelley*.

DRUMMOND, HENRY (1851-1897), was a writer whose aim was to reconcile science and religion. His works are interesting and earnest. *Natural Law in the Spiritual World, The Ascent of Man* — his best known, — *The Greatest Thing in the World*.

DRUMMOND, WILLIAM HENRY (1857-1907), the poet of the Habitant of Quebec, was born in Ireland. He attained success as a physician in Montreal, P. Q. His poems are virile, humorous, human. The quaint stories of the rustic folk told in the English they use. An inimitable presentation of Habitant life and thought told by one who knew them and loved them, *The Habitant, Johnnie Courteau, The Voyageur, The Great Fight*.

DU MAURIER, GEORGE (1834-1896), first, an artist whose beautiful sketches delighted the readers of *Punch*, suddenly astonished the world by writing *Trilby*, followed by *Peter Ibbetson* and *The Martian*.

FERGUSON, SIR SAMUEL (1810-1886), was an Irish poet who wrote many a heroic poem founded upon the bardic poems of the peasants, poignant themes handled right manfully. *Congal* depicts the stand of Celtic paganism against the cross. *The Curse of the Joyces, Lays of Western Gael, The Welshmen of Tirawley*, are filled with wild savagery; *Deirdre* and *Conary* are his finest poems.

FITZGERALD, EDWARD (1809-1885), holds a place in English literature because of his version (much more than a translation) of the *Rubáiyát* (meaning "quatrains") of the Persian poet Omar Khayyám.

FREEMAN, EDWARD AUGUSTUS (1823-1892), is one of the foremost English historical writers, who made the Norman Conquest peculiarly his own field. The reader is frequently inclined to wish for a little less diffuseness; but this characteristic was the direct result of his desire to give the whole truth, and Freeman's *History of the Norman Conquest* remains the best work dealing with that period.

FROUDE, JAMES ANTHONY (1818-1894), was an historian, and disciple and biographer of Carlyle. His most important work, also one of the most important historical works in English, is *A History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada*, in twelve volumes.

GASKELL, MRS. ELIZABETH (1810-1865), was author of several novels, the most important of which is *Cranford*. This story, the scene of which is an English village, is probably the quietest, most subdued classic of English fiction; but it is none the less a classic of unfading charm. In *Mary Barton* and *North and South*, Mrs. Gaskell dealt with bad living conditions of the laboring class, and so ranked herself among the humanitarian or reform writers.

GISSING, GEORGE (1857-1903), was a writer who led a life of suffering, mental and physical. Much of his work deals with the squalid life of the submerged and is Zolaesque; he was one of the first to probe into sex psychology among English writers. He wrote *The Nether World*, *The Emancipated*, *New Grub Street*, *Human Odds and Ends*, *Dickens in Memory*. He was an outspoken pessimist.

GLADSTONE, WILLIAM EWART (1809-1898), was a brilliant scholar and orator for many years, head and shoulders above all, in the political world. His numerous works have been published as *Collections*, wherein may be found his opinions as a staunch churchman, his stand upon the Bulgarian atrocities, Home Rule in Ireland, and the thousand and one other things thrust upon the attention of the Prime Minister of his country.

GREEN, JOHN RICHARD (1837-1883), was the third of the great trio of English historians of the nineteenth century. His *Short History of the English People* is an unsurpassed interpretation

of the *nation* considered from all points of view — political, social, and literary.

GROTE, GEORGE (1794–1871), was a banker and statesman, but preëminently a critical and profound student of history. His standard work, the *History of Greece*, illuminated the era and still remains as an example of exact scholarship and painstaking endeavor. *Plato and the Companions*, *Sokrates*, *Essentials of Parliamentary Reform*.

HAVERGAL, FRANCES RIDLEY (1836–1879), is known far and wide for her hymns to be found in the various collections, such as, "Take my Life and Let It Be."

HUGHES, THOMAS (1823–1896), was educated at Rugby under the illustrious Dr. Arnold, the great educator. He wrote the popular *Tom Brown's School Days*, wherein is given an attractive account of Arnold.

INGELOW, JEAN (1820–1897), was a poetess of the descriptive turn. *Divided*, *The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire*, are the best known.

JERROLD, DOUGLAS (1803–1857), was a wit, a dramatist, contributor to *Punch*. He wrote *Black-Eyed Susan*, a successful comedy, *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures*, *Punch's Complete Letter Writer*.

KINGSLEY, CHARLES (1819–1875), was minister, professor of history, naturalist, novelist. Only in the last-named capacity is he of interest to literature. Four of his novels have claims to greatness: *Yeast* and *Alton Locke*, dealing with social problems; and *Hypatia* and *Westward Ho!* historical romances. The scene of *Hypatia* is Egypt in the fifth century; *Westward Ho!* deals, in the language of its sub-title, with "the voyages and adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh in the reign of her most gracious majesty Queen Elizabeth."

KINGSLEY, HENRY (1830–1876), was a novelist, brother of Charles Kingsley, who although unsuccessful in the gold fields of Australia, utilized his experience in *Geoffrey Hamlyn*, *Ravenshoe*, *Austin Elliot*. He was a man who loved his fellows and animals.

LECKY, WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE (1838–1903), was an Irishman of learning, one of the most brilliant and potent of his-

torical writers. *History of European Morals, History of England in the Eighteenth Century, Declining Sense of the Miraculous, History of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe*, are some of his best works.

LEVER, CHARLES JAMES (1806–1872), was an Irish physician who wrote many rollicking popular novels, full of the military and happy-go-lucky spirit of the age, for example, *Charles O'Malley, Tom Burke of Ours, Cornelius O'Dowd, Lord Kilgobbin*.

LOCKER-LAMPSON, FREDERICK (1821–1895), was one of the few English writers given to "verse of society." He wrote *London Lyrics, My Guardian Angel, Our Photographs*.

LOVER, SAMUEL (1797–1868), was a novelist whose works are characterized by the illogical, gay, and whimsical spirit of his subjects, mixed in with jolly devil-may-care Irish squires and squireens; wild humor and native wit; many have been dramatized. *Rory O'More, Handy Andy, The Gridiron*, are some of his stories.

"LYALL, EDNA," pseudonym of ADA ELLEN BAYLEY (1857–1903), wrote quiet novels with a purpose, *Donovan, We Two, In Spite of All*.

MACDONALD, GEORGE (1824–1900), was a Scotch writer, in many ways a forerunner of J. M. Barrie. His works include *David Elginbrod, Robert Falconer, Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood, At the Back of the North Wind, The Marquis of Lossie*.

MACLAREN, IAN, pseudonym of Rev. JOHN WATSON.

MARTINEAU, HARRIET (1802–1876), was a forceful writer — one of the new reformers — who dealt with life, not from theory but from fact. Her novels include *Deerbrook, The Hour and the Man, Illustrations of Political Economy, The Playfellow*.

"MCLEOD, FIONA," pseudonym of WILLIAM SHARP.

MCCARTHY, JUSTIN (1830–1912), was an Irish novelist and historian. He wrote a *History of Our Own Times* (1879–97); and, in collaboration with his son, *History of the Four Georges, Donna Quixote*.

MELVILLE. See WHYTE.

"MERRIMAN, HENRY SETON," pseudonym of HUGH S. SCOTT.

MILL, JOHN STUART (1806–1873), was educated apart from other boys, and was early instructed in subjects usually reserved

for maturer years. The result was an almost excessive development of the intellect at the expense of the other faculties of his mind. He wrote on philosophic, economic, and social subjects. His most important works are: *System of Logic, On Liberty, On Representative Government, Political Economy*.

MORGAN, LADY SYDNEY OWENSON (1783-1859). Her best-known work, *The Wild Irish Girl*, is a vigorous picturing of things around her, as are also *St. Clair, France, Italy*; one Irish lyric, *Kate Kearney*, of which she wrote words and music, is sung to this day.

MORRIS, WILLIAM (1834-1896), was artist, social reformer, and poet. His labors in the first and second of these capacities were very varied, including architecture, painting, interior decoration, and printing and bookbinding. Most of his poetry is narrative; and although much of this is freely translated or adapted from Anglo-Saxon and Icelandic literature and legend, it takes high rank as original work. *The Earthly Paradise* is a collection of stories from various sources told in a delightful style modeled on the old romances. *The Defence of Guinevere* is one of the best modern poems dealing with Arthurian legend.

MULOCK, DINAH MARIA (Mrs. Craik) (1826-1887). She wrote well of current religious, moral, and domestic ideals. Her chief work is *John Halifax, Gentleman*.

NEWMAN, CARDINAL JOHN HENRY (1801-1890), became a minister of the Church of England at the age of twenty-three, and twenty years later left that faith for the Roman Catholic. He was created cardinal in 1879. Newman is a master of style, and has had an immense influence on English thought. Of his many works the most valuable and interesting is *Apologia pro Vita Sua* ("Apology for His Own Life"), in which he traces the development of his mind during the years preceding his change of faith. He is widely known and loved to-day as the author of *Lead, Kindly Light*, probably the most popular modern hymn in the English language.

OLIPHANT, MARGARET (1828-1897), was a novelist who depicted the stuffy, constricted, intolerant life of certain phases of religious

life. *Salem Chapel, Chronicles of Carlingford, Whiteladies, Kirsteen*; anon she wanders off into the unseen in *A Beleaguered City, A Little Pilgrim in the Unseen*.

O'SHAUGHNESSY, ARTHUR WILLIAM EDGAR (1844-1881), spent most of his working life in the British Museum amongst the fishes. He mixed a good deal with such men as Rossetti and Ford Madox Brown and married the sister of a poet. *An Epic of Women, Lays of France, Music and Moonlight, Songs of a Worker*.

PALGRAVE, FRANCIS TURNER (1824-1897), was a dispenser rather than a producer. *The Golden Treasury, Treasury of Sacred Song*, are well known.

PATER, WALTER (1839-1894), was a scholarly critic who wrote on literature, art, and philosophy. Though his style is praised by many, Pater is difficult reading. His volumes that have the largest circle of readers are *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* (art) and *Appreciations* (literature). The latter contains a notable essay on style.

PATMORE, COVENTRY (1823-1896), was assistant librarian in the British Museum. His poems include *The Angel in the House, Odes, The Unknown Eros*.

PLUMPTRE, EDWARD HAYES (1821-1891), is chiefly known for his translations into English verse from Sophocles, Aeschylus, and Dante.

PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER. See BARRY CORNWALL.

READE, CHARLES (1814-1884), was a novelist and playwright with a tendency to use the novel as a means to promote reforms. *Put Yourself in his Place* sets forth the evils of trades unionism, which, in the author's opinion, greatly outweighed its merits. *It is Never Too Late to Mend* attacks a certain vicious kind of prison administration in England. These works are very slightly regarded to-day. One book of Reade's which still ranks high is *The Cloister and the Hearth*, an historical novel portraying very effectively the transition from medieval to modern times in Germany and Italy.

RICE, JAMES (1843-1882), collaborated with Sir Walter Besant on *Ready-Money-Mortiby, The Seamy Side*, etc. See BESANT.

ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA (1830-1894), is to be classed with Mrs. Browning both on the ground of merit and on that of subjects. She differs in having written no long poems. Her chief claim to distinction lies in a number of short lyrics on lofty and serious subjects. Her brother, DANTE GABRIEL (1828-1882), reached greater heights than she. He was painter and poet, with a fondness for the mystical and with other qualities making against popularity. He wrote a sonnet-sequence called *The House of Life*, a record of his love for his wife, which bears comparison with Mrs. Browning's sequence (see page 407). His one popular poem, *The Blessed Damozel*, was admittedly inspired by Poe's *The Raven*. Poe portrayed the bereaved lover on earth; Rossetti, the loved one in heaven.

SCOTT, HUGH STOWELL (1862-1903), was a novelist who used the pseudonym "Henry Seton Merriman." Some of his novels are: *Phantom Future*, *Grey Lady*, *In Kedar's Tents*, *The Vultures*.

SHAIRP, JOHN CAMPBELL (1819-1885), was Professor of Poetry at Oxford. His work includes *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy*, *On Poetic Interpretation of Nature*, *Aspects of Poetry*.

SHARP, WILLIAM (Fiona Macleod) (1856-1905), was poet, critic, and essayist. He wrote lives of Shelley, Heine, and Browning; the poems, *Earth's Voices* and *Romantic Ballads*; edited an anthology entitled *Sonnets of the Century*, with a valuable introduction. As "Fiona Macleod" he wrote some strikingly beautiful Celtic stories, *From the Hills of Dream*, *The Isle of Dreams*.

STRICKLAND, AGNES (1796-1874), was a writer of history. Though not a powerful writer, she was a conscientious and indefatigable one, and withal an interesting guide. She wrote *Lives of the Queens of England*, *Letters of Mary Queen of Scots*, *Lives of the Last Four Stuart Princesses*.

SYMONDS, JOHN ADDINGTON (1840-1893), was a scholar who wrote sympathetically from a full knowledge of his theme. His work includes *The History of the Italian Renaissance*, *Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe*, *Introduction to the Study of Dante*.

TROLLOPE, ANTHONY (1815-1882), satiric novelist, was a disciple of Thackeray. His field, like that of his master, is "Society"; but it differs greatly in that, instead of the crowded, variegated life of London, Trollope prefers the small town. His

best books, a series called the "Barchester" novels, deal with life and church politics — the struggle for the "loaves and fishes" — in a cathedral town. *Barchester Towers* is generally named as his masterpiece.

TUCKER, CHARLOTTE MARIA (1821–1893), wrote children's stories with a moral, under the pseudonym A L O E (A Lady Of England), such as *Exiles in Babylon* and *House Beautiful*.

WATSON, JOHN (1850–1909), under the name of "Ian Mac-laren," wrote realistic stories of Scotland, stories full of beauty, pathos, and the tender lights and shades of rural life, *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush*, *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, *A Doctor of the Old School*.

WHYTE-MELVILLE, GEORGE JOHN (1821–1878), was a novelist dealing with the upper circles, and especially good in describing the hunting field. *Digby Grand*, *The Gladiators*, *The Interpreter*, *Katerfelto*, *Black but Comely*, and *Riding Recollections* treat of the hunting field.

WILDE, OSCAR (1856–1900), was a man of remarkable genius, a meteor that blazed and then plunged into outer darkness. In verse and prose that glittered with wit, he treated serious themes with a persiflage characteristic of the man. He wrote *Salome*, *Lady Windermere's Fan*, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, — a trivial comedy for serious people, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, *The Happy Prince* and other tales — stories worth telling. *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* and *De Profundis* were penned during the horrific days that preceded his tragic death.

WOOD, MRS. HENRY (1814–1887), was a popular writer along somewhat melodramatic lines. Her best-known work is *East Lynne*, which has been dramatized; others are *The Channings*, *Mrs. Haliburton's Troubles*.

YONGE, CHARLOTTE MARY (1823–1901). The great movement in the church marked the stories of this period, and so from Hursley — where Keble was rector and friend of this gifted woman — there came tales hall-marked with chivalric ideals and moral strength, such as, *The Heir of Redclyffe* and *The Little Duke*.

Living and Recent Authors

ABERCROMBIE, LASCELLES (1881–), is poet and critic. He has written *Emblems of Love*, *Deborah*, *Critical Study of Hardy*.

"ANSTEY, F.," pseudonym of Thomas Anstey Guthrie (1856-), has written the quaintly humorous novels, *Vice-Versa*, *The Fallen Idol*, *Lyre and Lancet*.

ARCHER, WILLIAM (1856-1924), was essayist, dramatic critic, translator. He edited and translated Ibsen. His work includes *English Dramatists of To-Day*, *Masks or Faces*, and a Year Book entitled *The Theatrical World*.

AUSTIN, ALFRED (1835-1913), wrote three novels, some volumes of criticism, a great amount of verse, and some miscellaneous journalistic pieces. He is chiefly remembered as having been made poet laureate in 1896, succeeding Tennyson. The appointment was not well received; and neither by critics, cultured readers, nor the general public is Austin highly regarded.

BARING, HON. MAURICE (1874-), is poet and dramatist. He has written *Mainspring of Russia*, and his experiences as war correspondent in France.

BARLOW, JANE (1860-1917), wrote graceful poetic tales of Irish village life. Her verse includes *Irish Idylls*; her prose, *Maureen's Fairing*, *From the East unto the West*, *From the Land of the Shamrock*.

BEGBIE, HAROLD (1871-), is author and journalist. His work includes *Broken Earthenware*, *The Ordinary Man and the Extraordinary Thing*, *Life Changers*.

BEITH, SIR JOHN HAY (1876-). Pseudonym "Ian Hay." Writer of clever novels and plays. Served through the Great War, embodying his experiences in some remarkable books, the best of which are *The First Hundred Thousand*, *The Last Million*. Other books before the War: *Happy Go Lucky*, *Pip and Pipette*.

BENSON, ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER (1862-1924), was Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge. He published several volumes of poems and essays; poems: *From a College Window*, *The House of Quiet*, *Beside Still Waters*; essays: *The Upton Letters*, *Matthew Arnold*, and *Ruskin, A Study in Personality*.

BENSON, EDWARD FREDERIC (1867-1914), was a novelist, and brother of A. C. Benson. He wrote *Dodo* — said to be Margot Asquith — *Dodo the Second*, and *Our Family Affairs*.

BERESFORD, JOHN DAVYS (1873-), a novelist whose work

includes *The History of Jacob Stahl*, *The House in Demetrius Road*, *Love's Pilgrim*, *These Lynnekers*.

BINYON, LAURENCE (1869-), is a poet and dramatist. His poems are *Persephone*, *Dream Come True*; his plays, *Paris and Oenone*, *Attila*, *Arthur*.

"BIRMINGHAM, A. GEORGE," pseudonym of JAMES OWEN HANNAY.

BIRRELL, AUGUSTINE (1850-), is a lawyer, and essayist upon literary subjects. *Obiter Dicta* and *Life of Charlotte Brontë*.

BLACKWOOD, ALGERNON (1869-), a novelist and dealer in the mysterious and the fantastic. Has written: *The Empty House*, *A Prisoner in Fairyland*, *Incredible Adventures*.

BROOKE, RUPERT (1887-1915), was an English poet of great promise who contracted fever during the Dardanelles campaign and died on board a French hospital ship. He was buried on the island of Lemnos. The striking facts concerning his poetry are his worship of beauty, his frequent references to death, and his speculations on a future life.

BRYCE, JAMES, viscount (1838-1922), was a statesman who out of varied and wide experience wrote some of the most valuable books that this age has produced. He was Professor of Civil Law at Oxford for twenty-three years, and British ambassador to the United States for six. His first work, *The Holy Roman Empire*, at once placed him in the first rank. Full of evidences of scholarship coupled with careful research, stated in terms of clear-cut exactness, the book became a standard. His *American Commonwealth* is freely conceded to be the best work we have dealing with the political institutions of the United States. *Modern Democracies*, dealing, as it does, with all parts of the world, is worthy the pen of a man of deep insight plus a life of abundant activities.

BUCHAN, JOHN (1875-), has written tales and popular romantic novels, based on experiences gained as a secretary in South Africa and member of the British Headquarters staff in France: *A Lodge in the Wilderness*, *Sir Quixote*, *Greenmantle*, *The South African Forces in France*, *The Three Hostages*, *The Dancing Floor*.

BURKE, THOMAS (1887-), notable interpreter, in short stories, of the East End of London. Striking sketches in *Limehouse Nights*, *Whispering Windows*.

BUTLER, SAMUEL (1835-1902), deserved, as truly as did any English literary man of the nineteenth century, the epithet "versatile." He was a painter, a Shakspearean critic, a successful sheep farmer in New Zealand, a composer of music after the manner of Handel, a critic and translator of Homer, author of books of scientific controversy, romancer, and novelist. His place in literature seems likely to depend finally on his picture of an ideal state, *Erewhon*, and his novel, *The Way of All Flesh*. Some serious students of Butler would add his *Note-Books*.

CAINE, HALL (1853-), is novelist and dramatist. He was educated as an architect, and wrote on architectural subjects, but never practised the profession. His first novel, *The Shadow of a Crime*, appeared in 1885; his most famous, which also was highly successful when dramatized, *The Christian*, in 1897. *The Woman Thou Gavest Me*, 1913, which deals with a difficult social problem, aroused much discussion and rather general condemnation.

CARMAN, WILLIAM BLISS (1861-), is a Canadian journalist who writes poems full of sweetness and deep appreciation of the things that are. It is all done with a thoroughly human touch, hence his popularity. *Low Tide at Grand Pré*, *Ballads of Lost Haven*, *Songs from Vagabondia*, are collections of his poems.

CHESTERTON, GILBERT KEITH (1874-), is journalist and literary critic. Many of his best newspaper skits may be found in the volumes entitled *All Things Considered* and *Tremendous Trifles*. Perhaps his best critical work, much of which is of a high order, is *Robert Browning* (*English Men of Letters* series); *Charles Dickens: A Critical Study*; and *Criticisms and Appreciations of Dickens*.

CHOLMONDELEY, MARY (1880-), writes clever novels of English Life: *Diana Tempest*, *Red Pottage*.

CLUTTON-BROCK, ARTHUR (1868-), is a business man and critic. He has written *Essays on Art*, *Essays on Books*, studies of Shelley and William Morris.

COLVIN, SIR SIDNEY (1845-), is Professor of Fine Arts at Cambridge, and Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum. His work includes *John Keats, His Life and Poetry*; a study of Landor and Keats in the *English Men of Letters* series; a two-volume edition of the *Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson* (his personal friend); and an autobiography, *Memoirs and Places*.

CORELLI, MARIE (1864-1924), was born in Italy and adopted by an English family. She was a popular novelist. Although her writings are out of the ordinary in theme, some have beauty of scenic description. She has written *Thelma, Ardath, Vendetta, Sorrows of Satan, Mighty Atom*.

CRAIGIE, MRS. PEARL RICHARDS (1867-1906), "John Oliver Hobbes," was an Anglo-American novelist who wrote the novels, *A Study in Temptations, Robert Orange*; and the plays, *The Ambassador, The Flute of Pan*.

CROCKETT, SAMUEL RUTHERFORD (1860-1914), was a Scotch novelist whose writings give a realistic account of the manners and ways of the people. *The Stickit Minister, The Men of the Moss Hags, The Lilac Sunbonnet, The Black Douglas*, are some of his novels.

DAVIES, WILLIAM HENRY (1870-), is a poetical soul who tramped in America and was a pedler and street singer in England. He wrote *The Soul's Destroyer, The Autobiography of a Super Tramp*.

"DE LA MARE, WALTER," pseudonym of WALTER RAMAL (1873-), wrote simple poems with a lilt. His writings include *Songs of Childhood, The Listeners, Memoirs of a Midget, The Veil, A Child's Day*.

DE MORGAN, WILLIAM (1839-1917), adopted art as a profession, studied at the Royal Academy, and became known for his work in stained glass and ceramics. At the age of sixty-seven he published a leisurely, realistic novel, *Joseph Vance*, which was well received. A year later came *Alice-for-Short*, and a year after that, *Somehow Good*, both of which approached the best traditions of the Victorian novel. In four other novels following these there is a distinct falling off in merit and appeal.

DICKINSON, GOLDSWORTHY LOWES, is an essayist who deals with social and political issues. He has written *Development of*

Parliament during the Nineteenth Century, Justice and Liberty, Causes of International War, International Anarchy.

DOBSON, AUSTIN (1840–1921), first attracted attention as a poet in 1868, when he published the first original “ballade” in English. This is one of the French artificial forms of verse which have attracted a few real poets in other countries. Other forms of this class, in which also Dobson has excelled, are called *rondeaux*, *rondels*, and *villanelles*. Since 1885, he has given himself mostly to biographical and critical prose, dealing chiefly with eighteenth-century writers. Both his prose and his verse are highly valued by critics.

DOUGHTY, CHARLES MONTAGUE (1843–), is traveller and poet. His travels in *Arabia Deserta* are worth-while reading, as are also *The Dawn in Britain, The Cliffs*.

DOYLE, SIR ARTHUR CONAN (1859–), physician and novelist, was knighted for his professional service in the South African war (1899–1902). By the world he will be remembered as the author of clever detective stories, and the creator of one remarkable character — Sherlock Holmes. The stories of the great detective have been translated into most modern languages; and they have been as great favorites in Russia and Japan as in England and America. He has written some historical novels, the best of which is *The White Company*.

DRINKWATER, JOHN (1882–), is a poet who also writes and produces dramas. His play *Abraham Lincoln* was an instant success in both England and America. He has written also *Oliver Cromwell, Mary Stuart, Robert Lee*.

DUNSANY, LORD — EDWARD JOHN MORETON DRAX PLUNKETT (1878–), is a master of uncontrolled romance that keeps one guessing whether in play or story. His writings include *Five Plays, Fifty-one Tales, The Glittering Gate, The Laughter of the Gods, A Night at an Inn, A Dreamer's Tales, Tales of War*.

ERVINE, ST. JOHN (1883–), writer of tragic dramas, and novels which are lighter in tone. An example of his tragedy is *Jane Clegg*; of his novels, *Changing Winds*.

FOWLER, HON. ELLEN THORNEYCROFT (Mrs. A. L. Felkin)

(1873—), writes novels and short poems: *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*, *A Double Thread*, *The Farringdons*.

GEORGE, WALTER LIONEL (1882–1926), was a journalist and novelist, with a wide experience in life as engineer, lawyer, soldier, business man. Among his works may be mentioned: *A Second Blooming* and *Caliban*.

GOSSE, EDMUND WILLIAM (1849—), is a man of wide and liberal culture who has done much to bring the literature of other lands before English readers: *History of Eighteenth Century Literature*, *Essays on Scandinavian Literature*. His poetry includes madrigals, songs, and sonnets.

GRAHAME, KENNETH (1859—), is a poet. He wrote *The Golden Age* and edited the *Cambridge Book of Poetry for Children*.

GRANVILLE-BARKER, HARLEY (1877—), is a playwright. His plays are *The Marrying of Ann Leet*, *The Madras House*, *The Exemplary Theatre*.

GREGORY, LADY ISABELLA AUGUSTA (1852—), is a brilliant Irish folk-lorist and playwright who has done much to show the beauty and strength of the legends current amongst the common folk, especially regarding the hero stories. She has written *Cuchulain of Muirthemme*, *A Book of Saints and Wonders*, *The Kiltartan Poetry Book*.

HAGGARD, SIR HENRY RIDER (1856–1925), was a writer of a long series of popular books full of adventure and strange doings, especially such as deal with life among the wild tribes of South Africa. His stories include *King Solomon's Mines*, *She*, *The People of the Mist*, *Allan Quatermain*, *Colonel Quaritch*, *The Witch's Head*, *Mr. Meeson's Will*.

HANNAY, REV. JAMES OWEN — "GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM" (1865—), is an Irish novelist and playwright. Examples of his novels are, *The Seething Pot*, *The Lost Tribes*, *Spanish Gold*, *Humorous Adventures in Ireland*; of his plays, *General John Regan*.

HARRADEN, BEATRICE (1864—), is a novelist, best known for her *Ships That Pass in the Night*, *Things Will Take a Turn*, *In Varying Moods*.

HARRISON, FREDERIC (1831–1923), was a historian and essayist. He wrote *Oliver Cromwell*, *William the Silent*, *Washington*, *The*

Pan-Germanic Doctrine, Obiter Scripta, De Senectute, More Last Words.

HAWKINS, SIR ANTHONY HOPE — "ANTHONY HOPE" (1863-), is a novelist whose semi-historical stories have been very popular and raised up a flock of imitators. *The Prisoner of Zenda, Rupert of Hentzau, The God in the Car, Dolly Dialogues, The Heart of Princess Osra*, are some of his stories.

"HAY, IAN," pseudonym of JOHN HAY BEITH.

HENLEY, WILLIAM ERNEST (1849-1903), was editor, critic, poet, and friend of Robert Louis Stevenson. In collaboration with Stevenson he wrote several plays. His poems were well received by a small but competent circle, and his critical essays are valuable both in themselves and for their influence toward a higher class of journalistic work. Most of his essays and poems have been collected. Of the former the best are to be found in *Views and Reviews*; of the latter, in *A Book of Verse* and *London Voluntaries*.

HICHENS, ROBERT SMYTHE (1864-), is a romancer who loves the glamour of the East. He is a deft handler of tense situations calling for shrewd analysis of motives. He wrote *The Woman with the Fan, Bella Donna, Dwellers on the Threshold, The Call of the Blood*; his best known is the desert tale, *The Garden of Allah*; *The Green Carnation*, which set London by the ears, is a tale of scarlet nights and rhythmic sensualities.

HINKSON, KATHERINE TYNAN (1861-), is an Irish novelist and poet. Her poems include *Shamrocks, The Wind in the Trees*; her novels, *The Way of a Maid, A Girl of Galway, A King's Woman*.

"HOBBS, JOHN OLIVER," pseudonym of MRS. PEARL RICHARD CRAIGIE.

"HOPE, ANTHONY," pen-name of ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS.

HOUSMAN, ALFRED EDWARD (1859-), is a classical scholar and professor of Latin at Cambridge University. Author of *A Shropshire Lad*, a volume of poetry of English country life. His poems have had a marked influence.

HUDSON, WILLIAM HENRY (1863-1922), wrote tales of South American life. He was born on the pampas of La Plata. These

stories include *The Naturalist of La Plata*, *Adventures among Birds*, *Green Mansions*, *The Purple Land*, *Far Away and Long Ago*.

JACOBS, WILLIAM WYMARK (1863-), is a writer of richly humorous and characteristic yarns concerning the men — and women — who live and love along the water-front. *Many Cargoes*, *Light Freights*, *At Sunwich Port*, *Salthaven*, are characteristic of his themes.

JEROME, JEROME KLAPKA (1859-), is humorist and journalist. He has written comedies but is best known for his lively, skittish *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*, *Three Men in a Boat*, *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* — a Miracle play of consequence.

JONES, HENRY ARTHUR (1851-1929), has been one of the foremost English dramatists since 1884, when he published the first of his social comedies — *Saints and Sinners*. His best play is *The Rogue's Comedy*. A number of his plays have been translated into other languages and performed with success in several countries of Europe.

KER, WILLIAM PATON (1855-1923), was a teacher of English literature, specializing in the medieval. He has written *Epic and Romance* and *Essays on Medieval Literature*.

LANG, ANDREW (1844-1912), was a versatile Scotchman, born at Selkirk (Scott's county), and educated at Edinburgh Academy and St. Andrew's University. He wrote poems, collected in seven volumes; translated (in collaboration) the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*; made valuable contributions to Homeric criticism; made valuable researches in Scottish history; wrote important works on folklore; and compiled a number of excellent volumes of fairy tales. Few writers in late days have done so much work of the first rank in fields so varied.

LEACOCK, STEPHEN BUTLER (1869-), is a Canadian economist and humorous essayist. *Nonsense Novels*, *Frenzied Fiction*, *Arcadian Adventures with the Idle Rich*, are typical examples of his writing.

LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD (1866-), is poet, critic, journalist. He has written *Quest of the Golden Girl*, *The Lonely Dancer*, *Religion of a Literary Man*, *An Old Country House*, *My Lady's Sonnets*.

LOCKE, WILLIAM JOHN (1863-), was born in the West Indies, and educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. He became an architect, and was secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects from 1897 to 1907. He has written some plays, but is best known as author of several novels, of which the most successful are *The Beloved Vagabond* and *The Fortunate Youth*.

LUCAS, EDWARD V. (1868-), is essayist and anthologist. His work includes *A Wanderer in Holland*, *Old Lamps for New*, *Vermeer or Delft*.

MACKENZIE, COMPTON (1883-), is a novelist. He has written the novel *Rich Relations*; and *The Gentleman in Gray*, a play.

MARSHALL, ARCHIBALD (1866-), has recreated something of the literary spirit of Dickens and Thackeray. His kindly novels of contemporary English life possess distinction. Among them: *The Eldest Son*, *The Squire's Daughter*, *The Old Order Changeth*.

MAUGHAM, W. SOMERSET (1874-), is novelist and dramatist. He has written *The Man of Honour*, a play; *Love in a Cottage*, *Of Human Bondage*, novels; and *Loaves and Fishes*, a poem.

MCCARTHY, JUSTIN HUNTLEY (1861-), is the son of Justin McCarthy. His writings include *Lady of Loyalty House*, a novel; *Hafiz in London*, a poem; histories in collaboration with his father; and the plays, *If I Were King*, *White Carnation*.

McFEE, WILLIAM (1881-), is a sailor, engineer, and author of vivid and poetic sea sketches: *Aliens*, *Casuals of the Sea*, *An Engineer's Note Book*, *Command*, *Race*.

McKENNA, STEPHEN (1888-), is a novelist who has written *Sonia*, *Lady Lilith*, *Midas and Son*.

McMANUS, SEUMAS (1868-), is an authority upon the folklore of Ireland and a voluminous writer thereon. His work includes *In Chimney Corners*, *Donegal Fairy Tales*.

MERRICK, LEONARD (1864-), is a writer of short stories, novels, and plays. His most considerable attainment is found in *Conrad in Quest of His Youth* and *While Paris Laughed*.

MEYNELL, MRS. ALICE CHRISTINA (1852-1922), was poet and essayist, and sister of Lady Butler, the battle painter. She wrote *The Rhythm of Life*, *The Colour of Life*, *The Spirit of Place*,

essays; *Letters from George Meredith*; poem, *A Letter from a Girl to Her Own Old Age*.

MOORE, GEORGE (1853-), is an Irish novelist of highly developed artistic taste and style; interested in the revival of Celtic language and literature. *Brook Kerith*, *Héloïse and Abélard*, *Esther Waters*, *Sister Teresa*, are some of his writings.

MORLEY (JOHN), LORD (1838-1923), is a statesman and writer of the very first order. His work includes a *Life of Edmund Burke* and the lives of *Oliver Cromwell*, *Cobden*, *Gladstone*.

MURRAY, SIR GEORGE GILBERT AIMÉ (1866-), a professor of Greek at Oxford, is known chiefly for his translations of Greek plays, one of which is *Carlyon Sahib*.

NEWBOLT, SIR HENRY JOHN (1862-), is a poet and man of letters. He has written *The Old Country* — a romance; *St. George's Day and Other Poems*, sea poems, the best known; *Admirals All*, for children; and *Tales of the Great War*, *Submarine* and *Anti-Submarine*.

NORRIS, WILLIAM EDWARD (1847-), writes short stories and novels, of which *Mademoiselle de Mersac*, *Matrimony*, *No New Thing*, *The Widower*, deserve mention.

OLLIVANT, ALFRED (1874-), is a man who can tell a rare story about an animal. Some of his stories are *Owd Bob*, *Danny*, *The Brown Mare*, *Two Men*, *One Woman*. His work is neither local nor ephemeral.

OPPENHEIM, EDWARD PHILLIPS (1862-), is a writer of novels which, while not exactly "sensational," have a delightful ingenuity of plot. Among the best are: *The Mysterious Mr. Sabin*, *Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo*, *The Double Traitor*.

PARKER, SIR GILBERT (1862-), is a novelist of strong personality. The best of his books deal with the French-Canadians living in the province of Quebec and as such are splendid examples of character drawing, scenic description, and dynamic situations. *The Right of Way*, *The Seats of the Mighty*, *The Weavers*, are the best known.

PAUL, HERBERT WOODFIELD (1853-), a biographer and historian. *Matthew Arnold*, *History of Modern England*, are examples of his work.

PEMBERTON, MAX (1862-), is a writer of romances full of sound, color, and go-ahead adventure, such as *The Sea Wolves*, *Pro Patria*, *The House under the Sea*, *The Diamond Ship*, *War and the Woman*.

PHILLIPS, STEPHEN (1869-1915), was a writer of lyric and narrative verse, and of drama in verse. Perhaps his best narrative is *Marpessa*, story of a maiden who, allowed to choose the god Apollo or a human being Idas for her husband, chose Idas. He wrote seven dramas, of which the best are probably *Paolo and Francesca*, based on Dante, and *The Sin of David*, based on an incident of the English Civil War (1643-4).

PHILLPOTTS, EDEN (1862-), writes tales of Dartmoor and the neighborhood, and is an interesting exponent of Devonshire life. *Children of the Mist*, *The Secret Woman*, *The Human Boy*, *Green Alleys*.

PINERO, SIR ARTHUR WING (1855-), has been one of the foremost dramatists of the world since about 1890. Previously he was an actor, and he has in his writing made good use of his experience behind the footlights. He has written a large number of plays — farces, comedies, and tragedies. In the opinion of many critics he has written no better tragedy than *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* (1893), and no better comedies than *The Princess and the Butterfly* (1897) and *Trelawney of the Wells* (1898). Among later plays, *Mid-channel* (1909) is highly regarded by critics, but has not met with so cordial a reception from the public.

RALEIGH, SIR WALTER (1861-1922), was long a professor of English at Oxford. He wrote on *Milton*, *Wordsworth*, and the English novel, also a story treating of England's part in the "War in the Air."

RUSSELL, GEORGE WILLIAM (1867-), who signs himself "A. E.," is an Irish poet of the mystic order. He has written *Homeward*, *Divine Vision*; and the play, *Deirdre*.

SAINTSBURY, GEORGE EDWARD BATEMAN (1845-), is professor of English at Edinburgh and widely known as a critic of the worth-while kind. *A History of the French Novel*, *Dryden*, *Essays in English Literature*, include some of his work.

SASSOON, SIEGFRIED (1886-), notable among poets of the Great War as emphasising in his poetry the horror and the waste,

rather than the glory or the spirit of sacrifice. He served through the War. His *War Poems* were published in 1919.

SCHREINER, OLIVE (1862-1920), was a novelist who knew South Africa. Her best book is *The Story of an African Farm*.

SEAMAN, SIR OWEN (1861-), is a poet and editor of *Punch*, where most of his work first sees light.

SERVICE, ROBERT WILLIAM (1876-), is a poet who has written *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man*, *Ballads of a Bohemian*, *The Trail of Ninety-eight*.

SIDGWICK, CECILY, is a novelist who has published *The Severins*, *Anne Lulworth*, *Cynthia's Way*.

SINCLAIR, MAY (1879-), began her literary career in 1887 with a volume of poems. In 1895 appeared her first short story; in 1897, her first novel. Not until 1904, with *The Divine Fire*, did she attain a real success; and not until this novel had made a stir in America did the writer obtain a following in England. Since then she has written a number of novels, among them *The Tree of Heaven*, *Mr. Waddington of Wyck*, and *Anne Severn and the Fieldings*. Miss Sinclair has published one notable volume in criticism, *The Three Brontës*; and an interesting *Journal of Impressions in Belgium* (1915).

SNAITH, JOHN COLLINS (1876-), writes historical romances and "problem" yarns, such as *Broke of Covenden*, *Araminta*.

SPENCER, HERBERT (1820-1903), was one of the foremost scientific writers of the Victorian period. He wrote on economics, biology, ethics, psychology, and sociology; but his chief value is not so much in the substance of his writings as in the clearness of his method and his style. Without being "popular" in the way a lyceum lecturer on science is popular, Spencer succeeded in making intelligible to unscientific people many fundamental scientific facts and principles. His *Autobiography* is very interesting and well written.

STACPOOLE, H. DE VERE (1865-), writes tales from the Pacific, for example, *The Ship of Coral*, *The Blue Lagoon*.

STEAD, WILLIAM THOMAS (1849-drowned on the *Titanic*, 1912), was editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in its palmy days. He was a writer of force and sincerity; a man big enough to suffer for

his convictions; and in his later days thought much of matters psychic. He wrote *The Truth about the Navy, If Christ Came to Chicago*.

STEEL, FLORA ANNIE (1847-), has spent many years in India and possesses a thorough understanding of native Indian life. Three novels of importance are: *The Potter's Thumb*, *On the Face of the Waters*, *The Hosts of the Lord*.

STEPHEN, SIR LESLIE (1832-1904), was critic and biographer, editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Though his studies and writings cover many centuries, he is at his best in treating writers after 1700; especially, those of the eighteenth century. Besides the general direction of the *Dictionary* and the contribution of about thirty articles to it, his most important work is in *Hours in a Library*, *Studies of a Biographer*, and *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*.

STEPHENS, JAMES (1882-), an Irishman; a poet and imaginative story-teller. He is best known by *The Crock of Gold* and *Songs from the Clay*.

SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES (1837-1909), was a great critic, and the last of the greater Victorian poets. As critic he had marked power of appreciation; but he was too vigorous in his praise or condemnation to convince most readers. He is especially noted for the variety and skill of his metres; and he wrote a number of dramas and some non-dramatic narratives. Of the dramas, *Atalanta in Calydon* has had the greatest success; of the narratives, *Tristram of Lyonesse*, an Arthurian story, holds first place. The best of his lyrics deal with the sea.

SWINNERTON, FRANK ARTHUR (1884-), writes, in rather a grim vein, of the London poor; novelist and critic. His most notable book, probably, is *Nocturne*.

SYMONS, ARTHUR (1865-), is a critic and poet — a revolter against the narrow stamp of religious upbringing. His work includes *The Symbolist Movement in Literature*, *Studies in Prose and Verse*, *Studies in Seven Arts*.

THOMPSON, FRANCIS (1860-1907), wrote poems with a spiritual trend; for example, *The Hound of Heaven*.

TREVELYAN, SIR GEORGE OTTO (1838-), is a nephew of

Macaulay, and an historian who has written *George III*, *Charles Fox*, *The American Revolution*.

VACHELL, HORACE ANNESLEY (1863-), is a writer of plays and novels. His best book is a story of school life — *The Hill*.

WALKLEY, ARTHUR BINGHAM (1855-1926), was a dramatic critic. His writings include *Playhouse Impressions*, *Drama and Life*.

WARD, MRS. HUMPHRY (1851-1920), was a novelist, niece of Matthew Arnold. She came into prominence in 1888 with the publication of *Robert Elsmere*, a novel dealing with the change of an English minister from orthodoxy to liberalism, and discussing at great length the "higher criticism" of the Bible. In recent years she has dealt with social questions, notably in *The Marriage of William Ashe*, *Fenwick's Career*, and *The Testing of Diana Mallory*, and with war propaganda in *England's Effort*, *Towards the Goal*, *Fields of Victory*.

WATSON, WILLIAM (1858-), is a poet who some critics think should be at present England's laureate. In general it may be said that his work is too intellectual and too highly finished to attain wide recognition. He gained considerable notoriety in 1909 by *The Woman with a Serpent's Tongue*, believed to have been aimed at the wife of a distinguished English statesman.

WEYMAN, STANLEY JOHN (1855-), is a brilliant portrayer of facts and fancies from the land of romance and adventure. *A Gentleman of France*, *Under the Red Robe*, *The House of the Wolf*, are his best-known writings.

WOODS, MRS. MARGARET LOUISA (1856-), is a novelist and dramatic poet. Her novels are *Esther Vanhomrigh*, *Sons of the Sword*. *The Princess of Hanover* is one of her poems.

ZANGWILL, ISRAEL (1864-1926), was an outstanding figure among the writers dealing with the submerged peoples — especially the Hebrews. He was the first real interpreter of the London Ghetto, its sorrows and joys, and the point of view of its folk. *Children of the Ghetto*, *They that Walk in Darkness*, *The War for the World*, *The Melting Pot*, deal with these subjects.

SELECTED LIST OF BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL WORKS

IN view of the thousands of valuable works on English literature, the following can be only suggestive. In compiling it the writer has had in mind usefulness for high school students and teachers, though many standard works must be included which would be in place in any library. Works listed as wholes in footnotes are omitted here: *e.g.*, on ballads, page 36; on Shakspeare, page 79; others on pages 91, 119, 120, etc.

1. General Works.

Cambridge History of English Literature, 14 vols. (Putnams.) Separate chapters by leading specialists of the world. Invaluable, but of by no means equal merit throughout.

GARNETT AND GOSSE, *Illustrated History of English Literature*, 4 vols. (Macmillan.) Chiefly noteworthy, as its title indicates, for its illustrations, though the matter represents the mature work of two eminent English scholars and men of letters.

SAINTSBURY, *Short History of English Literature*. (Longmans.) Probably the best one-volume work on the subject, but quite unsuited to classroom use.

TAINÉ, *History of English Literature*. (Holt.) Interesting as the estimate of a cultured Frenchman.

RYLAND, *Chronological Outlines of English Literature*. (Macmillan.) Gives names and dates of authors and writings, both by years and alphabetically by authors.

Dictionary of National Biography, 70 vols., with two supplements and others to follow. (Macmillan.) Contains sketches of all Englishmen (exclusive of the living) who have a place in the memory of their countrymen.

GREEN, *Short History of the English People*. (Macmillan.) See page 410.

GARDINER, *Student's History of England*. (Longmans.)

ANDREWS, *History of England*. (Allyn and Bacon.) These last two are among the best single-volume historical books.

2. Series.

Handbooks of English Literature, ed. Hales. (Macmillan.) Each volume is complete in itself, and forms a good introduction to the period with which it deals. — SNELL, *The Age of Alfred* (664–1154); SNELL, *The Age of Transition* (1400–1580), 2 vols.; SECCOMBE AND ALLEN, *The Age of Shakespeare* (1579–1631), 2 vols.; MASTERMAN, *The Age of Milton* (1632–1660); GARNETT, *The Age of Dryden* (1660–1700); DENNIS, *The Age of Pope* (1700–1744); SECCOMBE, *The Age of Johnson* (1748–1798); HERFORD, *The Age of Wordsworth* (1798–1832); WALKER, *The Age of Tennyson* (1830–1870).

Periods of European Literature, ed. Saintsbury. (Scribners.) — KER, *The Dark Ages*; SAINTSBURY, *The Flourishing of Romance and the Rise of Allegory*; SNELL, *The Fourteenth Century*; SMITH, G. GREGORY, *The Transition Period*; SAINTSBURY, *The Earlier Renaissance*; HANNAY, *The Later Renaissance*; GRIERSON, *The First Half of the Seventeenth Century*; ELTON, *The Augustan Ages*; MILLAR, *The Mid-Eighteenth Century*; VAUGHAN, *The Romantic Revolt*; OMOND, *The Romantic Triumph*; SAINTSBURY, *The Later Nineteenth Century*.

Types of Literature, ed. Neilson. (Houghton.) — THORNDIKE, *Tragedy*; CHANDLER, *The Literature of Roguery*; GEROULD, *Saints' Lives*; SCHELLING, *The English Lyric*; GUMMERE, *The Popular Ballad*.

English Men of Letters. (Macmillan.) Short biographies by well-known scholars and critics. Included are the following writers treated in this book: Addison, Arnold, Austen, Bacon, Browne, Browning, Bunyan, Burke, Burns, Byron, Carlyle, Chaucer, Coleridge, Cowper, Defoe, DeQuincey, Dickens, Dryden, George Eliot, Fielding, Fitzgerald, Goldsmith, Gray, Hazlitt, Johnson, Keats, Lamb, Landor, Macaulay, Milton, Moore, Morris, Pater, Pope, Richardson, Rossetti, Ruskin, Scott, Shakespeare, Shelley, Sheridan, Sidney, Southey, Spenser, Sterne, Swift, Taylor, Tennyson, Thackeray, Thomson, Wordsworth.

Great Writers. (Walter Scott.) A series similar to the preceding with excellent bibliographies. Includes Austen, Charlotte Brontë, Browning, Bunyan, Burns, Byron, Carlyle, Coleridge, Darwin,

Dickens, George Eliot, Goldsmith, Johnson, Keats, Milton, Rossetti, Scott, Shelley, Sheridan, Smollett, Thackeray.

Literary Lives, ed. Robertson Nicoll. (Scribners.) Includes Arnold, Charlotte Brontë, Bunyan, Mrs. Gaskell, Hazlitt, Newman.

3. Collections.

WARD, *The English Poets*, 4 vols. (Macmillan.) Selections from the great poets and from a large number of minor poets from Chaucer to the present time. Contains also some excellent introductory essays.

CRAIK, *English Prose*, 5 vols. (Macmillan.) On same plan as the preceding, and aims to do for prose what Ward does for poetry.

Among one-volume collections of value, but not well adapted to use in secondary schools, may be mentioned the following: MANLY, *English Prose and Poetry* (Ginn); NEWCOMER-ANDREWS, *Twelve Centuries of English Poetry and Prose* (Scott, Foresman and Co.); PANCOAST, *English Prose and Verse* (Holt); CUNLIFFE, PYRE, AND YOUNG, *Century Readings in English Literature* (Century Co.); SNYDER AND MARTIN, *Book of English Literature* (Macmillan).

All books in groups 1 and 2 contain bibliographies. The fullest, which include the titles of practically all works of importance on English literature, as well as complete lists of the authors' works, are to be found in the *Cambridge History* and the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

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READINGS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

READINGS
IN
ENGLISH LITERATURE

NEW EDITION INCLUDING SELECTIONS
FROM RECENT AUTHORS

CHOSEN AND EDITED BY
ROY BENNETT PACE
LATE ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH
SWARTHMORE COLLEGE



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PREFACE

THESE readings are intended as the basis for a course in the historical development of English literature. They include representative works of the best writers, although the amount of space given to an author is not necessarily governed by his merit. Some authors—Shakspere, for example—can be studied to advantage only in complete works too long to be included in a volume like this. Then, too, a writer who represents a period or a movement may be relatively more important than another whose absolute importance is greater.

Although this volume is designed to accompany the editor's *English Literature*, the selections cover the field usually treated in an historical survey, and the book may be used to advantage with any history of English literature. Included, moreover, are enough sonnets, odes, narrative poems, essays, and bits of prose fiction for an introductory study of the types of literature.

A feature of this collection is the opportunity afforded to connect great pieces of criticism with the works criticised. *Lycidas*, for example, acquires a new interest in the light of Ruskin's interpretation; Carlyle's discussion of Burns, and Carlyle's and Macaulay's discussions of Boswell suggest new approaches to all these writers; and even Shakspere gains from a reading of Ben Jonson's memorial poem and Arnold's sonnet.

The editor wishes to thank the many teachers who have offered helpful suggestions, but to absolve them from responsibility for the final make-up of the book.

ROY BENNETT PACE.

SWARTHMORE, PENNSYLVANIA,
October 19, 1917.

PREFATORY NOTE TO THE READINGS

THE list of readings has been increased by the addition of twenty-two selections from poets and prose-writers of the present day. The immense volume of production during the past quarter-century has made the choice a matter of some difficulty; but it is felt that the material presented shows with sufficient clearness the general trend of English literature. A chapter on oral work is placed at the beginning of the readings (page xiii). This contains a suggestive list of passages suitable for reading aloud, or for memorized recitation. The notes have been considerably enlarged, and the reference material revised throughout.

A. B. DE MILLE.

SIMMONS COLLEGE,
Boston, Massachusetts.

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The following are used by permission of, and by arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston: *In Lady Street* and *A Town Window*, by John Drinkwater.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc has kindly permitted the use of his essay, *On Dropping Anchor*.

ORAL READING

Reading Aloud. — Reading aloud is a sure test of literary appreciation. Oral work, therefore, occupies an important place in the study of literature; the test can be made by memorized recitations as well as by reading aloud from the book. It is true that silent reading may reveal the charm of the picture, or the significance of the ideas, but it can never fully bring out the finer qualities of noble language. We must consider the form, as well as the content, if we wish to grasp wholly the thought which underlies a great piece of literature. And in the last analysis the rhythm and vigor of good prose, the music and beauty of good poetry, are best interpreted by the voice.

The first requisite in all oral work is clear enunciation. No amount of careful knowledge, no degree of facile speech or histrionic skill, can compensate for bad accent, slovenly phrasing, or muffled voice. Harsh tones and ugly slurring of words are faults that are all too common in our schools. The utmost effort should be made to teach, by precept and example, the necessity for a clear and pleasing delivery. A well-modulated voice, trained by constant practise, has a marked value not only in the study of English but also in the general scheme of education.

Prose. — The material contained in this book offers an excellent opportunity for oral work. Among the prose selections, the following may be chosen as well-suited for reading aloud :

Bacon, Of Studies; *Dryden*, Preface (Dryden has been called the originator of modern English prose style); *Swift*, The Spider and the Bee; *Defoe*, Crusoe's Landing; *Addison*, The Vision of Mirzah; *Johnson*, Letter to the Earl of Chesterfield; *Boswell*, Meeting with Johnson; *Burke*, Proper Attitude towards America; *Lamb*, Dream Children; *De Quincey*, A Meeting with Lamb; *Macaulay*, Trial of Warren Hastings, London Coffee-Houses; *Carlyle*, James Boswell; *Dickens*, Mr. Micawber, Uriah Heep; *Thackeray*, Washington Irving;

Ruskin, On Some Lines of Lycidas; *Arnold*, A Definition of Culture; *Stevenson*, El Dorado; *Belloc*, On Dropping Anchor.

Poetry. — Poetry was written for the speaking voice. And the most helpful kind of oral work in poetry is reciting from memory. By this method there are definite advantages to be won. The pupil must master every detail of the poet's phraseology; from the first word to the last his memory must hold good. But he must be more than letter-perfect; the mere learning of the words is only the beginning. He must touch the vital spirit of the poetry; he must fully understand and sympathetically interpret the thought and the emotion. To this end, he must control not only the material in hand, but the means of expression: he must know how to employ his voice to the best advantage. Then, and not until then, he will begin to grasp the richness of poetic diction, will see the beauty of those

“jewels five words long,
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
Sparkle forever.”

From the poetry in this book we may suggest the following selections:

Ballads, Sir Patrick Spens, Lord Randal; *Sydney*, Sonnet xxxi; *Marlowe*, The Passionate Shepherd to His Love; *Shakespeare*, Selections, pages 88-90; *Ben Jonson*, To Celia; *Herrick*, Cherry-Ripe, To the Virgins; *Carew*, Disdain Returned; *Lovelace*, To Lucasta, To Althea; *Suckling*, Why so Pale and Wan?; *Milton*, Selections from the poems on pages 103-118; *Pope*, pages 187-188; *Goldsmith*, pages 202-207; *Collins*, How Sleep the Brave; *Gray*, Elegy; *Burns*, To a Mouse, Auld Lang Syne, The Banks of Doon; *Wordsworth*, I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud, Sonnets on pages 244-246; *Coleridge*, Kubla Khan; *Byron*, Waterloo, To Thomas Moore, On My Thirty-third Birthday; *Shelley*, Ode to the West Wind, To a Skylark; *Keats*, On First Looking into Chapman's Homer, Ode on a Grecian Urn; *Scott*, Soldier, Rest!, Here's a Health to King Charles, The Escape of Marmion; *Arnold*, Shakespeare, Requiescat, Dover Beach, Geist's Grave; *Tennyson*, Ulysses, In Memoriam CVI, The Revenge, Crossing the Bar; *Browning*, How They Brought the Good News, Incident of the French Camp, Home-Thoughts,

from Abroad, Epilogue to Asolando; *Kipling*, If —, The Gipsy Trail; *Masefield*, Sea-Fever; *Noyes*, The Highwayman; *Hodgson*, Time, You Old Gipsy Man; *Newbolt*, Messmates; *Sassoon*, Aftermath; *Letts*, The Spires of Oxford; *Brooke*, The Soldier.

In all oral work, whether it be prose or poetry, there are two things of prime importance: clearness of utterance, and sincerity of feeling. A simple, straightforward presentation should be based on a real understanding and an honest liking of the material presented. This will go far towards rousing the spirit of genuine appreciation.

Books, like proverbs, receive their chief value from the stamp and esteem of ages through which they have passed.

—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

READINGS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

THE OLD ENGLISH EPIC

Wealhtheow's Address to Beowulf. — The Warriors Retire

(*From Beowulf*¹)

Wealhtheow spake amid warriors, and said : —

“ This jewel enjoy in thy jocund youth,

Beowulf lov'd, these battle-weeds wear,

a royal treasure, and richly thrive !

Preserve thy strength, and these striplings here

5

counsel in kindness : requital be mine.

Hast done such deeds, that for days to come

thou art famed among folk both far and near,

so wide as washeth the wave of Ocean

his windy walls. Through the ways of life

10

prosper, O prince ! I pray for thee

rich possessions. To son of mine

be helpful in deed and uphold his joys !

Here every earl to the other is true,

mild of mood, to the master loyal !

15

Thanes are friendly, the throng obedient,

liegemen are revelling : list and obey !

Went then to her place. — That was proudest of feasts ;

flowed wine for the warriors. Wyrd they knew not,

destiny dire, and the doom to be seen

20

by many an earl when eve should come,

and Hrothgar homeward hasten away,

¹ From the translation by Professor F. B. Gummere. Used by special permission of the translator and of the publishers. Copyright, 1904, The Macmillan Company.

- royal, to rest. The room was guarded
 by an army of earls, as erst was done.
- 25 They bared the bench-boards; abroad they spread
 beds and bolsters. — One beer-carouser
 in danger of doom lay down in the hall. —
 At their heads they set their shields of war,
 bucklers bright; on the bench were there
- 30 over each atheling, easy to see,
 the high battle-helmet, the haughty spear,
 the corselet of rings. 'Twas their custom so
 ever to be for battle prepared,
 at home, or harrying, which it were,
- 35 even as oft as evil threatened
 their sovran king. — They were clansmen good.

The Fight with Grendel's Mother

(From *Beowulf*)

- After these words the Weder-Geat lord
 boldly hastened, biding never
 answer at all: and ocean floods
 closed o'er the hero. Long while of the day
- 5 fled ere he felt the floor of the sea.
 Soon found the fiend who the flood-domain
 sword-hungry held these hundred winters,
 greedy and grim, that some guest from above,
 some man, was raiding her monster-realm.
- 10 She grasped out for him with grisly claws,
 and the warrior seized; yet scathed she not
 his body hale; the breastplate hindered,
 as she strove to shatter the sark of war,
 the linkèd harness, with loathsome hand.
- 15 On the hall-guest she hurled herself, hent her short sword,
 broad and brown-edged, the bairn to avenge,
 the sole-born son. — On his shoulder lay
 braided breast-mail, barring death,
 withstanding entrance of edge or blade.

Life would have ended for Ecgtheow's son, 20
under wide earth for that earl of Geats,
had his armor of war not aided him,
battle-net hard, and holy God
wielded the victory, wisest Maker.
The Lord of Heaven allowed his cause; 25
and easily rose the earl erect.
'Mid the battle-gear saw he a blade triumphant,
old-sword of Eotens, with edge of proof,
warriors' heirloom weapon unmatched,
— save only 'twas more than other men 30
to bandy-of-battle could bear at all —
as the giants had wrought it, ready and keen.
Seized then its chain-hilt the Scyldings' chieftain,
bold and battle-grim, brandished the sword,
reckless of life, and so wrathfully smote 35
that it gripped her neck and grasped her hard,
her bone-rings breaking: the blade pierced through
that fated-one's flesh: to floor she sank.
Bloody the blade: he was blithe of his deed.
Then blazed forth light. 'Twas bright within 40
as when from the sky there shines unclouded
heaven's candle. The hall he scanned.
By the wall then went he; his weapon raised
high by its hilts the Hygelac-thane,
angry and eager. That edge was not useless 45
to the warrior now. He wished with speed
Grendel to guerdon for grim raids many,
for the war he waged on Western-Danes
oftener far than an only time,
when of Hrothgar's hearth-companions 50
he slew in slumber, in sleep devoured,
fifteen men of the folk of Danes,
and as many others outward bore,
his horrible prey. Well paid for that
the wrathful prince! For now prone he saw 55
Grendel stretched there, spent with war,

spoiled of life, so scathed had left him
 Heorot's battle. The body sprang far
 when after death it endured the blow,
 sword-stroke savage, that severed its head.

CÆDMON

In the Beginning

(From the Paraphrase)

Most right it is that we praise with our words,
 Love in our minds, the Warden of the Skies,
 Glorious King of all the hosts of men;
 He speeds the strong, and is the Head of all
 His high creation, the Almighty Lord.
 None formed Him, no first was nor last shall be
 Of the Eternal Ruler, but His sway
 Is everlasting over thrones in heaven.
 With powers on high, soothfast and steadfast, He
 Ruled the wide home of heaven's bosom spread
 By God's might for the guardians of souls,
 The Son of glory. Hosts of angels shone,
 Glad with their Maker; bright their bliss and rich
 The fruitage of their lives; their glory sure,
 They served and praised their King, with joy gave praise
 To Him, their Life-Lord, in whose aiding care
 They judged themselves most blessed. Sin unknown,
 Offence unformed, still with their Parent Lord
 They lived in peace, raising aloft in heaven
 Right and truth only, ere the Angel Chief
 Through Pride divided them and led astray.

CYNEWULF

Invocation

(From Christ, Part I, "The Nativity")

Hail, heavenly beam, brightest of angels thou,
 Sent unto men upon this middle-earth!

Thou art the true refulgence of the sun,
 Radiant above the stars, and from thyself
 Illuminest for ever all the tides of time. 5
 And as thou, God indeed begotten of God,
 Thou Son of the true Father, wast from aye,
 Without beginning, in the heaven's glory,
 So now thy handiwork in its sore need
 Prayeth thee boldly that thou send to us 10
 The radiant sun, and that thou come thyself
 To enlighten those who for so long a time
 Were wrapt around with darkness, and here in gloom
 Have sat the livelong night, shrouded in sin;
 Death's dark shadow had they to endure. 15

The Choice of Mortals

(From the same, Part II, "The Ascension")

Lo ! we have heard now how the Saviour-Child
 Dispensed salvation by His advent hither,
 How He, the Lord's great Son, freed and protected
 Folk 'neath the clouds, so that each mortal now,
 While he is dwelling here alive, must choose, — 5
 Be it hell's base shame, or heaven's fair fame,
 Be it the shining light, or the loathsome night,
 Be it majestic state, or the rash ones' hate,
 Be it song with the Lord, or with devils discord,
 Be it pain with the grim, or bliss with cherubim, 10
 Be it life or death, as it shall liefer be
 For him to act while flesh and spirit dwell
 Within the world. Wherefore let glory be,
 Thanks endless, to the noble Trinity.

BEDA

Preface to the Ecclesiastical History

I, Beda, servant of Christ and priest, send greeting to the well-beloved king Ceolwulf. And I send you the history, which I lately wrote about the Angles and Saxons, for your-

self to read and examine at leisure, and also to copy out and
5 impart to others more at large; and I have confidence in
your zeal, because you are very diligent and inquisitive as
to the sayings and doings of men of old, and above all of the
famous men among our people. For this book either speaks
good of the good, and the hearer imitates that, or it speaks
10 evil of the evil, and the hearer flees and shuns the evil. For
it is good to praise the good and blame the bad, that the
hearer may profit. If your hearer be reluctant, how else
will he gain instruction? I have written this for your
profit and for your people; as God chose you out to be
15 king, it behoves you to instruct your people. And that
there may be the less doubt whether this be true, I will
state the sources of my narrative

Coming of the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes

(From the Ecclesiastical History, Book I, Chap. XV)

It was 449 years after our Lord's incarnation, when the
emperor Martianus succeeded to the throne, which he oc-
cupied for seven years. He was the forty-sixth from the
emperor Augustus. At that time the Angles and Saxons
5 were called in by the aforesaid king, and arrived in Britain
with three great ships. They received settlements on the
east side of the island by order of the same king, who had
invited them here, to fight as for their country. They at
once took the field against the foe, who had often before
10 overrun the land from the north; and the Saxons won the
victory. Then they sent home messengers, whom they
bade to report the fertility of this land, and the cowardice
of the Britons. Immediately a larger fleet was dispatched
here, with a stronger force of warriors; and the host when
15 united overpowered resistance. The Britons gave and as-
signed to them settlements among themselves, on condition
of fighting for the peace and safety of their country and

resisting their enemies, while the Britons also provided them with a maintenance and estates in return for their labours.

20

The new-comers were of the three strongest races of Germany, namely, Saxons, Angles, and Jutes. Of Jutish origin are the men of Kent, and the Wihtsætan; that is the tribe dwelling in the Isle of Wight. From the Saxons, that is from the people called Old Saxons, came the East Saxons, 25 the South Saxons, and the West Saxons; and from the Angles came the East Angles and the Middle Angles, Mercians, and the whole race of the Northumbrians. This is the land which is named Angulus, between the Jutes and Saxons, and it is said to have lain waste, from the time they 30 left it, up to this day. Their leaders and their commanders were at first two brothers, Hengist and Horsa, sons of Wihtgils, whose father was called Witta, whose father was Wihta, and the father of Wihta was called Woden. From his race the royal families of many tribes derived their origin. Then 35 without delay they came in crowds, larger hosts from the tribes previously mentioned. And the people, who came here, began to increase and multiply to such an extent, that they were a great terror to the inhabitants themselves, who originally invited and called them in. Later on, when occa- 40 sion offered, they entered into alliance with the Picts, whom they had previously driven out by arms. And the Saxons sought excuse and opportunity for breaking with the Britons.

So they publicly announced to the Britons and declared, that, unless they gave them a more liberal maintenance, 45 they would take it for themselves by force and by plundering, wherever they could find it. And they soon carried their threats into execution: they burned and plundered and slew from the sea on the west to the sea on the east; and now no one withstood them. Their vengeance was not unlike that 50 of the Chaldees, when they burned the walls of Jerusalem

and destroyed the royal palace by fire for the sins of God's people. So then here almost every city and district was wasted by this impious people, though it was by the just
55 judgment of God. Buildings both public and private collapsed and fell; by every altar priests and clergy were slain and murdered. Bishops and people, without regard for mercy, were destroyed together by fire and sword; nor was there anyone who bestowed the rites of burial on those so
60 cruelly slaughtered. Many of the miserable survivors were captured in waste places, and stabbed in heaps.

Some through hunger surrendered themselves into the enemy's hands, and engaged to be their slaves for ever in return for a maintenance; some in sorrow went beyond the sea; some
65 timidly abode in the old country, and with heavy hearts ever lived a life of want in wood and wilds and on lofty rocks. Then when the host returned to their home after expelling the inhabitants of the island, the latter began little by little to rouse up their strength and courage: issuing from the
70 obscure retreats in which they had hidden themselves, they began all with one consent to entreat heaven's aid, that they might not utterly and everywhere be annihilated. At that time their general and leader was Ambrosius, also called Aurelianus: he was of Roman origin, and a man of courage
75 and moderation. In his time the Britons recovered heart and strength, and he exhorted them to fight and promised victory; and by God's help in the fight they did win the victory. And then from that time now the Britons, now again the Saxons were victors, till the year in which Mount
80 Badon was beset; there was made a great carnage of the Angles, about forty-four years after the arrival of the Angles in Britain.

ALFRED THE GREAT

Preface to Pope Gregory's Pastoral Care

King Alfred bids greet bishop Waerferth lovingly and with friendship; and I let it be known to thee that it has very often come into my mind, what wise men there were formerly throughout England; both of sacred and secular orders; and how happy times there were then throughout 5 England; and how the kings who had power over the nation in those days obeyed God and his ministers; and they preserved peace, morality, and order at home, and at the same time enlarged their territory abroad; and how they prospered both with war and with wisdom; and also the sacred 10 orders how zealous they were both in teaching and in learning; and in all the services they owed to God; and how foreigners came to this land in search of wisdom and instruction, and how we should now have to get them from abroad if we were to have them. So general was its decay in Eng- 15 land that there were very few on this side of the Humber who could understand their rituals in English, or translate a letter from Latin into English; and I believe that there were not many beyond the Humber. There were so few of them that I cannot remember a single one south of the Thames 20 when I came to the throne.

Thanks be to God Almighty that we have any teachers among us now. And therefore I command thee to do as I believe thou art willing, to disengage thyself from worldly matters as often as thou canst, that thou mayest apply the 25 wisdom which God has given thee wherever thou canst. Consider what punishments would come upon us on account of this world, if we neither loved it (wisdom) ourselves nor suffered other men to obtain it: we should love the name only of Christian, and very few of the virtues. When I 30 considered all this I remembered also how I saw, before it

had been all ravaged and burnt, how the churches throughout the whole of England stood filled with treasures and books, and there was also a multitude of God's servants, but they
35 had very little knowledge of the books, for they could not understand anything of them, because they were not written in their own language. As if they had said: "Our forefathers, who formerly held these places, loved wisdom, and through it they obtained wealth and bequeathed it to us.
40 In this we can still see their tracks, but we cannot follow them, because we would not incline our hearts after their example."

When I remembered all this, I wondered extremely that the good and wise men who were formerly all over England,
45 and had perfectly learnt all the books, did not wish to translate them into their own language. But again I soon answered myself and said: "They did not think that men would ever be so careless, and that learning would so decay; through that desire they abstained from it, and they wished
50 that the wisdom in this land might increase with our knowledge of languages." Then I remembered how the law was first known in Hebrew, and again, when the Greeks had learnt it, they translated the whole of it into their own language, and all other books besides. And again the Romans,
55 when they had learnt it, they translated the whole of it through learned interpreters into their own language. And also all other Christian nations translated a part of them into their own language. Therefore it seems better to me, if ye think so, for us also to translate some books which are
60 most needful for men to know into the language which we can all understand, and for you to do as we very easily can if we have tranquillity enough, that is that all the youth now in England of free men, who are rich enough to be able to devote themselves to it, be set to learn as long as they are
65 not fit for any other occupation, until that they are well

able to read English writing; and let those be afterward taught in the Latin language who are to continue learning and be promoted to a higher rank.

When I remembered how the knowledge of Latin had formerly decayed throughout England, and yet many could 70 read English writing, I began, among other various and manifold troubles of this kingdom, to translate into English the book which is called in Latin *Pastoralis*, and in English *Shepherd's Book*, sometimes word by word and sometimes according to the sense, as I learnt it from Plegmund my arch-75 bishop, and Asser my bishop, and Grimbold my mass-priest, and John my mass-priest. And when I had learnt it as I could best understand it, and as I could most clearly interpret it, I translated it into English; and I will send a copy to every bishopric in my kingdom; and on each there is a 80 clasp worth fifty mancus. And I command in God's name that no man take the clasp from the book or the book from the minster: it is uncertain how long there may be such learned bishops as now, thanks be to God, there are nearly everywhere; therefore I wish them always to remain in their 85 place, unless the bishop wish to take them with him, or they be lent out anywhere, or any one make a copy from them.

THE ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE

677. In this year the star (called) comet appeared in August, and shone for three months every morning like a sunbeam. And Bishop Wilfrith was driven from his bishopric by King Ecgferth; and two bishops were hallowed in his stead: Bosa to Deira, and Eata to Bernicia. And 5 Eadhed was hallowed bishop by the people of Lindsey; he was the first of the bishops of Lindsey.

690. In this year Archbishop Theodore died. He was bishop twenty-two winters, and he was buried at Canter-

19 bury; and Beorhtwald succeeded to the bishopric. Previously the bishops had been Romans; since then they were English.

699. In this year the Picts slew Beorht the alderman.

722. In this year Queen Æthelburh destroyed Taunton, 15 which Ine had previously built. And Ealdabriht the exile withdrew into Surrey and Sussex; and Ine fought against the South Saxons.

871. (abridged) About four days afterward, King Ethelred and his brother Alfred led a large force to Reading, and 20 fought against the army; and there was great slaughter on both sides. Earl Ethelwulf was slain, and the Danes held possession of the field. And about four days after this, Ethelred and Alfred fought against the whole army at Ashdown. And the Danes were in two divisions: in one were 25 Bagsecg and Halfdene the heathen kings; and in the other were the earls. King Ethelred fought against the division of the kings, and there was King Bagsecg slain; and his brother Alfred against the division of the earls. And both divisions were put to flight, and many thousands slain. And 30 afterward, about Easter, King Ethelred died; and he reigned five years, and his body lies at Wimborne. Then Alfred, son of Ethelwulf, succeeded to the kingdom of the West Saxons. And about a month after, King Alfred, with a small force, fought against the whole army at Wilton, and 35 put them to flight.

MIDDLE ENGLISH ROMANCE

The Arming of Gawain

(From Sir Gawain and the Green Knight)

He dwelt there all that day, and on the morn he arose and asked betimes for his armor; and they brought it unto him on this wise. First, a rich carpet was stretched on the

floor (and brightly did the gold gear glitter upon it), then the knight stepped upon it, and handled the steel; clad he 5 was in a doublet of silk, with a close hood, lined fairly throughout. Then they set the steel shoes upon his feet, and wrapped his legs with greaves, with polished kneecaps, fastened with knots of gold. Then they cased his thighs in cuisses closed with thongs, and brought him the byrnie of bright steel 10 rings sewn upon a fair stuff. Well burnished braces they set on each arm with good elbow-pieces, and gloves of mail, and all the goodly gear that should shield him in his need. And they cast over all a rich surcoat, and set the golden spurs on his heels, and girt him with a trusty sword fastened with 15 a silken bawdrick. When he was thus clad, his harness was costly, for the least loop or latchet gleamed with gold. So armed as he was he hearkened Mass and made his offering at the high altar. Then he came to the king, and the knights of his court, and courteously took leave of lords and ladies, 20 and they kissed him, and commended him to Christ.

Gawain Keeps His Pledge

(From Sir Gawain and the Green Knight)

"Thou art welcome, Gawain," quoth the green warrior, "to my place. Thou hast tined thy coming as befits a true man. Thou knowest the covenant set between us: at this time twelve months ago thou didst take that which fell to thee, and I at this New Year will readily requite thee. 5 We are in this valley, verily alone, here are no knights to sever us, do what we will. Have off thy helm from thine head, and have here thy pay; make me no more talking than I did then when thou didst strike off my head with one blow." 10

"Nay," quoth Gawain, "by God that gave me life, I shall make no moan whatever befall me, but make thou ready

for the blow and I shall stand still and say never a word to thee, do as thou wilt."

15 With that he bent his head and showed his neck all bare, and made as if he had no fear, for he would not be thought afraid.

Then the Green Knight made him ready, and grasped his grim weapon to smite Gawain. With all his force he bore it aloft with a mighty feint of slaying him: had it fallen as
20 straight as he aimed, he who was ever doughty of deed had been slain by the blow. But Gawain swerved aside as the axe came gliding down to slay him as he stood, and shrank a little with the shoulders, for the sharp iron. The other heaved up the blade and rebuked the prince with many
25 proud words:

"Thou art not Gawain," he said, "who is held so valiant, that never feared he man by hill or vale, but thou shrinkest for fear ere thou feelest hurt. Such cowardice did I never hear of Gawain! Neither did I flinch from thy blow, nor
30 make strife in King Arthur's hall. My head fell to my feet, and yet I fled not; but thou didst wax faint of heart ere any harm befell. Wherefore must I be deemed the braver knight."

Quoth Gawain, "I shrank once, but so will I no more; 35 though if my head fall on the stones I cannot replace it. But haste, Sir Knight, by thy faith, and bring me to the point, deal me my destiny, and do it out of hand; for I will stand thee a stroke and move no more till thine axe have hit me — my troth on it."

40 "Have at thee, then," quoth the other, and heaved aloft the axe with fierce mien, as if he were mad. He struck at him fiercely but wounded him not, withholding his hand ere it might strike him.

Gawain abode the stroke, and flinched in no limb, but
45 stood still as a stone or a stump of a tree that is fast rooted in the rocky ground with a hundred roots.

Then spake gaily the man in green, "So now thou hast thine heart whole it behooves me to smite. Hold aside thy hood that Arthur gave thee, and keep thy neck thus bent lest it cover it again."

50

Then Gawain said angrily, "Why talk on thus? Thou dost threaten too long. I hope thy heart misgives thee."

"For sooth," quoth the other, "so fiercely thou speakest I will no longer let thine errand wait its reward." Then he braced himself to strike, frowning with lips and brow, 'twas 55 no marvel that it pleased but ill him who hoped for no rescue. He lifted the axe lightly and let it fall with the edge of the blade on the bare neck. Though he struck swiftly, it hurt him no more than on the one side where it severed the skin. The sharp blade cut into the flesh so that the blood ran 60 over his shoulder to the ground. And when the knight saw the blood staining the snow, he sprang forth, swift-foot, more than a spear's length, seized his helmet and set it on his head, cast his shield over his shoulder, drew out his bright sword, and spake boldly (never since he was 65 born was he half so blithe), "Stop, Sir Knight, bid me no more blows. I have stood a stroke here without flinching, and if thou give me another, I shall requite thee, and give thee as good again. By the covenant made betwixt us in Arthur's hall but one blow falls to me here. Halt, there- 70 fore."

Then the Green Knight drew off from him and leaned on his axe, setting the shaft on the ground, and looked on Gawain as he stood all armed and faced him fearlessly — at heart it pleased him well. Then he spake merrily in a loud voice, 75 and said to the knight, "Bold sir, be not so fierce; no man here hath done thee wrong, nor will do, save by covenant, as we made at Arthur's court. I promised thee a blow and thou hast it — hold thyself well paid! I release thee of all other claims."

80

GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH

Arthur's Bravery

(From *History of British Kings*, Book IX, Chap. IV)

When he had done speaking, St. Dubricius, archbishop of Legions, going to the top of a hill, cried out with a loud voice, "You that have the honour to profess the Christian faith, keep fixed in your minds the love which you owe to
5 your country and fellow subjects, whose sufferings by the treachery of the pagans will be an everlasting reproach to you, if you do not courageously defend them. It is your country which you fight for, and for which you should, when required, voluntarily suffer death; for that itself is victory
10 and the cure of the soul. For he that shall die for his brethren, offers himself a living sacrifice to God, and has Christ for his example, who condescended to lay down his life for his brethren. If therefore any of you shall be killed in this war, that death itself, which is suffered in so glorious a cause,
15 shall be to him for penance and absolution of all his sins."

At these words, all of them, encouraged with the benediction of the holy prelate, instantly armed themselves, and prepared to obey his orders. Also Arthur himself, having put on a coat of mail suitable to the grandeur of so great
20 a king, placed a golden helmet upon his head, on which was engraven the figure of a dragon; and on his shoulders his shield called Priwen; upon which the picture of the blessed Mary, mother of God, was painted, in order to put him frequently in mind of her. Then girding on his Caliburn, which
25 was an excellent sword made in the isle of Avallon, he graced his right hand with his lance, named Ron, which was hard, broad, and fit for slaughter.

After this, having placed his men in order, he boldly attacked the Saxons, who were drawn out in the shape of a
30 wedge, as their manner was. And they, notwithstanding

that the Britons fought with great eagerness, made a noble defence all that day; but at length, towards sunsetting, climbed up the next mountain, which served them for a camp: for they desired no larger extent of ground, since they confided very much in their numbers. The next morn- 35 ing Arthur, with his army, went up the mountain, but lost many of his men in the ascent, by the advantage which the Saxons had in their station on the top, from whence they could pour down upon him with much greater speed than he was able to advance against them. Notwithstanding, 40 after a very hard struggle, the Britons gained the summit of the hill, and quickly came to a close engagement with the enemy, who again gave them a warm reception, and made a vigorous defence.

In this manner was a great part of that day also spent; 45 whereupon Arthur, provoked to see the little advantage he had yet gained, and that victory still continued in suspense, drew out his Caliburn, and calling upon the name of the blessed Virgin, rushed forward with great fury into the thickest of the enemy's ranks; of whom (such was the merit of 50 his prayers) not one escaped alive that felt the fury of his sword; neither did he give over the fury of his assault until he had with his Caliburn alone killed four hundred and seventy men. The Britons seeing this followed their leader in great multitudes, and made slaughter on all sides; so 55 that Colgrin, and Bardulph his brother, and many thousands more, fell before them. But Cheldric, in this imminent danger of his men, betook himself to flight.

JOHN WICLIF

The Beatitudes

1. Jhesus forsothe, seyng cumpanyes, wente up in to an hill; and when he hadde sete, his disciplis camen nize to hym.

2. And he, openynge his mouthe, tauzte to hem, say-
inge,
- 5 3. Blessid *be* the pore in spirit, for the kingdam in hevenes
is heren.
4. Blessid *be* mylde *men*, for thei shuln welde the eerthe.
5. Blessid *be* thei that mournen, for thei shuln be com-
fortid.
- 10 6. Blessid *be* thei that hungren and thristen rigtwisnesse,
for thei shuln be fulfillid.
7. Blessid *be* merciful *men*, for thei shuln gete mercye.
8. Blessid *be* thei that ben of clene herte, for thei shuln
see God.
- 15 9. Blessid *be* pesible *men*, for thei shuln be clepid the sonys
of God.
10. Blessid *be* thei that suffren persecucioun for rigt-
wisnesse, for the kingdam of hevenes is herun.
11. 3ee shulen be blessid, when men shulen curse 3ou,
20 and shulen pursue 3ou, and shulen say al yvel a3eins 3ou
leezing, for me.
12. Joye 3ee with yn forth, and glade 3ee with out forth,
for 3oure meede is plenteuouse in hevenes; forsothe so thei
han pursued the prophetis that weren before 3ou.

WILLIAM LANGLAND

The Vision of the Field Full of Folk

(From The Vision of Piers the Plowman)

- In a summer season, when soft was the sun,
In rough cloth I clad me, as if I were a shepherd,
In habit like a hermit in his works unholy,
And through the wide world I went, wonders to hear.
- 5 But on a May morning, on Malvern Hills,
A marvel befell me, from fairyland it seemed.
I was weary from wandering, so I went to rest

On a broad bank by the side of a brook ;
 And as I lay and leaned and looked into the waters,
 I slumbered in a sleeping, it sounded so merry. 10
 And I dreamed a marvelous dream.
 I was in a wilderness, wist I not where ;
 And as eastward I looked, toward the sun,
 I saw a tower on a hill, fairly fashioned,
 Beneath it a dale, and in the dale a dungeon, 15
 With a deep ditch, dark and dreadful to see.
 A fair field of folk found I there between,
 All manner of men, the rich and the poor,
 Working and wandering as the world demandeth.
 Some were for plowing, and played full seldom, 20
 Setting seed and sowing they labored hard,
 To win what wasters with gluttony destroy.
 Some were for pride, appareled themselves accordingly,
 In fashion of their clothing they came strangely dressed.
 Many to prayers and penance devoted themselves, 25
 For love of our Lord they lived very strictly,
 In hope of bliss in the kingdom of heaven ;
 As nuns and hermits that held themselves in their cells,
 And desire not in the country to wander about
 With dainty living their body to please. 30
 Some were for trade ; they throve the better,
 As it seems to our sight that thrive they do.
 And some were amusers, as minstrels can be,
 And get gold with their glee, guiltless, I believe.
 Barons and burgesses, bondmen also, 35
 I saw in that assembly, as ye shall hear later,
 Bakers and butchers and brewers many,
 Woolen weavers and weavers of linen,
 Tailors, tanners, and tuckers too,
 Masons, miners, and other crafts many, 40
 Ditchers and delvers, that do their work ill,
 And spend the whole day with, "God save you, Dame Emma."
 Cooks and their men cry out, "Hot pies, hot !
 Good geese and pigs ! Come and dine. come and dine !"

- 45 Taverners to them told the same tale,
 With wine from Alsatia, from Gascony too,
 From the Rhine, from Rochelle, the roast to digest.
 All this I saw sleeping, and seven times more.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

The Land of Prester John

(*From Travels, Chap. XXX*)

In the land of Prester John be many diverse things and many precious stones, so great and so large, that men make of them vessels, as platters, dishes, and cups. And many other marvels be there, that it were too cumbrous and too
 5 long to put it in scripture of books; but of the principal isles and of his estate and of his law, I shall tell you some part.

This Emperor Prester John is Christian, and a great part of his country also. But yet, they have not all the articles
 10 of our faith as we have. They believe well in the Father, in the Son, and in the Holy Ghost. And they be full devout and right true one to another. And they set not by no barretts, nor by cautels, nor of no deceits.

And he hath under him seventy-two provinces, and in
 15 every province is a king. And these kings have kings under them, and all be tributaries to Prester John. And he hath in his lordships many great marvels.

For in his country is the sea that men clepe the Gravelly Sea, that is all gravel and sand, without any drop of water,
 20 and it ebbeth and floweth in great waves as other seas do, and it is never still nor in peace, in no manner season. And no man may pass that sea by navy, nor by no manner of craft, and therefore may no man know what land is beyond that sea. And albeit that it have no water, yet men find
 25 therein and on the banks full good fish of other manner of

kind and shape, than men find in any other sea, and they be of right good taste and delicious to man's meat.

And a three journeys long from that sea be great mountains, out of which goeth out a great flood that cometh out of Paradise. And it is full of precious stones, without any drop of 30 water, and it runneth through the desert on that one side, so that it maketh the sea gravelly; and it beareth into that sea, and there it endeth. And that flome runneth, also, three days in the week, and bringeth with him great stones and the rocks also therewith, and that great plenty. And anon, as they 35 be entered into the Gravelly Sea, they be seen no more, but lost for evermore. And in those three days that that river runneth, no man dare enter into it; but in the other days men dare enter well enough.

Also beyond that flome, more upward to the deserts, is a 40 great plain all gravelly, between the mountains. And in that plain, every day at the sun-rising, begin to grow small trees, and they grow till mid-day, bearing fruit; but no man dare take of that fruit, for it is a thing of faerie. And after mid-day, they decrease and enter again into the earth, so 45 that at the going down of the sun they appear no more. And so they do, every day. And that is a great marvel.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

The Prologue

Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
5 Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,
And smale fowles maken melodye,
10 That slepen al the night with open yē,
(So priketh hem nature in hir corages);
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages
(And palmers for to seken straunge strondes)
To ferne halwes, couthe in sondry londes;
15 And specially, from every shires ende
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martir for to seke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.

When April with its sweet showers hath pierced the dryness of March to the root, and hath bathed every vein in the sort of moisture by virtue of which flowers grow; when Zephyr also with its sweet breath hath quickened the tender shoots in every wood and heath, and the young sun hath run his half-course in the Ram, and little birds make melody, that sleep all night with open eye (nature so stirs them in their hearts): then people long to go on pilgrimages (and palmers to seek strange shores) to distant shrines, known in sundry lands; and especially, from the end of every county of England to Canterbury they go, to seek the holy blessed martyr, who hath helped them when they were sick.

Bifel that, in that seson on a day,
 In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay 20
 Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
 To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,
 At night was come in-to that hostelrye
 Wel nyne and twenty in a companye,
 Of sondry folk, by aventure y-falle 25
 In felawshipe, and pilgrims were they alle,
 That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde;
 The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
 And wel we weren esed atte beste.
 And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste, 30
 So hadde I spoken with hem everichon,
 That I was of hir felawshipe anon,
 And made forward erly for to ryse,
 To take our wey, ther as I yow devyse.
 But natheles, whyl I have tyme and space, 35
 Er that I ferther in this tale pace,
 Me thinketh it acordaunt to resoun,
 To telle yow al the condicioun

It happened one day in that season, while I was lodging at the Tabard Inn in Southwark, ready to go on my pilgrimage with devout heart, that at night there came into that hostelry just twenty-nine sundry folk in a company, by chance come together, who were going to ride to Canterbury. The chambers and the stables were large, and we were entertained in the best fashion. And shortly, when the sun had gone down, I had spoken with them every one, so that I was of their fellowship right away; and we made an agreement to rise early to take our way, as I shall describe to you.

But nevertheless, while I have time and space, before I proceed further in my story, methinks it is reasonable to tell you the condition of each of them, as it appeared to me, and what

40 Of ech of hem, so as it semed me,
 And whiche they weren, and of what degree;
 And eek in what array that they were inne.

.

 Ther was also a Nonne, a PRIORESSE,
 That of hir smyling was ful simple and coy;
 Hir gretteste ooth was but by sēynt Loy,
 45 And she was cleped madame Eglentyne.
 Ful wel she song the service divyne,
 Entuned in hir nose ful semely;
 And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,
 After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
 50 For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.
 At mete wel y-taught was she with-alle;
 She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,
 Ne wette hir fingres in hir sauce depe.
 Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
 55 That no drope ne fille up-on hir brest.
 In curteisye was set ful moche hir lest.

sort of men they were, of what rank, and how they were dressed.

There was a nun, a Prioress, who was very simple and quiet in her smiling; her greatest oath was only by Saint Loy, and she was called Madame Eglentyne. Very well she sang the divine service, intoned in her nose in a very seemly manner; and French she spoke well, excellently, according to the school of Stratford-at-Bowe, for Parisian French was unknown to her. She had been well taught how to eat; she let not a morsel fall from her lips, nor did she wet her fingers in her deep sauce. She could lift and hold a morsel so skilfully that not a drop fell upon her breast. Great pleasure she took in matters of breeding. Her upper

Hir over lippe wyped she so clene,
 That in hir coppe was no ferthing sene
 Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hir draughte.
 Ful semely after hir mete she raughte, 60
 And sikerly she was of greet disport,
 And full plesaunt, and amiable of port,
 And peyned hir to countrefete chere
 Of court, and been estatlich of manere,
 And to been holden digne of reverence. 65
 But, for to speken of hir conscience,
 She was so charitable and so pitous,
 She wolde wepe, if that she sawe a mous
 Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
 Of smale houndes had she, that she fedde 70
 With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel breed.
 But sore weep she if oon of hem were deed,
 Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte :
 And al was conscience and tendre herte.
 Ful semely hir wimpel pinched was ; 75
 Hir nose tretys ; hir eyen greye as glas ;

lip she wiped so clean that not a particle of grease was seen in her cup when she had drunk her draught. Very gracefully she reached for her food, and certainly she was very genial, and pleasant, and attractive in behavior, and took pains to imitate courtly manners, and be dignified, and to be held worthy of reverence. But to speak of her tenderness, she was so charitable and full of pity — she would weep if she saw a mouse caught in a trap, if it were dead or bleeding. Some little dogs she had, that she fed with cooked meat, or milk and fine bread. But much she wept if one of them died, or if anybody struck one sharply with a stick ; and she was all sympathy and tender heart. Very becomingly was her wimple gathered ; her nose was shapely ; her eyes were gray as glass ; her mouth rather small, as well as soft and red.

Hir mouth ful smal, and ther-to softe and reed;
 But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed;
 It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe;
 80 For, hardily, she was nat undergrowe.
 Ful fetis was hir cloke, as I was war.
 Of smal coral aboute hir arm she bar
 A peire of bedes, gauded al with grene;
 And ther-on heng a broche of gold ful shene,
 85 On which ther was first write a crowned A,
 And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.

A CLERK ther was of Oxenford also,
 That un-to logik hadde longe y-go.
 As lene was his hors as is a rake,
 90 And he nas nat right fat, I undertake;
 But loked holwe, and ther-to soberly.
 Ful thredbar was his overest courtepy;
 For he had geten him yet no benefyce,
 Ne was so worldly for to have offyce.
 95 For him was lever have at his beddes heed
 Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,

Truly she had a fine forehead — it was almost a span broad, I guess; for surely she was not undergrown. Her cloak was very handsome, as I was aware. Upon her arm she carried a pair of beads, made of small corals, with green gauds; and upon it hung a brooch of bright gold, on which was inscribed a capital A, and under that, *Amor vincit omnia*.

There was also a scholar from Oxford, who had long devoted himself to the study of logic. His horse was as lean as a rake; and he himself was not very fat, I must say; but looked hollow, and sad besides. His coat was quite threadbare; for he had as yet secured no church preferment, and he was not so worldly as to accept a secular position. For he would rather have at his bed's head twenty books bound

Of Aristotle and his philosophye,
 Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrye.
 But al be that he was a philosophre,
 Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre; 100
 But al that he mighte of his freendes hente,
 On bokes and on lerninge he it spente,
 And bisily gan for the soules preye
 Of hem that yaf him wher-with to scoleye.
 Of studie took he most cure and most hede. 105
 Noght o word spak he more than was nede,
 And that was seyde in forme and reverence,
 And short and quik, and ful of hy sentence.
 Souninge in moral vertu was his speche,
 And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche. 110

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 A Cook they hadde with hem for the nones,
 To boille the chiknes with the mary-bones,
 And poudre-marchant tart, and galingale.
 Wel coude he knowe a draughte of London ale.

in black or red, of Aristotle and his philosophy, than fine clothes, or a fiddle, or a gay psaltery. But although he was a philosopher, he had little money in his coffer; but all that he could get from his friends, he spent on books and learning, and diligently prayed for the souls of those who gave him the wherewithal to pursue his studies. He gave most care and most thought to study. He spoke not a word more than was necessary, and what he did speak was said in good form and reverently, and briefly, and full of meaning. His speech tended to moral virtue, and he was glad both to learn and to teach.

A Cook they had with them for the occasion, to boil the chickens with the marrow-bones, and sweet roots and spices. He knew well how to distinguish a draught of London ale.

115 He coude roste, and sethe, and broille, and frye,
 Maken mortreux, and wel bake a pye.
 But greet harm was it, as it thoughte me,
 That on his shine a mormal hadde he;
 For blankmanger, that made he with the beste.

120 A good man was ther of religioun,
 And was a povre PERSOUN of a toun;
 But riche he was of holy thoght and werk.
 He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
 That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche;
 125 His parissheis devoutly wolde he teche.
 Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
 And in adversitee ful pacient;
 And swich he was y-preved ofte sythes.
 Ful looth were him to cursen for his tythes,
 130 But rather wolde he yeven, out of doute,
 Un-to his povre parissheis aboute
 Of his offring, and eek of his substaunce.
 He coude in litel thing han suffisaunce.

He could roast, and boil, and broil, and fry, make soups, and bake pies well. But it was great pity, as it seemed to me, that he had a bad sore on his shin; he made minced chicken as well as the best.

There was a thoroughly religious man, a parish priest, who was rich in holy thought and work. He was, moreover, a learned man, a scholar, who wished to preach Christ's gospel truly, and devoutly to teach his parishioners. He was benignant and exceedingly diligent, and very patient in adversity; and such he was proved many times. He was very loath to excommunicate any for failure to pay their tithes; he would rather give to his poor parishioners part of their voluntary contributions and of his own regular income. A very little was a sufficiency for him. His parish

Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer a-sonaer,
 But he ne lafte nat for reyn ne thonder, 135
 In siknes nor in meschief to visyte
 The ferreste in his parisshe, muche and lyte,
 Up-on his feet, and in his hand a staf.
 This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,
 That first he wroghte, and afterward he taughte; 140
 Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte;
 And this figure he added eek ther-to,
 That if gold ruste, what shal iren do?
 For if a preest be foul, on whom we truste,
 No wonder is a lewed man to ruste; 145
 And shame it is, if a preest take keep,
 A spotted shepherde and a clene sheep.
 Wel oghte a preest ensample for to yive,
 By his clenness, how that his sheep shold live.
 He sette nat his benefice to hyre, 150
 And leet his sheep encombred in the myre,
 And ran to London, un-to sēynt Poules,
 To seken him a chaunterie for soules,

was large, and the houses were far apart; but neither for rain nor for thunder did he leave off visiting, when they were sick or in trouble, the furthest in his parish, the great and the lowly, going on foot, with a staff in his hand. This noble example to his sheep he gave, that first he did things and then he taught. The words he picked up in the gospel; and this figure of speech he added to it, that if gold rust, what shall iron do? For if a priest be wicked, in whom we trust, it is no wonder if an ignorant man go astray. It is a shame, too, if a priest think of it, to find a filthy shepherd and a clean sheep. A priest ought indeed to give example by his cleanness how his sheep should live. He did not leave his parish duties to be performed by a hireling, and his sheep encumbered in the mire, while he ran off to Saint Paul's in London to get an endowed position for himself, or to

Or with a bretherhed to been withholde;
 155 But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his folde,
 So that the wolf ne made it nat miscarie;
 He was a shepherde and no mercenarie.
 And though he holy were, and vertuous,
 He was to sinful man nat despitous,
 160 Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,
 But in his teching discreet and benigne.
 To drawen folk to heven by fairnesse
 By good ensample, this was his bisnesse :
 But it were any persone obstinat,
 165 What so he were, of heigh or lowe estat,
 Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones.
 A bettre preest I trowe that nowher noon is.
 He wayted after no pompe and reverence,
 Ne maked him a spyced conscience,
 170 But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
 He taughte, and first he folwed it himselve.

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become a member of a brotherhood. But he dwelt at home, and took good care of the fold, so that the wolf never made trouble in it; he was a shepherd and not a hireling. Although he himself was holy and virtuous, he was not harsh with sinful men, nor in his speech forbidding or too dignified; but in his teaching discreet and considerate. To draw people to heaven by fair living and by good example — this was his business; but if any one was obstinate, whoever he was, of high or low estate, that one he would reprove sharply. A better priest I do not believe there is anywhere. He did not look for display or honor, and he did not work up an overscrupulous conscience; but the teaching of Christ and his twelve :postles he taught, first following it himself.

The MILLER was a stout carl, for the nones,
 Ful big he was of braun, and eek of bones;
 That proved wel, for over-al ther he cam,
 At wrastling he wolde have alwey the ram. 175
 He was short-sholdred, brood, a thikke knarre,
 Ther nas no dore that he nolde heve of harre,
 Or breke it, at a renning, with his heed.
 His berd as any sowe or fox was reed,
 And ther-to brood, as though it were a spade. 180
 Up-on the cop right of his nose he hade
 A werthe, and ther-on stood a tuft of heres,
 Reed as the bristles of a sowes eres;
 His nose-thirles blake were and wyde.
 A swerd and bokeler bar he by his syde; 185
 His mouth as greet was as a greet forneys.
 He was a janglere and a goliardeys,
 And that was most of sinne and harlotryes.
 Wel coude he stelen corn, and tollen thryes;
 And yet he hadde a thombe of gold, pardee. 190
 A whyt cote and a blew hood wered he.

The Miller was a stout fellow, I assure you, big in muscle and in bones. That was well proved; for everywhere he went, he always won the prize in wrestling. He had a short upper arm; he was broad, a muscular fellow: there was no door that he couldn't lift off the hinges or break it by butting into it with his head. His beard was as red as a sow or fox, and besides that it was broad, like a spade. Right on the top of his nose he had a wart, and on it there was a tuft of hairs, red as the bristles of a sow's ears; his nostrils were large and black. He carried at his side a sword and buckler; his mouth was as big as a big furnace. He talked loud and told coarse jokes, mostly wicked and scurrilous. He knew how to steal grain, and take his toll thrice; and yet he had, certainly, a thumb of gold. He wore a white coat and a blue hood. He could

A baggepype wel coude he blowe and sowne.
 And therwithal he broghte us out of towne.

195 With him ther rood a gentil PARDONER
 Of Rouncival, his freend and his compeer,
 That streight was comen fro the court of Rome.
 Ful loude he song, "Com hider, lve, to me."
 This somnour bar to him a stif burdoun,
 Was never trompe of half so greet a soun.
 200 This pardoner hadde heer as yelow as wex,
 But smothe it heng, as doth a strike of flex;
 By ounces henge his lokkes that he hadde,
 And ther-with he his shuldres over-spradde;
 But thinne it lay, by colpons oon and oon;
 205 But hood, for jolitee, ne wered he noon,
 For it was trussed up in his walet.
 Him thoughte, he rood al of the newe jet;
 Dischevele, save his cappe, he rood al bare.
 Swiche glaringe eyen hadde he as an hare.

play a bagpipe well, and with its music he brought us out of town.

With the Summoner rode a gentle Pardoner from Rouncival, his friend and his comrade, who had come straight from the court of Rome. Loudly he sang, "Come hither, love, to me." The Summoner sang a good bass to him — never a trumpet was half so loud. This pardoner had hair as yellow as wax, which hung smooth, like a hank of flax. In bunches his locks hung, overspreading his shoulders; but it lay in thin clusters separately. For greater comfort he wore no hood, for it was packed in his wallet. He thought he was altogether in the latest fashion. He rode with head bare, except for his cap, and with his hair hanging loose. He had glaring eyes like a hare. A veronica he had sewed

A vernicle hadde he sowed on his cappe. 210
 His walet lay biforn him in his lappe,
 Bret-ful of pardoun come from Rome al hoot.
 A voys he hadde as smal as hath a goot.
 No berd hadde he, ne never sholde have,
 As smothe it was as it were late y-shave; 215
 But of his craft, fro Berwik unto Ware,
 Ne was ther swich another pardoner.
 For in his male he hadde a pilwe-beer,
 Which that, he seyde, was our lady veyl:
 He seyde, he hadde a gobet of the seyl 220
 That sēynt Peter hadde, whan that he wente
 Up-on the see, til Jesu Crist him hente.
 He hadde a croys of latoun, ful of stones,
 And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
 But with thise relikes, whan that he fond 225
 A povre person dwelling up-on lond,
 Up-on a day he gat him more moneye
 Than that the person got in monthes tweye.
 And thus with feyned flaterye and japes,
 He made the person and the peple his apes. 230

on his cap; and in front of him, on his lap, lay his wallet, brimful of pardons all hot from Rome. A voice he had as small as a goat. He had no beard, and was never going to have one; it was as smooth as if it had just been shaved. But in his profession — there was never such another pardoner from Berwick to Ware. In his wallet he had a pillow-case, which he said was Our Lady's veil; he said he had a piece of the sail that Saint Peter had when he went on the sea, and Jesus Christ caught hold of him. He had a metal cross set full of precious stones, and in a bottle he had pig's bones. With these relics, whenever he found a poor person living in the country, in a single day he got more money than the parish priest got in two months. Thus, with flattery and tricks, he made the priest and the people his dupes.

But trewely to tellen, atte laste,
 He was in chirche a noble ecclesiaste.
 Wel coude he rede a lessoun or a storie,
 But alderbest he song an offertorie;
 235 For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
 He moste preche, and wel affyle his tonge,
 To winne silver, as he ful wel coude;
 Therefore he song so meriely and loude.

Now have I told you shortly, in a clause,
 240 Th' estat, th'array, the nombre, and eek the cause
 Why that assembled was this companye
 In Southwerk, at this gentil hostelrye,
 That highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle.
 But now is tyme to yow for to telle
 245 How that we baren us that ilke night,
 Whan we were in that hostelrye alight.
 And after wol I telle of our viage,
 And al the remenaunt of our pilgrimage.
 A semely man our hoste was with-alle
 250 For to han been a marshal in an halle;

But to tell the whole truth, he was a noble ecclesiast in the church. He could read a lesson or a story admirably, but best of all was his singing of the offertory; for he knew well that, when the song was sung, he had to preach and soften his tongue to gain silver as he very well could; therefore he sang so merrily and loud.

Now have I told you shortly, in a word or two, the condition, the dress, the number, and also the reason why this company was gathered in Southwark at this pleasant hostelry called the Tabard, near the Bell. Now it is time to tell you how we conducted ourselves the night we alighted in the inn; and afterwards I will tell of our journey, and all the rest of our pilgrimage.

Our host was in all respects fitted to be a marshal of a hall.

A large man he was with eyen stepe,
 A fairer burgeys is ther noon in Chepe :
 Bold of his speche, and wys, and wel y-taught,
 And of manhod him lakkede right naught.
 Eek therto he was right a mery man, 255
 And after soper pleyen he bigan,
 And spak of mirthe amonges othere thinges,
 Whan that we hadde maad our rekeninges ;
 And seyde thus : "Now, lordinges, trewely
 Ye been to me right welcume hertely : 260
 For by my trouthe, if that I shal nat lye,
 I ne saugh this yeer so mery a companye
 At ones in this herberwe as is now.
 Fayn wolde I doon yow mirthe, wiste I how.
 And of a mirthe, I am right now bithoght, 265
 To doon yow ese, and it shal coste noght.
 Ye goon to Caunterbury ; God yow spede,
 The blisful martir quyte yow your mede.
 And wel I woot, as ye goon by the weye,
 Ye shapen yow to talen and to pleye ; 270

A large man, with bright eyes, there is not a finer citizen in all Cheapside, bold in speech, sensible, well taught, and lacking absolutely nothing of manhood. Besides he was a jolly fellow ; and after supper he began to make merry ; and after we had paid our bills, he spoke jovially, among other things, and said : "Now, sirs, you are welcome to me with all my heart ; for by my troth, I have not seen this year so merry a company in this inn at one time as now. I would gladly give you some pleasure if I knew how ; and I have just now thought of a good plan to amuse you, and it shall cost you nothing.

"You are going to Canterbury ; God speed you ! the blessed martyr give you your reward ! Now I know well that, as you travel, you plan to tell stories and jokes ; for surely there

- For trewely, confort ne mirthe is noon
 To ryde by the weye doumb as a stoon;
 And therfore wol I maken yow disport,
 As I seyde erst, and doon yow som confort.
- 275 And if yow lyketh alle, by oon assent,
 Now for to stonden at my jugement,
 And for to werken as I shal yow seye,
 To-morwe, whan ye ryden by the weye,
 Now, by my fader soule, that is deed,
 280 But ye be merye, I wol yeve yow myn heed.
 Hold up your hond, withouten more speche.”
- Our counseil was nat longe for to seche;
 Us thoughte it was noght worth to make it wys,
 And graunted him with-outen more avys,
 285 And bad him seye his verdict, as him leste.
- “Lordinges,” quod he, “now herkneth for the beste;
 But tak it not, I prey yow, in desdeyn;
 This is the poynt, to speken short and pleyn,
 That ech of yow, to shorte with your weye,
 290 In this viage, shal telle tales tweye,

is neither comfort nor pleasure in riding along dumb as a stone, and therefore will I make a diversion for you, as I said before, and give you some entertainment. And if it shall please you all to accept unanimously my decision and do as I say, to-morrow when you ride, — now by the soul of my dead father, unless you are merry I will give you my head! Hold up your hands, without more ado.”

It did not take long to get our opinion. It seemed to us not worth while to make it a matter for deliberation, and we granted his wish without hesitation, and bade him give his verdict as it pleased him.

“Sirs,” said he, “now harken, but don’t, I pray you, disdain it: this is the point, to speak briefly and plainly, that each of you, to make the time pass quickly, shall tell on this journey two tales on the way to Canterbury, and on the

To Caunterbury-ward, I mene it so,
 And hom-ward he shal tellen othere two,
 Of aventures that whylom han bifalle.
 And which of yow that bereth him best of alle,
 That is to seyn, that telleth in this cas 295
 Tales of best sentence and most solas,
 Shal han a soper at our aller cost
 Here in this place, sitting by this post,
 Whan that we come agayn fro Caunterbury.
 And for to make yow the more mery, 300
 I wol my-selven gladly with yow ryde,
 Right at myn owne cost, and be your gyde.
 And who-so wol my jugement withseye
 Shal paye al that we spenden by the weye.
 And if ye vouche-sauf that it be so, 305
 Tel me anon, with-outen wordes mo,
 And I wol erly shape me therfore."

This thing was graunted, and our othes swore
 With ful glad herte, and preyden him also
 That he wold vouche-sauf for to do so, 310

way home he shall tell two others, of adventures that happened some time or other. And the one who conducts himself best of all, that is to say, who tells under this plan tales best suited for instruction and amusement, shall have a supper at the expense of us all, here in this place, sitting by this post, when we return from Canterbury. In order to make you more merry, I will myself gladly ride with you, all at my own expense, and be your guide. And whoever disputes my judgment shall pay all that we spend on the road. If you agree, tell me at once, without more words, and I will quickly get ready."

The thing was granted, and we took our oaths with glad heart, and prayed him also that he would vouchsafe to do so, and that he would be our governor and the judge and

- And that he wolde been our governour,
 And of our tales juge and reportour,
 And sette a soper at a certeyn prys;
 And we wold reuled been at his devys,
 315 In heigh and lowe; and thus, by oon assent,
 We been acorded to his jugement.
 And ther-up-on the wyn was fet anon;
 We dronken, and to reste wente echon,
 With-outen any lenger taryinge.
 320 A-morwe, whan that day bigan to springe,
 Up roos our host, and was our aller cok,
 And gadrede us togidre, alle in a flok,
 And forth we riden, a litel more than pas,
 Un-to the watering of saint Thomas.
 325 And there our host bigan his hors areste,
 And seyde; "Lordinges, herkneth if yow leste.
 Ye woot your forward, and I it yow recorde.
 If even-song and morwe-song acorde,
 Lat se now who shal telle the firste tale.
 330 As ever mote I drinke wyn or ale,
 Who-so be rebel to my jugement
 Shal paye for al that by the weye is spent.

reporter of our tales, and that he would set a supper at a fixed price; we would be ruled by his opinion under all circumstances, and so we unanimously agreed to his judgment. Thereupon the wine was fetched right away; we drank, and each one went to rest without longer tarrying.

In the morning at daybreak, up rose our host and was cock of us all, and gathered us all together in a flock, and we rode forth at a little more than a foot-pace to the Watering of Saint Thomas. There our host stopped his horse and said: "Sirs, listen, please. You know your agreement, and I recall it to your memory. If evening song and morning song agree, let's see now who shall tell the first tale. As surely as I hope to drink wine or ale, whoever rebels against my judgment shall pay for all that is spent on the road.

Now draweth cut, er that we ferrer twinne;
 He which that hath the shortest shal beginne.
 Sire knight," quod he, "my maister and my lord, 335
 Now draweth cut, for that is myn acord.
 Cometh neer," quod he, "my lady prioresse;
 And ye, sir clerk, lat be your shamfastnesse,
 Ne studieth noght; ley hond to, every man."
 Anon to drawen every wight bigan, 340
 And shortly for to tellen, as it was,
 Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas,
 The sothe is this, the cut fil to the knight,
 Of which ful blythe and glad was every wight;
 And telle he moste his tale, as was resoun, 345
 By forward and by composicioun,
 As ye han herd; what nedeth wordes mo?
 And whan this goode man saugh it was so,
 As he that wys was and obedient
 To kepe his forward by his free assent, 350
 He seyde: "Sin I shal beginne the game,
 What, welcome be the cut, a Goddes name!
 Now lat us ryde, and herkneth what I seye."

Now draw lots before we go further, and whoever has the shortest shall begin. Sir Knight," said he, "my master and my lord, now draw, for that is my judgment. Come nearer," said he, "my lady Prioress; and you, Sir Clerk, put aside your modesty, don't wait at all; come up everybody."

Immediately every one began to draw, and to tell it briefly, whether it was by luck, or lot, or chance, the truth is this — the lot fell to the Knight, at which everybody was pleased; and he had to tell his tale, as was right, according to agreement, as you have heard; what's the use of saying more? When this good man saw that it was so, like one who was sensible and obedient to keep an agreement made by his free will, he said: "Since I am to begin the game, why! welcome be the lot, in God's name! Now let us ride; and hear what I say."

The Pardoner's Tale

(From The Canterbury Tales)

- In Flaundes whylom was a compayne
 Of yonge folk, that haunteden folye,
 A ryot, hasard, stewes, and tavernes,
 Where-as, with harpes, lutes, and giternes,
 5 They daunce and pleye at dees both day and night,
 And ete also and drinken over hir myght,
 Thurgh which they doon the devel sacrifise
 With-in that develes temple, in cursed wyse,
 By superfluitee abhominable;
 10 Hir othes been so grete and so dampnable,
 That it is grisly for to here hem swere;
 Our blissed lordes body they to-tere;
 Hem thoughte Jewes rente him noght y-nough;
 And ech of hem at otheres sinne lough.
 15 Thise ryotoures three, of whiche I telle,
 Longe erst er pryme rong of any belle,
 Were set hem in a taverne for to drinke;
 And as they satte, they herde a belle clinke

Once upon a time there was in Flanders a company of young people who followed after foolishness — as riotous living, gambling, brothels, and taverns, where with harps, lutes, and guitars they dance and play at dice both day and night, and also eat and drink beyond their capacity, by which they do sacrifice to the devil in that devil's temple in scandalous fashion, by outrageous excess. Their oaths are so many and so dreadful that it is terrible to hear them swear. Our blessed Lord's body they do tear to pieces — it seemed to them Jews tore him not enough; and each of them laughed at the others' sins.

These three rioters of whom I tell, long before any bell struck nine, had gone into a tavern to drink; and as they sat, they heard a bell ringing before a corpse that was being

Biforn a cors, was caried to his grave;
 That oon of hem gan callen to his knave, 20
 "Go bet," quod he, "and axe redily,
 What cors is this that passeth heer forby;
 And look that thou reporte his name wel."
 "Sir," quod the boy, "it nedeth never-a-del.
 It was me told, er ye cam heer, two houres; 25
 He was, pardee, an old felawe of youres;
 And sodeynly he was y-slayn to-night,
 For-dronke, as he sat on his bench upright;
 Ther cam a privee theef, men clepeth Deeth,
 That in this contree al the peple sleeth, 30
 And with his spere he smoot his herte a-two,
 And wente his way with-outen wordes mo.
 He hath a thousand slayn this pestilence:
 And, maister, er ye come in his presence,
 Me thinketh that it were necessarie 35
 For to be war of swich an adversarie:
 Beth redy for to mete him evermore.
 Thus taughte me my dame, I sey na-more."

carried to the grave. One of them called to his page, "Go quickly," said he, "and ask at once whose body is passing by; and be sure you report his name correctly."

"Sir," said this boy, "that's not at all necessary. It was told me two hours before you came here; he was, in faith, an old companion of yours, and he was suddenly slain to-night, dead drunk, as he sat straight up on his bench. There came a secret thief, whom men call Death, who slays all the people in this country; and with his spear he broke his heart in two, and went his way without more words. He hath slain a thousand during this plague; and master, before you come into his presence, it seems to me necessary that you be cautious of such an adversary; be always ready to meet him. So my mother taught me; that's all I have to say."

- 40 "By seinte Marie," said this taverner,
 "The child seith sooth, for he hath slayn this yeer,
 Henne over a myle, with-in a greet village.
 Both man and womman, child and hyne, and page.
 I trowe his habitacioun be there;
 To been avysed greet wisdom it were,
 45 Er that he dide a man a dishonour."
 "Ye, goddes armes," quod this ryotour,
 "Is it swich peril with him for to mete?
 I shal him seke by wey and eke by strete,
 I make avow to Goddes digne bones!
 50 Herkneth, felawes, we three been al ones;
 Lat ech of us hold up his hond til other,
 And ech of us bicomen otheres brother,
 And we wol sleen this false traytour Deeth;
 He shal be slayn, which that so many sleeth,
 55 By Goddes dignitee, er it be night."
 Togidres han thise three her trouthes plight,
 To live and dyen ech of hem, for other,
 As though he were his owene y-boren brother.

"By Saint Mary," said this taverner, "the child speaks truth; for he hath slain this year, in a large village about a mile hence, both man and woman, child and servant, and page. I believe his habitation is there; it would be great wisdom to be well advised before he caused a man trouble."

"By God's arms," said this rioter, "is it so perilous to meet him? I shall seek him in the highways and the byways, I hereby vow to God's noble bones! Listen, comrades, we three are all of one mind; let each of us hold up his hand to the other, and each of us become the other's brother, and we will slay this false traitor Death, he who slays so many shall himself be slain, by God's dignity, before night."

These three pledged their words to live and die for each other as though he were his own blood brother. They started

And up they sterte al dronken, in this rage,
 And forth they goon towards that village, 60
 Of which the taverner had spoke biforn,
 And many a grisly ooth than han they sworn,
 And Cristes blessed body they to-rente —
 “Deeth shal be deed, if that they may him hente.”

Whan they han goon nat fully half a myle, 65
 Right as they wolde han troden over a style,
 An old man and a povre with hem mette.
 This olde man ful mekely hem grette,
 And seyde thus, “Now lordes, God you see !”

The proudest of thise ryotoures three 70
 Answerde agayn, “What ? carl, with sory grace,
 Why artow al forwrapped save thy face ?
 Why livestow so longe in so greet age ?”

This olde man gan loke in his visage,
 And seyde thus, “For I ne can nat finde 75
 A man, though that I walked in-to Inde,
 Neither in citee nor in no village,
 That wolde chaunge his youthe for myn age ;

up all drunk in this rage, and went forth towards the village of which the taverner spoke before ; and they swore many a terrible oath, and tore Christ's blessed body to pieces — “Deat'n shall be dead if they can catch him.”

When they had gone not quite a mile, just as they were going to get over a stile, a poor old man met them. This old man greeted them very meekly, and said, “God save you, sirs !”

The proudest of these rioters answered, — “You churl — curse you ! why are you all wrapped up except your face ? why do you live so long at so great an age ?”

This old man looked in his face, and said, “Because even if I walk to India I can not find in city or village a man who is willing to exchange his youth for my old age ; and therefore

- And therefore moot I han myn age stille,
 80 As longe time as it is Goddes wille.
 "Ne deeth, allas ! ne wol nat han my lyf ;
 Thus walk I, lyk a resteleees caityf,
 And on the ground, which is my modres gate,
 I knokke with my staf, bothe erly and late,
 85 And seye, 'Leve moder, leet me in !
 Lo, how I vanish, flesh, and blood, and skin !
 Allas ! whan shul my bones been at reste ?
 Moder, with yow wolde I chaunge my cheste,
 That in my chambre longe tyme hath be,
 90 Ye ! for an heyre clout to wrappe me !'
 But yet to me she wol nat do that grace,
 For which ful pale and welked is my face.
 "But, sirs, to yow it is no curteisye
 To speken to an old man vileinye,
 95 But he trespassse in worde, or elles in dede.
 In holy writ ye may your-self wel rede,
 ' Agayns an old man, hoor upon his heed,
 Ye sholde aryse ;' wherfor I yeve yow reed,

I must keep my age as long as it is God's will.

"Even death, alas ! will not have my life ; so I keep going, like a restless wretch, and on the ground, which is my mother's gate, I knock with my staff early and late, saying, 'Dear mother [Earth], let me in ! Lo, how I waste away, — flesh, and blood, and skin ! Alas ! when shall my bones be at rest ? Mother, I'd like to exchange the chest that hath been a long time in my chamber for a hairy shroud to wrap me in !' But yet she will not do me that favor, because of which my face is very pale and withered.

"But, sirs, it is not courteous of you to speak rudely to an old man, unless he do you wrong in word or deed. In Holy Writ you yourselves may read, 'In the presence of an old man, hoary-headed, you should rise ;' wherefore I counsel you, do no harm to an old man now, any more than you would

Ne dooth un-to an old man noon harm now,
 Na-more than ye wolde men dide to yow 100
 In age, if that ye so longe abyde;
 And God be with yow, wher ye go or ryde.
 I moot go thider as I have to go."

"Nay, olde cherl, by God, thou shalt nat so,"
 Seyde this other hasardour anon; 105
 "Thou partest nat so lightly, by Seint John!
 Thou spak right now of thilke traitour Deeth,
 That in this contree alle our frendes sleeth.
 Have heer my trouthe, as thou art his aspye,
 Tel wher he is, or thou shalt it abyde, 110
 By God, and by the holy sacrament!
 For soothly thou art oon of his assent,
 To sleen us yonge folk, thou false thief!"

"Now, sirs," quod he, "if that yow be so leef 115
 To finde Deeth, turne up this croked wey,
 For in that grove I lafte him, by my fey,
 Under a tree, and ther he wol abyde;
 Nat for your boost he wol hym no-thing hyde.

that men do to you in old age, if you linger so long; and God be with you, wherever you go. I must be going."

"Nay, old churl, by God, thou shalt not do so," said the second gambler; "thou shalt not go so easily, by Saint John! thou didst speak just now of that traitor Death, who slays all our friends in this country. Have here my true word: as thou art his spy, tell me where he is, or thou shalt pay dearly for it, by God, and by the holy sacrament! For truly thou art one of his conspiracy to slay us young people, thou false thief!"

"Now, sirs," quoth he, "if you are so anxious to find Death, turn up this crooked road; for upon my word, I left him under a tree in that grove, and there he is going to stay; he will not hide anything because of your boasting. See

- See ye that ook? right ther ye shal him finde.
 120 God save yow, that boghte agayn mankinde,
 And yow amende!" — Thus seyde this olde man.
 And everich of thise ryotoures ran,
 Til he cam to that tree, and ther they founde
 Of florins fyne of golde y-coined rounde
 125 Wel ny an eighte busshels, as hem thoughte.
 No lenger thanne after Deeth they soughte,
 But ech of hem so glad was of that sighte,
 For that the florins been so faire and brighte,
 That down they sette hem by this precious hord.
 130 The worste of hem he spake the firste word.
 "Brethren," quod he, "tak kepe what I seye;
 My wit is greet, though that I bourde and pleye.
 This tresor hath fortune un-to us yiven,
 In mirthe and jolitee our lyf to liven,
 135 And lightly as it comth, so wol we spende.
 Ey! Goddes precious dignitee! who wende
 To-day, that we sholde han so fair a grace?
 But mighte this gold be caried fro this place

that oak? right there will you find him. May God, who redeemed mankind, preserve you and reform you!" — Thus spoke the old man. So each of these rioters ran till he came to the tree; and there they found nearly eight bushels, as they guessed, of fine, round gold florins. No longer did they seek Death, but each of them was so glad at the sight (for each of the florins was so bright and beautiful) that they sat down by the precious hoard. The worst of them spoke first.

"Brethren," said he, "take heed of what I say; I have a lot of sense, although I jest and trifle. Fortune hath given us this treasure in order that we may live a jolly, mirthful life; and let us spend it as freely as it has come. Eh! God's precious dignity! who would have thought this morning that we should be so lucky? But if this gold could be carried

Hoom to myn hous, or elles un-to youres —
 For wel ye woot that al this gold is oures — 140
 Than were we in heigh felicitée.
 But trewely, by daye it may nat be;
 Men wolde seyn that we were theves stronge,
 And for our owene tresor doon us honge.
 This tresor moste y-caried be by nighte 145
 As wysly and as slyly as it mighte.
 Wherefore I rede that cut among us alle
 Be drawe, and lat see wher the cut wol falle;
 And he that hath the cut with herte blythe
 Shal renne to the tounne, and that full swythe, 150
 And bring us breed and wyn ful prively.
 And two of us shal kepen subtilly
 This tresor wel; and, if he wol nat tarie,
 Whan it is night, we wol this tresor carie
 By oon assent, wher-as us thinketh best." 155
 That oon of hem the cut broughte in his fest,
 And bad hem drawe, and loke wher it wol falle;
 And it fil on the yongeste of hem alle;

from here to my house, or else to yours — for you know well that all this gold is ours — then we should be in great felicity. But truly, it can't be done by day; people would say that we were highwaymen, and would have us hanged because of our own treasure. It must be carried off at night, with as much thought and care as possible. Therefore I suggest that we all draw lots, and let us see where the lot will fall; and the one to whom the lot falls shall go blithely and quickly to town, and bring us bread and wine secretly. And two of us will take good care of the treasure; and if the other does not waste time, we will take the gold to-night by agreement wherever seems best." One of them held the straws in his hand, and bade them draw, and see how it would come out; and it fell to the youngest of them.

- And forth toward the toun he wente anon.
 160 And al-so sone as that he was gon,
 That oon of hem spak thus un-to that other,
 "Thou knowest wel thou art my sworne brother,
 Thy profit wol I telle thee anon.
 Thou woost wel that our felawe is agon;
 165 And heer is gold, and that ful greet plentee,
 That shal departed been among us three.
 But natheles, if I can shape it so
 That it departed were among us two,
 Hadde I nat doon a freendes torn to thee?"
 170 That other answerde, "I noot how that may be;
 He woot how that the gold is with us t^weye,
 What shal we doon, what shal we to him seye?"
 "Shal it be conseil?" seyde the firste shrewe,
 "And I shal tellen thee, in wordes fewe,
 175 What we shal doon, and bring it wel aboute."
 "I graunte," quod that other, "out of doute,

And immediately he set out for town.

As soon as he was gone, one said to the other: "Thou knowest well thou art my sworn brother; I am going to tell thee something now for thy profit. Thou knowest well that our companion is gone, and here is plenty of gold that is to be divided among us three. Nevertheless if I can manage it so that it be divided between us two, would I be doing thee a friend's turn?"

The other answered, "I don't know how that can be done; he knows that we two have the gold; what shall we do, what shall we say to him?"

"May it be a secret?" said the first scoundrel. "If so, I will tell you in a few words what we shall do, and I will bring it about."

"I agree," said the other, "without hesitation, that, on my

That, by my trouthe, I wol thee nat biwreye."

"Now," quod the firste, "thou woost wel we be tweye,
And two of us shul strenger be than oon.

Look whan that he is set, and right anoon

180

Arys, as though thou woldest with him pleye;

And I shal ryve him thurgh the sydes tweye

Whyl that thou strogelest with him as in game;

And with thy dagger look thou do the same;

And than shal al this gold departed be,

185

My dere freend, bitwixen me and thee;

Than may we both our lustes al fulfille,

And pleye at dees right at our owene wille."

And thus acorded been thise shrewes tweye

To sleen the thridde, as ye han herd me seye.

190

This yongest, which that wente un-to the toun,

Ful ofte in herte he rolleth up and down

The beautee of thise florins newe and brighte.

"O lord!" quod he, "if so were that I mighte

Have al this tresor to my-self allone,

195

Ther is no man that liveth under the trone

word, I won't betray you."

"Now," said the first, "thou knowest that we are two, and two are stronger than one. As soon as he sits down, get up, as if thou wouldst fool with him; then I will thrust my dagger through his sides while thou strugglest with him as if in fun, and do thou the same with thy dagger. Then, my dear friend, all this gold shall be divided between thee and me; then may we satisfy all our desires, and play at dice whenever we choose." Thus these two villains agreed, as you have heard, to slay the third.

The youngest, the one who went to town, often he ponders the beauty of the bright new florins. "Oh, Lord," said he, "if only I might have all this treasure to myself alone, no man living under the throne of God would live as merrily

- Of God, that sholde live so mery as I!"
 And atte laste the feend, our enemy,
 Putte in his thought that he shold poyson beye,
 200 With which he mighte sleen his felawes tweye;
 For-why the feend fond him in swich lyvinge,
 That he had leve him to sorwe bringe,
 For this was outrely his fulle entente
 To sleen hem bothe, and never to repente.
 205 And forth he gooth, no lenger wolde he tarie,
 Into the toun, un-to a pothecarie,
 And preyed him, that he him wolde selle
 Some poyson, that he mighte his rattes quelle;
 And eek ther was a polcat in his hawe,
 210 That, as he seyde, his capouns hadde y-slawe,
 And fayn he wolde wreke him, if he mighte,
 On vermin, that destroyed him by nighte.
 The pothecarie answerde, "And thou shalt have
 A thing that, al-so God my soule save,
 215 In al this world ther nis no creature,
 That ete or dronke hath of this confiture
 Noght but the mountance of a corn of whete,
 That he ne shal his lyf anon forlete;

as I!" By and by the fiend, our enemy, put it into his thought to buy poison, with which he might slay his two companions; because the fiend found him leading such a life that he had permission to bring him to sorrow, for his settled intention was to slay them both and never to repent. Forth he went — he would wait no longer — to an apothecary in the town, and asked for some poison with which he might kill his rats, and also there was a polecat in his yard that, as he said, had slain his capons, and he wanted vengeance, if possible, on vermin that destroyed his property by night.

The apothecary answered: "Thou shalt have a mixture that, as I hope God may save my soul, in all the world no creature may eat or drink of it — even a bit as large as a grain of wheat — without losing his life right away. Yes,

Ye, sterve he shal, and that in lasse whyle
 Than thou wolt goon a paas nat but a myle; 220
 This poyson is so strong and violent."

This cursed man hath in his hond y-hent
 This poyson in a box, and sith he ran
 In-to the nexte strete, un-to a man,
 And borwed of him large botels three; 225
 And in the two his poyson poured he;
 The thridde he kepte clene for his drinke.
 For al the night he shoop him for to swinke
 In carynge of the gold out of that place.
 And whan this ryotour, with sory grace, 230
 Had filled with wyn his grete botels three,
 To his felawes agayn repaireth he.

What nedeth it to sermone of it more?
 For right as they had cast his deeth bifore,
 Right so they han him slayn, and that anon. 235
 And whan that this was doon, thus spak that oon,
 "Now lat us sitte and drinke, and make us merie,
 And afterward we wol his body berie."
 And with that word it happed him, par cas,
 To take the botel ther the poyson was, 240

he will die in less time than thou canst travel a mile at a foot-pace, the poison is so strong and violent."

The cursed man took the box of poison, and ran to a man in the next street, and borrowed three large bottles from him; in two he poured his poison, the third he kept clean for his own use. He planned to spend the whole night in carrying the gold out of the place. Now when this rioter (the villain!) had filled his three large bottles with wine, he again repaired to his comrades.

What's the use of preaching any more? For just as they planned, they slew him right away. When this was done, one said: "Now let us sit down and drink and make merry, and then we will bury his body." With that word he happened by chance to take up the bottle containing poison,

And drank, and yaf his felawe drinke also,
 For which anon they storven bothe two.
 But, certes, I suppose that Avicen
 Wroot never in no canon, ne in no fen,
 245 Mo wonder signes of empoisoning
 Than hadde thise wrecches two, er hir ending.
 Thus ended been thise homicydes two,
 And eek the false empoysoner also.

Chaucers Wordes unto Adam, His Owne Scriveyn

Adam scriveyn, if ever it thee bifalle
 Boece or Troilus to wryten newe,
 Under thy lokkes thou most have the scalle,
 But after my making thou wryte trewe.
 5 So ofte a daye I mot thy werk renewe,
 Hit to correcte and eek to rubbe and scrape;
 And al is thorow thy negligence and rape.

and drank, and gave it to his companion to drink, as a result of which both died.

But certainly I suppose that Avicenna never wrote in any book or in any chapter more notable symptoms of poisoning than these wretches had before their ending. Thus died these two murderers, and also the false poisoner.

Adam my scribe, if it befall thee to copy again Boethius or Troilus, under thy locks thou oughtest to have the scab, unless thou copy accurately according to my composition. So often I have to go over thy work, to correct and rub and scratch it; and all is through thy negligence and haste.

ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS

Sir Patrick Spens

The king sits in Dumferling toune,
 Drinking the blude-reid wine:
 "O whar will I get guid sailor,
 To sail this schip of mine?"

Up and spak an eldern knight,
 Sat at the kings richt kne :
 "Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor,
 That sails upon the se."

The king has written a braid letter,
 And signd it wi his hand,
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
 Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
 A loud lauch lauchèd he ;
 The next line that Sir Patrick red,
 The teir blinded his ee.

"O wha is this has don this deid,
 This ill deid don to me,
 To send me out this time o' the yeir,
 To sail upon the se !

"Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,
 Our guid schip sails the morne :"
 "O say na sae, my master deir,
 For I feir a deadlie storme.

"Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone,
 Wi the auld moone in hir arme,
 And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
 That we will cum to harme."

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
 To weet their cork-heild schoone ;
 Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
 Thair hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
 Wi thair fans into their hand,
 Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence
 Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
 Wi thair gold kems in their hair,
 Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
 For they'll se thame na mair.

Haf owre, haf owre to Aberdour,
 It's fiftie fadom deip,
 And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
 Wi the Scots lords at his feit.

Bonnie George Campbell

Hie upon Hielands
 And low upon Tay
 Bonnie George Campbell
 Rade out on a day.
 Saddled and bridled
 And gallant rade he;
 Hame came his gude horse,
 But never cam he !

Out cam his auld mither
 Greeting fu' sair,
 And out cam his bonnie bride
 Rivin' her hair.
 Saddled and bridled
 And bootied rade he;
 Toom hame cam the saddle,
 But never cam he !

"My meadow lies green,
 And my corn is unshorn;
 My barn is to big,
 And my babie's unborn."
 Saddled and bridled
 And bootied rade he;
 Toom hame cam the saddle,
 But never cam he !

Lord Randal

"O where hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son?
O where hae ye been, my handsome young man?"
"I hae been to the wild wood; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I din'd wi my true-love; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I gat eels boiled in broo; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son?
What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?"
"O they swelld and they died; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"O I fear ye are poisond, Lord Randal, my son!
O I fear ye are poisond, my handsome young man!"
"O yes! I am poisond; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart and I fain wald lie down."

Kemp Owyne

Her mother died when she was young,
Which gave her cause to make great moan;
Her father married the warst woman
That ever lived in Christendom.

She servèd her with foot and hand,
In every thing that she could dee,
Till once, in an unlucky time,
She threw her in ower Craigy's sea.

- 10 Says, "Lie you there, dove Isabel,
 And all my sorrows lie with thee;
Till Kemp Owyne come ower the sea,
 And borrow you with kisses three
Let all the warld do what they will,
 Oh borrowed shall you never be!"
- 15 Her breath grew strang, her hair grew lang,
 And twisted thrice about the tree,
And all the people, far and near,
 Thought that a savage beast was she.
- 20 These news did come to Kemp Owyne,
 Where he lived, far beyond the sea;
He hasted him to Craigy's sea,
 And on the savage beast lookd he.
- 25 Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
 And twisted was about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
 "Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.
- 30 "Here is a royal belt," she cried,
 "That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
 Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
 I vow my belt your death shall be."
- 35 He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
 The royal belt he brought him wi;
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
 And twisted twice about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
 "Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.
- 40 "Here is a royal ring," she said,
 "That I have found in the green sea;

And while your finger it is on,
 Drawn shall your blood never be;
 But if you touch me, tail or fin,
 I swear my ring your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss, 45

The royal ring he brought him wi;
 Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
 And twisted ance about the tree,
 And with a swing she came about:
 "Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me. 50

"Here is a royal brand," she said,
 "That I have found in the green sea;
 And while your body it is on,
 Drawn shall your blood never be;
 But if you touch me, tail or fin, 55
 I swear my brand your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
 The royal brand he brought him wi;
 Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,
 And twisted nane about the tree, 60
 And smilingly she came about,
 As fair a woman as fair could be.

Robin Hood's Death and Burial

When Robin Hood and Little John
 Down a down a down a down
 Went oer yon bank of broom
 Said Robin Hood bold to Little John,
 "We have shot for many a pound." 5
 Hey, down a down a down.

"But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
 My broad arrows will not flee;
 But I have a cousin lives down below,
 Please God, she will bleed me." 10

Now Robin he is to fair Kirkly gone,
As fast as he can win;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.

15 And when he came to fair Kirkly-hall,
He knockd all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself
For to let bold Robin in.

20 "Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin," she said,
"And drink some beer with me?"
"No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee."

"Well, I have a room, cousin Robin," she said,
"Which you did never see,
25 And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be."

She took him by the lily-white hand,
And led him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
30 While one drop of blood would run down.

She blooded him in a vein of the arm,
And locked him up in the room;
Then did he bleed all the live-long day,
Until the next day at noon.

35 He then bethought him of a casement there,
Thinking for to get down;
But was so weak he could not leap,
He could not get him down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
40 Which hung low down to his knee;
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
 As he sat under a tree,
 "I fear my master is now near dead,
 He blows so wearily." 45

Then Little John to fair Kirkly is gone,
 As fast as he can dree;
 But when he came to Kirkly-hall,
 He broke locks two or three : 50

Until he came bold Robin to see,
 Then he fell on his knee;
 "A boon, a boon," cries Little John,
 "Master, I beg of thee."

"What is that boon," said Robin Hood, 55
 "Little John, [thou] begs of me?"
 "It is to burn fair Kirkly-hall,
 And all their nunnery."

"Now nay, now nay," quoth Robin Hood,
 "That boon I'll not grant thee; 60
 I never hurt woman in all my life,
 Nor man in woman's company."

"I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
 Nor at mine end shall it be;
 But give me my bent bow in my hand, 65
 And a broad arrow I'll let flee,
 And where this arrow is taken up,
 There shall my grave digged be."

"Lay me a green sod under my head,
 And another at my feet; 70
 And lay my bent bow by my side,
 Which was my music sweet;
 And make my grave of gravel and green,
 Which is most right and meet."

75 "Let me have length and breadth enough,
 With a green sod under my head;
 That they may say, when I am dead,
 Here lies bold Robin Hood."

80 These words they readily granted him,
 Which did bold Robin please:
 And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
 Within the fair Kirkleys.

WILLIAM CAXTON

Preface to Translation of *Æneid*

After divers work made, translated, and achieved, having
 no work in hand, I sitting in my study where as lay many
 divers pamphlets and books, happened that to my hand
 came a little book in French, which lately was translated out
 5 of Latin by some noble clerk of France, which book is named
Æneidos, made in Latin by that noble poet and great clerk,
 Virgil. Which book I saw over, and read therein how, after
 the general destruction of the great Troy, Aeneas departed,
 bearing his old father Anchises upon his shoulders, his little
 10 son Iulus on his hand, his wife with much other people follow-
 ing, and how he shipped and departed, with all the history
 of his adventures that he had ere he came to the achievement
 of his conquest of Italy, as all along shall be showed in this
 present book. In which book I had great pleasure because
 15 of the fair and honest terms and words in French; which I
 never saw before like, nor none so pleasant nor so well
 ordered; which book as it seemed to me should be much
 requisite to noble men to see, as well for the eloquence as the
 histories.

20 How well that many hundred years past was the said book
 of *Æneidos*, with other works, made and learned daily in
 schools, especially in Italy and other places; which history

the said Virgil made in metre. And when I had advised me in this said book, I deliberated and concluded to translate it into English; and forthwith took a pen and ink and wrote 25 a leaf or twain, which I oversaw again to correct it. And when I saw the fair and strange terms therein, I doubted that it should not please some gentlemen which late blamed me, saying that in my translations I had over curious terms, which could not be understood of common people, and de-30 sired me to use old and homely terms in my translations.

And fain would I satisfy every man, and so to do took an old book and read therein, and certainly the English was so rude and broad that I could not well understand it. And also my Lord Abbot of Westminster did lately show me cer-35 tain documents written in old English, for to reduce it into our English now used. And certainly it was written in such wise that it was more like to Dutch than English, I could not reduce nor bring it to be understood. And certainly our language now used varieth far from that which was used 40 and spoken when I was born. For we Englishmen are born under the domination of the moon, which is never steadfast but ever wavering, waxing one season and waning and decreasing another season.

And that common English that is spoken in one shire 45 varieth from another, insomuch that in my days happened that certain merchants were in a ship in Thames for to have sailed over the sea into Zealand, and for lack of wind they tarried at Foreland, and went to land for to refresh them. And one of them named Sheffield, a mercer, came into a 50 house and asked for meat, and especially he asked after eggs; and the goodwife answered that she could speak no French, and the merchant was angry, for he also could speak no French, but would have had eggs, and she understood him not. And then at last another said, that he would have 55 "eyren"; then the goodwife said that she understood him well.

Lo, what should a man in these days now write, eggs or
 eyren? Certainly it is hard to please every man because of
 diversity and change of language. For in these days every
 60 man that is in any reputation in his country will utter his
 communication and matters in such manners and terms that
 few men shall understand them. And some honest and great
 clerks have been with me and desired me to write the most
 curious terms that I could find; and thus between plain,
 85 rude, and curious I stand abashed. But in my judgment the
 common terms that are daily used are lighter to be under-
 stood than the old and ancient English. And forasmuch
 as this present book is not for a rude uplandish man to
 labour therein nor read it, but only for a clerk and a noble
 70 gentleman that feeleth and understandeth in feats of arms,
 in love, and in noble chivalry, therefore in a mean between
 both I have reduced and translated this said book into
 our English, not over-rude nor curious, but in such terms
 as shall be understood, by God's grace, according to my
 75 copy.

SIR THOMAS MALORY

How Arthur was Chosen King

(*From Morte d'Arthur, Book I*)

So in the greatest church of London, whether it were
 Paul's or not the French book maketh no mention, all the
 estates were long or day in the church for to pray. And
 when matins and the first mass were done, there was seen in
 5 the churchyard, against the high altar, a great stone four
 square, like unto a marble stone; and in midst thereof was
 like an anvil of steel a foot on high, and therein stuck a fair
 sword naked by the point, and letters there were written in
 gold about the sword that said thus: — "Whoso pulleth out
 10 this sword of this stone and anvil, is rightwise king born of all

England." Then the people marvelled, and told it to the Archbishop.

"I command," said the Archbishop, "that ye keep you within your church and pray unto God still, that no man touch the sword till the high mass be all done." So when all masses were done all the lords went to behold the stone and the sword. And when they saw the scripture some assayed, such as would have been king. But none might stir the sword nor move it. "He is not here," said the Archbishop, "that shall achieve the sword, but doubt not God will make him known. But this is my counsel," said the Archbishop, "that we let purvey ten knights, men of good fame, and they to keep this sword." So it was ordained, and then there was made a cry, that every man should assay that would, for to win the sword. And upon New Year's Day the barons let make a jousts and a tournament, that all knights that would joust or tourney there might play, and all this was ordained for to keep the lords together and the commons, for the Archbishop trusted that God would make him known that should win the sword. 20 30

So upon New Year's Day, when the service was done, the barons rode unto the field, some to joust and some to tourney, and so it happened that Sir Ector, that had great livelihood about London, rode unto the jousts, and with him rode Sir Kay his son, and young Arthur that was his nourished brother; and Sir Kay was made knight at All Hallowmass afore. So as they rode to the jousts-ward, Sir Kay lost his sword, for he had left it at his father's lodging, and so he prayed young Arthur for to ride for his sword. "I will well," said Arthur, and rode fast after the sword, and when he came home, the lady and all were out to see the jousting. 35 40

Then was Arthur wroth, and said to himself, "I will ride to the churchyard, and take the sword with me that sticketh in the stone, for my brother Sir Kay shall not be without a

45 sword this day." So when he came to the churchyard, Sir Arthur alighted and tied his horse to the stile, and so he went to the tent, and found no knights there, for they were at the jousting. And so he handled the sword by the handles, and lightly and fiercely pulled it out of the stone, and took
50 his horse and rode his way until he came to his brother Sir Kay, and delivered him the sword. And as soon as Sir Kay saw the sword, he wist well it was the sword of the stone, and so he rode to his father Sir Ector, and said :

"Sir, lo here is the sword of the stone, wherefore I must be
55 king of this land." When Sir Ector beheld the sword, he returned again and came to the church, and there they alighted all three, and went into the church. And anon he made Sir Kay swear upon a book how he came to that sword.

"Sir," said Sir Kay, "by my brother Arthur, for he
60 brought it to me."

"How gat ye this sword?" said Sir Ector to Arthur.

"Sir, I will tell you. When I came home for my brother's sword, I found nobody at home to deliver me his sword ; and so I thought my brother Sir Kay should not be swordless,
65 and so I came hither eagerly and pulled it out of the stone without any pain."

"Found ye any knights about this sword?" said Sir Ector.

"Nay," said Arthur.

"Now," said Sir Ector to Arthur, "I understand ye must
70 be king of this land."

"Wherefore I," said Arthur, "and for what cause?"

"Sir," said Ector, "for God will have it so ; for there should never man have drawn out this sword, but he that shall be right-wise king of this land. Now let me see whether
75 ye can put the sword there as it was, and pull it out again."

"That is no mastery," said Arthur, and so he put it in the stone ; wherewithal Sir Ector assayed to pull out the sword and failed.

"Now assay," said Sir Ector unto Sir Kay. And anon he pulled at the sword with all his might; but it would not be. 80
 "Now shall ye essay," said Sir Ector to Arthur.

"I will well," said Arthur, and pulled it out easily. And therewithal Sir Ector knelt down to the earth, and Sir Kay.

And so anon was the coronation made. And there was he sworn unto his lords and the commons for to be a true king, 85
 to stand with true justice from thenceforth the days of this life.

SIR THOMAS WYATT

How the Lover Perisheth in his Delight, as the Fly in the Fire

Some fowls there be that have so perfect sight
 Against the sun their eyes for to defend;
 And some, because the light doth them offend,
 Never appear but in the dark or night.
 Other rejoice, to see the fire so bright, 5
 And ween to play in it, as they pretend,
 But find contrary of it, that they intend.
 Alas! of that sort may I be by right;
 For to withstand her look I am not able;
 Yet can I not hide me in no dark place; 10
 So followeth me remembrance of that face,
 That with my teary eyen, swollen, and unstable,
 My destiny to behold her doth me lead:
 And yet I know I run into the glead.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

Description of Spring

The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
 With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale;
 The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
 The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.

- 5 Summer is come, for every spray now springs;
 The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
 The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
 The fishes flete with new repaired scale;
 The adder all her slough away she slings;
 10 The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;
 The busy bee her honey now she mings.
 Winter is worn, that was the flowers' bale:
 And thus I see among these pleasant things
 Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs!

The Death of Priam

(From translation of the Aeneid, Book II)

- Amid the court, under the heaven, all bare,
 A great altar there stood, by which there grew
 An old laurel tree, bowing thereunto,
 Which with his shadow did embrace the gods.
 5 Here Hecuba, with her young daughters all
 About the altar swarmed were in vain;
 Like doves, that flock together in the storm,
 The statues of the gods embracing fast.
 But when she saw Priam had taken there
 10 His armour, like as though he had been young:
 "What furious thought my wretched spouse," quod she
 "Did move thee now such weapons for to wield?
 Why hastest thou? This time doth not require
 Such succour, ne yet such defenders now:
 15 No, though Hector my son were here again.
 Come hither; this altar shall save us all:
 Or we shall die together." Thus she said.
 Wherewith she drew him back to her, and set
 The aged man down in the holy seat.
 20 But lo! Polites, one of Priam's sons,
 Escaped from the slaughter of Pyrrhus,
 Comes fleeing through the weapons of his foes,
 Searching, all wounded, the long galleries

And the void courts; whom Pyrrhus all in rage
 Followed fast to reach a mortal wound; 25
 And now in hand, well near strikes with his spear,
 Who fleeing forth till he came now in sight
 Of his parents, before their face fell down
 Yielding the ghost with flowing streams of blood.
 Priamus then, although he were half dead, 30
 Might not keep in his wrath, nor yet his words;
 But crieth out: "For this thy wicked work,
 And boldness eke such thing to enterprise,
 If in the heavens any justice be,
 That of such things takes any care or keep, 35
 According thanks the gods may yield to thee;
 And send thee eke thy just deserved hire,
 That made me see the slaughter of my child,
 And with his blood defile the father's face.
 But he, by whom thou feign'st thyself begot, 40
 Achilles, was to Priam not so stern.
 For, lo! he tend'ring my most humble suit,
 The right, and faith, my Hector's bloodless corpse
 Render'd, for to be laid in sepulture;
 And sent me to my kingdom home again." 45
 Thus said the aged man, and therewithal,
 Forceless he cast his weak unwieldy dart:
 Which repuls'd from the brass where it gave dint,
 Without sound, hung vainly in the shield's boss.
 Quod Pyrrhus: "Then thou shalt this thing report: 50
 On message to Pelide my father go;
 Shew unto him my cruel deed, and how
 Neoptolem is swerved out of kind.
 Now thou shalt die," quod he. And with that word
 At the altar him trembling 'gan he draw 55
 Wallowing through the bloodshed of his son:
 And his left hand all claped in his hair,
 With his right arm drew forth his shining sword,
 Which in his side he thrust up to the hilts.

WILLIAM TYNDALE

The Beatitudes

1. When he sawe the people, he went up into a mountayne;
and when he was set, his diciples cam unto hym.
2. And he openned his mought, and taught them, saynge,
3. Blessed are the poore in sprete, for theirs is the kyng-
5 dome off heven.
4. Blessed are they that morne, for they shalbe comforted.
5. Blessed are the meke, for they shall inheret the erth.
6. Blessed are they which hunger and thirst for right-
ewesnes, for they shalbe filled.
- 10 7. Blessed are the mercifull, for they shall obteyne mercy.
8. Blessed are the pure in herte, for they shall se God.
9. Blessed are the maynteyners of peace, for they shalbe
called the chyl dren of God.
10. Blessed are they which suffre persecucion for right-
15 ewesnes sake, for theirs ys the kyngdome off heven.
11. Blessed are ye, when men shall revyle you, and perse-
cute you, and shall falsly say all manner of yvell saynges
agaynst you ffor my sake.
12. Reioyce, and be glad, for greate is youre rewarde in
20 heven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were
before youre dayes.

JOHN LYL Y

Queen Elizabeth

(From *Euphues and His England*)

This queen being deceased, Elizabeth, being of the age of twenty-two years, of more beauty than honor, and yet of more honor than any earthly creature, was called from a prisoner to be a prince, from the castle to the crown, from the
5 fear of losing her head, to be supreme head.

.

Touching the beauty of this prince, her countenance, her personage, her majesty, I cannot think that it may be sufficiently commended, when it cannot be too much marveled at ; so that I am constrained to say as Praxitiles did, when he began to paint Venus and her son, who doubted whether the 10 world could afford colors good enough for two such fair faces, and I, whether our tongue can yield words to blaze that beauty, the perfection whereof none can imagine ; which seeing it is so, I must do like those that want a clear sight, who, being not able to discern the sun in the sky, are en- 15 forced to behold it in the water. Zeuxis, having before him fifty fair virgins of Sparta whereby to draw one amiable Venus, said that fifty more fairer than those could not minister sufficient beauty to show the goddess of beauty ; therefore, being in despair either by art to shadow her, or by imagina- 20 tion to comprehend her, he drew in a table a fair temple, the gates open, and Venus going in so as nothing could be perceived but her back, wherein he used such cunning that Apelles himself, seeing this work, wished that Venus would turn her face, saying that if it were in all parts agreeable to the back, 25 he would become apprentice to Zeuxis, and slave to Venus.

In the like manner fareth it with me, for having all the ladies in Italy, more than fifty hundred, whereby to color Elizabeth, I must say with Zeuxis that as many more will not suffice, and therefore in as great an agony paint her court 30 with her back towards you, for that I cannot by art portray her beauty, wherein, though I want the skill to do it as Zeuxis did, yet viewing it narrowly, and comparing it wisely, you all will say that if her face be answerable to her back, you will like my handicraft and become her handmaids. In the 35 mean season, I leave you gazing until she turn her face, imagining her to be such a one as nature framed, to that end that no art should imitate, wherein she hath proved herself to be exquisite, and painters to be apes.

40 This beautiful mold when I beheld to be indued with
chastity, temperance, mildness, and all other good gifts of
nature (as hereafter shall appear), when I saw her to surpass
all in beauty, and yet a virgin, to excell all in piety, and yet a
prince, to be inferior to none in all the lineaments of the body,
45 and yet superior to every one in all gifts of the mind, I began
thus to pray, that as she hath lived forty years a virgin in
great majesty, so she may live four score years a mother
with great joy, that as with her we have long time had peace
and plenty, so by her we may ever have quietness and abun-
50 dance, wishing this even from the bottom of a heart that
wisheth well to England, though feareth ill, that either the
world may end before she die, or she live to see her children's
children in the world; otherwise how tickle their state is
that now triumph, upon what a twist they hang that now
55 are in honor, they that live shall see, which I to think on,
sigh! But God for his mercy's sake, Christ for his merit's
sake, the Holy Ghost for his name's sake, grant to that
realm comfort without any ill chance, and the prince they
have without any other change, that the longer she liveth the
60 sweeter she may smell, like the bird Ibis, that she may be
triumphant in victories like the palm tree, fruitful in her
age like the vine, in all ages prosperous, to all men gracious,
in all places glorious, so that there be no end of her praise
until the end of all flesh.
65 Thus did I often talk with myself, and wish with mine
whole soul.

.

But whither do I wade, ladies, as one forgetting himself;
thinking to sound the depth of her virtues with a few fathoms,
when there is no bottom; for I know not how it cometh to
70 pass that, being in this labyrinth, I may sooner lose myself
than find the end.

Behold, ladies, in this glass a queen, a woman, a virgin,

in all gifts of the body, in all graces of the mind, in all perfection of either, so far to excel all men, that I know not whether I may think the place too bad for her to dwell among men. 75

To talk of other things in that court were to bring eggs after apples, or after the setting out of the sun, to tell a tale of a shadow.

Cupid and Campaspe

Cupid and my Campaspe played
 At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.
 He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
 His mother's doves and team of sparrows;
 Loses them too; then down he throws 5
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
 With these the crystal of his brow,
 And then the dimple of his chin;
 All these did my Campaspe win. 14
 At last he set her both his eyes;
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 O Love, has she done this to thee?
 What shall, alas! become of me?

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

Sonnets

(*From Astrophel and Stella*)

XV

You that do search for every purling spring
 Which from the ribs of old Parnassus flows,
 And every flower, not sweet perhaps, which grows
 Near thereabouts, into your poesie wring;
 Ye that do dictionary's method bring 5
 Into your rimes, running in rattling rows;
 You that poor Petrarch's long-deceased woes

- 10 With new-born sighs and denizen'd wit do sing;
 You take wrong ways; those far-fet helps be such
 As do bewray a want of inward touch,
 And sure, at length stol'n goods do come to light:
 But if, both for your love and skill, your name
 You seek to nurse at fullest breasts of Fame,
 Stella behold, and then begin to endite.

XXXI

- 15 With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!
 How silently, and with how wan a face!
 What, may it be that even in heavenly place
 That busy archer his sharp arrows tries!
 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
 20 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
 I read it in thy looks: thy languished grace
 To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.
 Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me
 Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
 25 Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
 Do they above love to be loved, and yet
 Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
 Do they call virtue, there, ungratefulness?

Description of Arcadia

(From *Arcadia*, Book I, Chap. II)

There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets
 5 which, being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so to, by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs, with bleating oratory, craved the dams' comfort; here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he

should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting,¹⁰ and withal singing; and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music. As for the houses of the country — for many houses came under their eye — they were all scattered, no two being one by the other, and yet not so far off as that it barred¹⁵ mutual succour; a show, as it were, of an accompanable solitariness, and of a civil wildness.

“I pray you,” said Musidorus, then first unsealing his long-silent lips, “what countries be these we pass through, which are so diverse in show, the one wanting no store, the²⁰ other having no store but of want?”

“The country,” answered Claius, “where you were cast ashore, and now are passed through, is Laconia, not so poor by the barrenness of the soil — though in itself not passing fertile — as by a civil war, which, being these two years²⁵ within the bowels of that estate, between the gentlemen and the peasants — by them named Helots — hath in this sort, as it were, disfigured the face of nature and made it so unhospitall as now you have found it; the towns neither of the one side nor the other willingly opening their gates to³⁰ strangers, nor strangers willingly entering, for fear of being mistaken.

“But this country, where now you set your foot, is Arcadia; and even hard by is the house of Kalander, whither we lead you: this country being thus decked with peace and the³⁵ child of peace, good husbandry. These houses you see so scattered are of men, as we two are, that live upon the commodity of their sheep, and therefore, in the division of the Arcadian estate, are termed shepherds; a happy people, wanting little, because they desire not much.”⁴⁰

EDMUND SPENSER

Una and the Lion

(From The Faerie Queene, Book I, Canto III)

I

Nought is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse,
 That moves more deare compassion of mind,
 Then beautie brought t'unworthie wretchednesse
 Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind :
 5 I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd,
 Or through alleageance and fast fealty,
 Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
 Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
 When such I see, that all for pittie I could dy.

II

10 And now it is empasioned so deepe,
 For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
 That my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe,
 To thinke how she through guyleful handeling,
 Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
 15 Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,
 Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
 Is from her knight divorced in despayre,
 And her dew loves deryv'd to that vile witches shayre.

III

Yet she, most faithfull Ladie, all this while
 20 Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
 Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
 In wilderness and wastfull deserts strayd,
 To seeke her knight ; who, subtilly betrayd
 Through that late vision which th' enchaunter wrought,
 25 Had her abandond. She, of nought affrayd,
 Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought ;
 Yet wished tydinges none of him unto her brought

IV

One day, nigh wearie of the yrksome way,
 From her unhastie beast she did alight;
 And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay, 30
 In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight:
 From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
 And layd her stole aside. Her angels face
 As the great eye of heaven shyned bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shady place; 35
 Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

V

It fortun'd, out of the thickest wood
 A ramping lyon rushed suddeinly,
 Hunting full greedy after salvage blood.
 Soone as the royall virgin he did spy, 40
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To have attonce devourd her tender corse;
 But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
 His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
 And, with the sight amazd, forgot his furious forse. 45

VI

In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
 And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
 As he her wronged innocence did weet.
 O how can beautie maister the most strong,
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong! 50
 Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,
 Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
 Her hart gan melt in great compassion,
 And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

VII

"The lyon, lord of everie beast in field," 55
 Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
 And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,

Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
 Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate :
 60 But he, my lyon, and my noble lord,
 How does he find in cruell hart to hate
 Her that him lov'd and ever most adord
 As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?"

VIII

Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint,
 65 Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood ;
 And sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood ;
 With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
 At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
 70 Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
 And to her snowy palfrey got agayne,
 To seeke her strayed champion if she might attayne.

IX

The lyon would not leave her desolate,
 But with her went along, as a strong gard
 75 Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard :
 Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward,
 And when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
 With humble service to her will prepar'd :
 80 From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,
 And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

Sonnets

(From Amoretti)

XXXIV

Like as a ship, that through the ocean wide
 By conduct of some star doth make her way,
 Whenas a storm hath dimmed her trusty guide,
 Out of her course doth wander far astray ;

So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray 5
 Me to direct, with clouds is overcast,
 Do wander now in darkness and dismay,
 Through hidden perils round about me placed.
 Yet hope I well, that when this storm is past,
 My Helicé, the lodestar of my life, 10
 Will shine again, and look on me at last,
 With lovely light to clear my cloudy grief;
 Till then I wander careful, comfortless,
 In secret sorrow and sad pensiveness.

LXXIX

Men call you fair, and you do credit it,
 For that yourself ye daily such do see;
 But the true fair, that is the gentle wit
 And virtuous mind, is much more praised of me:
 For all the rest, however fair it be, 5
 Shall turn to nought and lose that glorious hue;
 But only that is permanent and free
 From frail corruption that doth flesh ensue.
 That is true beauty; that doth argue you
 To be divine, and born of heavenly seed; 10
 Derived from that fair Spirit from whom all true
 And perfect beauty did at first proceed:
 He only fair, and what he fair hath made;
 All other fair, like flowers, untimely fade.

(From Prothalamion)

At length they all to mery London came,
 To mery London, my most kyndly nurse,
 That to me gave this lifes first native sourse:
 Though from another place I take my name,
 An house of auncient fame. 5
 There when they came, whereas those bricky towres,
 The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe ryde,
 Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,

There whylome wont the Templer Knights to byde,
10 Till they decayd through pride :
Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
Of that great lord which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feeles my freendles case :
15 But ah ! here fits not well
Olde woes, but joyes to tell,
Against the bridale daye, which is not long :
 Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
20 Greet Englands glory and the worlds wide wonder,
Whose dreadfull name late through all Spaine did thunder,
And Hercules two pillors standing neere
Did make to quake and feare.
Faire branch of honor, flower of chevalrie,
25 That fillest England with thy triumphes fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victorie,
And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name
That promiseth the same :
That through thy prowesse and victorious armes
30 Thy country may be freed from forraine harmes ;
And great Elisaes glorious name may ring
Through al the world, fil'd with thy wide alarmes,
Which some brave Muse may sing
To ages following,
35 Upon the brydale day, which is not long :
 Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end my song.

From those high towers this noble lord issuing,
Like radiant Hesper when his golden hayre
In th' ocean billows he hath bathed fayre,
40 Descended to the rivers open vewing,
With a great traine ensuing.
Above the rest were goodly to bee seene
Two gentle knights of lovely face and feature,

Beseeming well the bower of anie queene,
 With gifts of wit and ornaments of nature, 45
 Fit for so goodly stature :
 That like the twins of Jove they seem'd in sight,
 Which decke the bauldricke of the heavens bright.
 They two, forth pacing to the rivers side,
 Received those two faire brides, their loves delight, 50
 Which, at th' appointed tyde,
 Each one did make his bryde,
 Against their brydale day, which is not long :
 Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end my song.

FRANCIS BACON

Essays

V. — OF ADVERSITY

It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics), that *the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished; but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired. Bona rerum secundarum optabilia; adversarum mirabilia.* Certainly if miracles be the command over 5 nature, they appear most in adversity. It is yet a higher speech of his than the other (much too high for a heathen), *It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man, and the security of a God. Vere magnum habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem Dei.* This would have done better in poesy, 10 where transcendences are more allowed. And the poets indeed have been busy with it; for it is in effect the thing which is figured in that strange fiction of the ancient poets, which seemeth not to be without mystery; nay, and to have some approach to the state of a Christian; that *Hercules,* 15 *when he went to unbind Prometheus* (by whom human nature is represented), *sailed the length of the great ocean in an earthen pot or pitcher;* lively describing Christian resolution, that

saieth in the frail bark of the flesh through the waves of the
20 world.

But to speak in a mean. The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude, which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of
25 the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of
30 Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy
35 work upon a lightsome ground; judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

VIII. — OF MARRIAGE AND SINGLE LIFE

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the un-
5 married or childless men, which both in affection and means have married and endowed the public. Yet it were great reason that those that have children should have greatest care of future times; unto which they know they must transmit their dearest pledges. Some there are, who though
10 they lead a single life, yet their thoughts do end with themselves, and account future times impertinences. Nay, there

are some other that account wife and children but as bills of charges.

Nay more, there are some foolish rich covetous men that take a pride in having no children, because they may 15 be thought so much the richer. For perhaps they have heard some talk, *Such a one is a great rich man*, and another except to it, *Yea, but he hath a great charge of children*: as if it were an abatement to his riches. But the most ordinary cause of a single life is liberty; especially in certain self-20 pleasing and humorous minds, which are so sensible of every restraint, as they will go near to think their girdles and garters to be bonds and shackles. Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants, but not always best subjects; for they are light to run away; and almost all fugitives are 25 of that condition. A single life doth well with churchmen; for charity will hardly water the ground where it must first fill a pool. It is indifferent for judges and magistrates; for if they be facile and corrupt, you shall have a servant five times worse than a wife. For soldiers, I find the generals 30 commonly in their hortatives put men in mind of their wives and children; and I think the despising of marriage amongst the Turks maketh the vulgar soldier more base.

Certainly wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity; and single men, though they be many times more 35 charitable, because their means are less exhaust, yet, on the other side, they are more cruel and hard-hearted (good to make severe inquisitors), because their tenderness is not so oft called upon. Grave natures, led by custom, and therefore constant, are commonly loving husbands; as was said of 40 Ulysses, *vetulam suam prætulit immortalitati*. Chaste women are often proud and forward, as presuming upon the merit of their chastity. It is one of the best bonds both of chastity and obedience in the wife, if she think her husband wise; which she will never do if she find him jealous. Wives are 45

young men's mistresses; companions for middle age; and old men's nurses. So as a man may have a quarrel to marry when he will. But yet he was reputed one of the wise men, that made answer to the question, when a man should marry?

50 *A young man not yet, an elder man not at all.* It is often seen that bad husbands have very good wives; whether it be that it raiseth the price of their husband's kindness when it comes, or that the wives take a pride in their patience. But this never fails, if the bad husbands were of their own choosing,
55 against their friends' consent; for then they will be sure to make good their own folly.

XXIII. — OF WISDOM FOR A MAN'S SELF

An ant is a wise creature for itself, but it is a shrewd thing in an orchard or garden. And certainly men that are great lovers of themselves waste the public. Divide with reason between self-love and society; and be so true to thyself as
5 thou be not false to others, specially to thy king and country. **U**t is a poor centre of a man's actions, himself. **I**t is right earth. For that only stands fast upon his own centre; whereas all things that have affinity with the heavens move upon the centre of another, which they benefit. The refer-
10 ring of all to a man's self is more tolerable in a sovereign prince; because themselves are not only themselves, but their good and evil is at the peril of the public fortune. But it is a desperate evil in a servant to a prince, or a citizen in a republic. For whatsoever affairs pass such a man's hands, he crooketh
15 them to his own ends; which must needs be often eccentric to the ends of his master or state. Therefore let princes, or states, choose such servants as have not this mark; except they mean their service should be made but the accessory.

That which maketh the effect more pernicious is that all
20 proportion is lost. It were disproportion enough for the servant's good to be preferred before the master's; but yet

it is a greater extreme, when a little good of the servant shall carry things against a great good of the master's. And yet that is the case of bad officers, treasurers, ambassadors, generals, and other false and corrupt servants; which set a bias upon their bowl, of their own petty ends and envies, to the overthrow of their master's great and important affairs. And for the most part, the good such servants receive is after the model of their own fortune; but the hurt they sell for that good is after the model of their master's fortune. And certainly it is the nature of extreme self-lovers, as they will set an house on fire, and it were but to roast their eggs; and yet these men many times hold credit with their masters, because their study is but to please them and profit themselves; and for either respect they will abandon the good of their affairs.

Wisdom for a man's self is, in many branches thereof, a depraved thing. It is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house somewhat before it fall. It is the wisdom of the fox, that thrusts out the badger, who digged and made room for him. It is the wisdom of crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour. But that which is specially to be noted is, that those which (as Cicero says of Pompey) are *sui amantes sine rivali*, are many times unfortunate. And whereas they have all their time sacrificed to themselves, they become in the end themselves sacrifices to the inconstancy of fortune, whose wings they thought by their self-wisdom to have pinioned.

XLII. — OF YOUTH AND AGE

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time. But that happeneth rarely. Generally, youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second. For there is a youth in thoughts as well as in ages. And yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of

old; and imaginations stream into their minds better, and, as it were, more divinely. Natures that have much heat, and great and violent desires and perturbations, are not ripe for action till they have passed the meridian of their years; 10 as it was with Julius Cæsar, and Septimius Severus. Of the latter of whom it is said, *Juventutem egit erroribus, imo furoribus, plenam*. And yet he was the ablest emperor, almost, of all the list. But reposed natures may do well in youth. As it is seen in Augustus Cæsar, Cosmus, Duke of 15 Florence, Gaston de Foix, and others. On the other side, heat and vivacity in age is an excellent composition for business.

Young men are fitter to invent than to judge; fitter for execution than for counsel; and fitter for new projects 20 than for settled business. For the experience of age, in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them; but in new things, abuseth them. The errors of young men are the ruin of business; but the errors of aged men amount but to this, that more might have been done, or sooner. 25 Young men, in the conduct and manage of actions, embrace more than they can hold; stir more than they can quiet; fly to the end, without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue some few principles which they have chanced upon absurdly; care not to innovate, which draws unknown 30 inconveniences; use extreme remedies at first; and, that which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them; like an unready horse, that will neither stop nor turn.

Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home 35 to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success. Certainly, it is good to compound employments of both; for that will be good for the present, because the virtues of either age may correct the defects of both; and good for succession, that young men may be learners, while

men in age are actors ; and, lastly, good for extern accidents, 40 because authority followeth old men, and favor and popularity youth. But for the moral part, perhaps youth will have the pre-eminence, as age hath for the politic. A certain rabbin, upon the text, *Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams*, inferreth that young men 45 are admitted nearer to God than old, because vision is a clearer revelation than a dream. And certainly, the more a man drinketh of the world, the more it intoxicateth ; and age doth profit rather in the powers of understanding, than in the virtues of the will and affections. There be some have an 50 over-early ripeness in their years, which fadeth betimes.

These are, first, such as have brittle wits, the edge whereof is soon turned ; such as was Hermogenes the rhetorician, whose books are exceeding subtle, who afterwards waxed stupid. A second sort is of those that have some natural dis- 55 positions which have better grace in youth than in age ; such as is a fluent and luxuriant speech, which becomes youth well, but not age ; so Tully saith of Hortensius, *Idem manebat, neque idem decebat*. The third is of such as take too high a strain at the first, and are magnanimous more than tract of years 60 can uphold. As was Scipio Africanus, of whom Livy saith in effect, *Ultima primis cedebant*.

L. — OF STUDIES

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring ; for ornament, is in discourse ; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one ; but the general 5 counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth ; to use them too much for ornament is affectation ; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the

- 10 humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.
- 15 Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse;
- 20 but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also
- 25 may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man.
- 30 And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subtle;
- 35 natural philosophy deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric able to contend. *Abunt studia in mores*. Nay, there is no stond or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies; like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins;
- 40 shooting for the lungs and breast; gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head; and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he

must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen; for they are *45* *cymini sectores*. If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

A Boast of Tamburlaine

(*From Tamburlaine the Great, Part I; Act IV, Scene II*)

Now clear the triple region of the air,
 And let the Majesty of Heaven behold
 Their scourge and terror tread on emperors.
 Smile stars, that reigned at my nativity,
 And dim the brightness of your neighbour lamps! 5
 Disdain to borrow light of Cynthia!
 For I, the chiefest lamp of all the earth,
 First rising in the East with mild aspect,
 But fixèd now in the meridian line,
 Will send up fire to your turning spheres, 10
 And cause the sun to borrow light of you.
 My sword struck fire from his coat of steel
 Even in Bithynia, when I took this Turk;
 As when a fiery exhalation,
 Wrapt in the bowels of a freezing cloud 15
 Fighting for passage, makes the welkin crack,
 And casts a flash of lightning to the earth:
 But ere I march to wealthy Persia,
 Or leave Damascus and the Egyptian fields,
 As was the fame of Clymene's brain-sick son, 20
 That almost burnt the axle-tree of heaven,
 So shall our swords, our lances, and our shot
 Fill all the air with fiery meteors:
 Then when the sky shall wax as red as blood
 It shall be said I made it red myself, 25
 To make me think of nought but blood and war.

The Passionate Shepherd to His Love

Come live with me and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove,
 That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
 Woods or steepy mountains yields.

5 And we will sit upon the rocks,
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
 By shallow rivers to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

 And I will make thee beds of roses,
 10 And a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers and a kirtle
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

 A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
 15 Fair lined slippers for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold;

 A belt of straw and ivy buds,
 With coral clasps and amber studs;
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 20 Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
 For thy delights each May morning;
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me and be my love.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

Songs from the Plays

(From Two Gentlemen of Verona)

Who is Silvia? what is she,
 That all our swains commend her?
 Holy, fair, and wise is she;
 The heaven such grace did lend her,
 5 That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness.

Love doth to her eyes repair

To help him of his blindness,

And, being helped, inhabits there.

10

Then to Silvia let us sing

That Silvia is excelling;

She excels each mortal thing

Upon the dull earth dwelling;

To her let us garlands bring.

15

(From A Midsummer Night's Dream)

Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander everywhere,

5

Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And I serve the fairy Queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green.

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;

In their gold coats spots you see;

10

Those be rubies, fairy favors,

In those freckles live their savors.

I must go seek some dewdrops here,

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

(From As You Like It)

Under the greenwood tree

Who loves to lie with me,

And turn his merry note

Unto the sweet bird's throat,

Come hither! come hither! come hither!

5

Here shall he see

No enemy

But winter and rough weather.

10 Who doth ambition shun
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats
 And pleased with what he gets,
 Come hither ! come hither ! come hither !
 Here shall he see
 15 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

(From Twelfth Night)

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
 O, stay and hear, your true love's coming,
 That can sing both high and low :
 Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
 5 Journeys end in lovers meeting,
 Every wise man's son doth know.
 What is love? 'Tis not hereafter ;
 Present mirth hath present laughter ;
 What's to come is still unsure :
 10 In delay there lies no plenty ;
 Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

(From Cymbeline)

Hark, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phoebus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies ;
 5 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes ;
 With every thing that pretty is,
 My lady sweet, arise !
 Arise, arise !

(From The Tempest)

Where the bee sucks, there suck I ;
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
 There I couch when owls do cry ;

On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily. 5
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough,

Sonnets

XXIX

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope, 5
 Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
 Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee, and then my state, 10
 Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
 For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove :
 O, no ! it is an ever-fixèd mark 5
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
 It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ; 10
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved

BEN JONSON

Song to Celia

Drink to me only with thine eyes,

And I will pledge with mine;

Or leave a kiss but in the cup,

And I'll not look for wine.

5 The thirst that from the soul doth rise

Doth ask a drink divine;

But might I of Jove's nectar sup,

I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,

10 Not so much honoring thee

As giving it a hope, that there

It could not withered be.

But thou thereon didst only breathe,

And sent'st it back to me;

15 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,

Not of itself, but thee.

To the Memory of My Beloved, Master William Shakespeare

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,

Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;

While I confess thy writings to be such

As neither man nor muse can praise too much.

5 'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways

Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;

For silliest ignorance on these may light,

Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;

Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance

10 The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;

Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,

And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise.

But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,

Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.

I therefore will begin. Soul of the age, 15
 The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
 My Shakespeare, rise ! I will not lodge thee by
 Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
 A little further, to make thee a room ;
 Thou art a monument without a tomb, 20
 And art alive still while thy book doth live,
 And we have wits to read and praise to give.
 That I not mix thee so my brain excuses —
 I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses ;
 For if I thought my judgment were of years, 25
 I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
 And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
 Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
 And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
 From thence to honor thee, I would not seek 30
 For names, but call forth thundering Æschylus,
 Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
 Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
 To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,
 And shake a stage ; or when thy socks were on, 35
 Leave thee alone for the comparison
 Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
 Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe. 40
 He was not of an age, but for all time !
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,
 When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
 Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
 Nature herself was proud of his designs 45
 And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit :
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please, 50
 But antiquated and deserted lie,

As they were not of Nature's family.
 Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part;
 55 For though the poet's matter nature be,
 His art doth give the fashion; and that he
 Who casts to write a living line must sweat,
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
 Upon the Muses' anvil, turn the same
 60 (And himself with it) that he thinks to frame,
 Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
 For a good poet's made, as well as born.
 And such wert thou; look how the father's face
 Lives in his issue, even so the race
 65 Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
 In his well turnèd and true filèd lines,
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
 As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
 Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
 70 To see thee in our waters yet appear,
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
 That so did take Eliza and our James!
 But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
 Advanced, and made a constellation there!
 75 Shine forth, thou Star of poets, and with rage
 Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
 And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

ROBERT HERRICK

Corinna's Going A-Maying

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn
 Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
 See how Aurora throws her fair
 Fresh-quilted colours through the air:
 5 Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
 The dew bespangling herb and tree.

Each flower has wept and bowed toward the east
Above an hour since : yet you not dressed ;

Nay ! not so much as out of bed ?

When all the birds have matins said

10

And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,

Nay, profanation, to keep in,

Whenas a thousand virgins on this day

Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise and put on your foliage, and be seen

15

To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,

And sweet as Flora. Take no care

For jewels for your gown or hair :

Fear not ; the leaves will strew

Gems in abundance upon you :

20

Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,

Against you come, some orient pearls unwept ;

Come and receive them while the light

Hangs on the dew-locks of the night :

And Titan on the eastern hill

25

Retires himself, or else stands still

Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying ;

Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come ; and, coming, mark

How each field turns a street, each street a park

30

Made green and trimmed with trees ; see how

Devotion gives each house a bough

Or branch ; each porch, each door ere this

An ark, a tabernacle is,

Made up of white-thorn, neatly interwove ;

35

As if here were those cooler shades of love.

Can such delights be in the street

And open fields and we not see't ?

Come, we'll abroad ; and let's obey

The proclamation made for May :

40

And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;

But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
 But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
 45 A deal of youth, ere this, is come
 Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
 Some have despatched their cakes and cream
 Before that we have left to dream :
 And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,
 50 And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :
 Many a green-gown has been given ;
 Many a kiss, both odd and even :
 Many a glance too has been sent
 From out the eye, love's firmament ;
 55 Many a jest told of the keys betraying
 This night, and locks picked, yet we're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go while we are in our prime ;
 And take the harmless folly of the time.
 We shall grow old apace, and die
 60 Before we know our liberty.
 Our life is short, and our days run
 As fast away as does the sun ;
 And, as a vapour or a drop of rain,
 Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
 65 So when or you or I are made
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
 All love, all liking, all delight
 Lies drowned with us in endless night.
 Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
 70 Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

How Roses Came Red

Roses at first were white,
 Till they could not agree,
 Whether my Sapho's breast
 Or they more white should be.

But being vanquished quite, 5
A blush their cheeks bespread;
Since which, believe the rest,
The roses first came red.

Cherry-Ripe

Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones; come and buy;
If so be you ask me where
They do grow? I answer, there,
Where my Julia's lips do smile; 5
There's the land, or cherry-isle,
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.

To the Virgins, To Make Much of Time

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun, 5
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first, 10
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may go marry;
For having lost but once your prime, 15
You may forever tarry.

To Phillis

Live, live with me, and thou shalt see
 The pleasures I'll prepare for thee :
 What sweets the country can afford
 Shall bless thy bed, and bless thy board.
 5 The soft sweet moss shall be thy bed,
 With crawling woodbine over-spread :
 By which the silver-shedding streams
 Shall gently melt thee into dreams.
 Thy clothing next, shall be a gown
 10 Made of the fleeces' purest down.
 The tongues of Lids shall be thy milk ;
 Their milk thy drink ; and thou shalt eat
 The paste of filberts for thy bread
 With cream of cowslips butterèd :
 15 Thy feasting-table shall be hills
 With daisies spread, and daffodils ;
 Where thou shalt sit, and Red-breast by,
 For meat, shall give thee melody.
 I'll give thee chains and carcanets
 20 Of primroses and violets.
 A bag and bottle thou shalt have,
 That richly wrought, and this as brave ;
 So that as either shall express
 The wearer's no mean shepherdess.
 25 At shearing-times, and yearly wakes,
 When Themilis his pastime makes,
 There thou shalt be ; and be the wit,
 Nay more, the feast, and grace of it.
 On holydays, when virgins meet
 30 To dance the heys with nimble feet,
 Thou shalt come forth, and then appear
 The Queen of Roses for that year.
 And having danced ('bove all the best)
 Carry the garland from the rest.
 35 In wicker-baskets maids shall bring

To thee, my dearest shepherdling,
 The blushing apple, bashful pear,
 And shame-faced plum, all simp'ring there.
 Walk in the groves, and thou shalt find
 The name of Phillis in the rind 40
 Of every straight and smooth-skin tree;
 Where kissing that, I'll twice kiss thee.
 To thee a sheep-hook I will send,
 Be-prank'd with ribbands, to this end,
 This, this alluring hook might be 45
 Less for to catch a sheep, than me.
 Thou shalt have possets, wassails fine,
 Not made of ale, but spicèd wine;
 To make thy maids and self free mirth,
 All sitting near the glitt'ring hearth. 50
 Thou shalt have ribbands, roses, rings,
 Gloves, garters, stockings, shoes, and strings
 Of winning colours, that shall move
 Others to lust, but me to love.
 These, nay, and more, thine own shall be, 55
 If thou wilt love, and live with me.

THOMAS CAREW

In Praise of His Mistress

You that will a wonder know,
 Go with me;
 Two suns in a heaven of snow
 Both burning be, —
 All they fire that do but eye them, 5
 Yet the snow's unmelted by them.

 Leaves of crimson tulips met
 Guide the way
 Where two pearly rows be set,
 As white as day; 10
 When they part themselves asunder
 She breathes oracles of wonder.

All this but the casket is
 Which contains
 15 Such a jewel, as to miss
 Breeds endless pains, —
 That's her mind, and they that know it
 May admire, but cannot show it.

Disdain Returned

He that loves a rosy cheek
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires;
 5 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.

 But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combined,
 10 Kindle never-dying fires;
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

 No tears, Celia, now shall win
 My resolved heart to return;
 15 I have searched thy soul within
 And find naught but pride and scorn;
 I have learned thy arts, and now
 Can disdain as much as thou.

Song

Would you know what's soft? I dare
 Not bring you to the down, or air,
 Nor to stars to show what's bright,
 Nor to snow to teach you white;
 5 Nor, if you would music hear,
 Call the orbs to take your ear;

Nor, to please your sense, bring forth
Bruisèd nard, or what's more worth;

Or on food were your thoughts placed,
Bring you nectar for a taste;
Would you have all these in one,
Name my mistress, and 'tis done!

10

RICHARD LOVELACE

To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

5

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

10

To Althea, from Prison

When Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered to her eye,
The gods that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

5

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,

10

Our careless heads with roses bound,
 Our hearts with loyal flames ;
 When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
 When healths and draughts go free,
 15 Fishes that tipple in the deep
 Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
 With shriller throat shall sing
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
 20 And glories of my king ;
 When I shall voice aloud how good
 He is, how great should be,
 Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood.
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage ;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for an hermitage ;
 If I have freedom in my love,
 30 And in my soul am free,
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

The Constant Lover

Out upon it, I have loved
 Three whole days together !
 And am like to love three more,
 If it prove fair weather.
 5 Time shall moult away his wings
 Ere he shall discover
 In the whole wide world again
 Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
 Is due at all to me : 10
 Love with me had made no stays,
 Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
 And that very face,
 There had been at least ere this 15
 A dozen dozen in her place.

Why so Pale and Wan?

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
 Prithee, why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prithee, why so pale? 5

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
 Prithee, why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't?
 Prithee, why so mute? 10

Quit, quit for shame ! This will not move;
 This cannot take her.
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her :
 The devil take her ! 15

JOHN MILTON

L'Allegro

Hence, loathèd Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
 In Stygian cave forlorn,
 'Mongst horrid shapes and shrieks and sights unholy !
 Find out some uncouth cell, 5

Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;

There under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,

10 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou Goddess fair and free,

In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,

And by men heart-easing Mirth;

Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,

15 With two sister Graces more,

To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore;

Or whether (as some sager sing)

The frolic wind that breathes the spring,

Zephyr, with Aurora playing,

20 As he met her once a-Maying,

There on beds of violets blue

And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,

Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,

So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

25 Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee

Jest, and youthful Jollity,

Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,

Nods and becks and wreathèd smiles,

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,

30 And love to live in dimple sleek;

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,

And Laughter holding both his sides.

Come, and trip it as you go,

On the light fantastic toe;

35 And in thy right hand lead with thee

The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;

And if I give thee honor due,

Mirth, admit me of thy crew,

To live with her, and live with thee,

40 In unprovèd pleasures free:

To hear the lark begin his flight,

And singing, startle the dull night,

From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to come in spite of sorrow, 45
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine;
 While the cock, with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin, 50
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before:
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill, 55
 Through the high wood echoing shrill:
 Sometime walking, not unseen,
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate
 Where the great sun begins his state, 60
 Robed in flames and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
 While the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe, 65
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the landskip round it measures: . 70
 Russet lawns and fallows grey,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The laboring clouds do often rest;
 Meadows trim with daisies pied, 75
 Shallow brooks and rivers wide;
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,

- 80 The cynosure of neighboring eyes.
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
 From betwixt two agèd oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
 Are at their savory dinner set
85 Of herbs and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
90 To the tanned haycock in the mead.
 Sometimes, with secure delight,
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
95 To many a youth and many a maid
 Dancing in the chequered shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday,
 Till the livelong daylight fail:
100 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How faery Mab the junkets eat.
 She was pinched and pulled, she said;
 And he, by friar's lantern led,
105 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
 That ten day-laborers could not end;
110 Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
 And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
115 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

Towered cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold, 120
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear 125
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp and feast and revelry,
 With mask and antique pageantry;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream. 130
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.
 And ever, against eating cares, 135
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes with many a winding bout
 Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out, 140
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head 145
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto to have quite set free
 His half-regained Eurydice. 150
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

II Penseroso

- Hence, vain deluding Joys,
 The brood of Folly without father bred !
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys !
- 5 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,
- 10 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
 But hail, thou Goddess sage and holy,
 Hail, divinest Melancholy !
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
- 15 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue ;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
 Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
- 20 To set her beauty's praise above
 The sea nymphs', and their powers offended.
 Yet thou art higher far descended :
 Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
 To solitary Saturn bore ;
- 25 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
 Such mixture was not held a stain).
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
- 30 Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
- 35 And sable stole of cypress lawn

Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes : 40
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet, 45
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing ;
 And add to these retirèd Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ; 50
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
 The cherub Contemplation ;
 And the mute Silence hist along, 55
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak. 60
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy !
 Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,
 I woo, to hear thy even-song ;
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen 65
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way, 70
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

- Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound
 75 Over some wide-watered shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar ;
 Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still removèd place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 80 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.
 85 Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
 Be seen in some high lonely tower
 Where I may oft outwatch the Bear
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 90 What worlds or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook ;
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or underground,
 95 Whose power hath a true consent,
 With planet or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
 In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 100 Or the tale of Troy divine,
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
- But, O sad Virgin ! what thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bower ;
 105 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what love did seek ;
 Or call up him that left half-told

The story of Cambuscan bold,	110
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,	
And who had Canace to wife	
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,	
And of the wondrous horse of brass,	
On which the Tartar king did ride ;	115
And if aught else great bards beside	
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,	
Of tourneys, and of trophies hung,	
Of forests, and enchantments drear,	
Where more is meant than meets the ear.	120
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,	
Till civil-suited Morn appear,	
Not tricked and frownced as she was wont	
With the Attic boy to hunt,	
But kerchieft in a comely cloud,	125
While rocking winds are piping loud ;	
Or ushered with a shower still,	
When the gust hath blown his fill,	
Ending on the rustling leaves,	
With minute-drops from off the eaves.	130
And when the sun begins to fling	
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring	
To archèd walks of twilight groves,	
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,	
Of pine, or monumental oak,	135
Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke	
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,	
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.	
There in close covert by some brook,	
Where no profaner eye may look,	140
Hide me from day's garish eye,	
While the bee, with honeyed thigh,	
That at her flowery work doth sing,	
And the waters murmuring,	
With such consort as they keep,	145
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep ;	

- And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture displayed,
 150 Softly on my eyelids laid ;
 And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
 Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
 155 But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloister's pale,
 And love the high embowèd roof,
 With antique pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 160 Casting a dim religious light.
 There let the pealing organ blow
 To the full-voiced quire below
 In service high and anthems clear
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 165 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 170 Where I may sit and rightlly spell
 Of every star that heaven doth shew,
 And every herb that sips the dew,
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
 175 These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

Lycidas

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637 ; and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their height.

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,

I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forced fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. 5
 Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
 Compels me to disturb your season due;
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew 10
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well 15
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
 Hence with denial vain and coy excuse;
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favor my destined urn, 20
 And as he passes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
 Together both, ere the high lawns appeared 25
 Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
 We drove a-field, and both together heard
 What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the star that rose at evening, bright, 30
 Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
 Tempered to the oaten flute;
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long; 35
 And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.

But oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,

- 40 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn:
The willows and the hazel copses green
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
- 45 As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
- 50 Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
- 55 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
Ay me, I fondly dream,
"Had ye been there" — for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
60 Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
- Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
85 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Næra's hair?
- 70 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
- 75 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorrèd shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"

Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears :

“Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,

Nor in the glistening foil

Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies ;

80

But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes

And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;

As he pronounces lastly on each deed,

Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.”

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honored flood,

85

Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,

That strain I heard was of a higher mood :

But now my oat proceeds,

And listens to the herald of the sea,

That came in Neptune's plea.

90

He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,

What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain ?

And questioned every gust of rugged wings

That blows from off each beakèd promontory :

They know not of his story ;

95

And sage Hippotades their answer brings,

That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed ;

The air was calm, and on the level brine

Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.

It was that fatal and pertidious bark,

100

Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,

That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,

His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,

Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge

105

Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.

“Ah ! who hath reft,” quoth he, “my dearest pledge ?”

Last came, and last did go,

The pilot of the Galilean lake ;

Two massy keys he bore of metals twain

110

(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).

He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake :

“How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,

Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake
 115 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold !
 Of other care they little reckoning make
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest ;
 Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 120 A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs !
 What recks it them ? What need they ? They are sped ;
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;
 125 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread ;
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
 130 But that two-handed engine at the door
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Return, Alpheus ; the dread voice is past
 That shrunk thy streams ; Return, Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 135 Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades and wanton winds and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparsely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
 140 That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
 145 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears ;
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 150 And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,

To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
 For so, to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise,
 Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled; 155
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.
 Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth;
 And O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
 Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more, 165
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore 170
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
 Where, other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves, 175
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the saints above,
 In solemn troops and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood. 185

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals grey;

He touched the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :
 190 And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
 And now was dropped into the western bay.
 At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue :
 To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

On His Blindness

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 5 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he returning chide ;
 "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied ?"
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
 10 Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
 Is kingly : thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

Truth and Conformity

(*From Areopagitica*)

And now the time in special is, by privilege to write and
 speak what may help to the further discussing of matters in
 agitation. The temple of Janus with his two controversial
 faces might now not unsignificantly be set open. And though
 5 all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth,
 so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and
 prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and False-
 hood grapple ; who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a
 free and open encounter ? Her confuting is the best and
 10 surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for

light and clearer knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricked already to our hands. Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose, if it come not first in at their 15 casements.

What a collusion is this, whenas we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute? When a man hath been 20 laboring the hardest labor in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, 25 if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument — for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valor enough in soldier-ship, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth. 30 For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty?

She needs no policies, no stratagems, no licensings to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defenses that error uses against her power. Give her but room, and do 35 not bind her when she sleeps, for then she speaks not true, as the old Proteus did, who spake oracles only when he was caught and bound; but then rather she turns herself into all shapes, except her own, and perhaps tunes her voice according to the time, as Micaiah did before Ahab, until she be ad- 40 jured into her own likeness. Yet it is not impossible that she may have more shapes than one. What else is all that rank of things indifferent, wherein Truth may be on this side, or on the other, without being unlike herself? What

45 but a vain shadow else is the abolition of those ordinances,
that hand-writing nailed to the cross? what great purchase
is this Christian liberty which Paul so often boasts of? His
doctrine is, that he who eats or eats not, regards a day or
regards it not, may do either to the Lord. How many other
50 things might be tolerated in peace, and left to conscience,
had we but charity, and were it not the chief stronghold of
our hypocrisy to be ever judging one another. I fear yet
this iron yoke of outward conformity hath left a slavish print
upon our necks; the ghost of a linen decency yet haunts us.
55 We stumble and are impatient at the least dividing of one
visible congregation from another, though it be not in funda-
mentals; and through our forwardness to suppress, and our
backwardness to recover any enthralled piece of truth out of
the gripe of custom, we care not to keep truth separated
60 from truth, which is the fiercest rent and disunion of
all.

We do not see that while we still affect by all means a rigid
external formality, we may as soon fall again into a gross
conforming stupidity, a stark and dead congealment of wood
65 and hay and stubble forced and frozen together, which is
more to the sudden degenerating of a church than many
subdichotomies of petty schisms. Not that I can think well
of every light separation, or that all in a church is to be ex-
pected gold and silver and precious stones. It is not possible
70 for man to sever the wheat from the tares, the good fish from
the other fry; that must be the angels' ministry at the end
of mortal things. Yet if all cannot be of one mind (as who
looks they should be?) this doubtless is more wholesome,
more prudent, and more Christian, that many be tolerated,
75 rather than all compelled.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

Heaven and Hell

(From Religio Medici)

Men commonly set forth the torments of hell by fire, and the extremity of corporal afflictions, and describe hell in the same method that Mahomet doth heaven. This indeed makes a noise, and drums in popular ears: but if this be the terrible piece thereof, it is not worthy to stand in diameter⁵ with heaven, whose happiness consists in that part that is best able to comprehend it, that immortal essence, that translated divinity and colony of God, the soul. Surely, though we place hell under earth, the devil's walk and pur-lieu is about it: men speak too popularly who place it in¹⁰ those flaming mountains, which to grosser apprehensions represent hell. The heart of man is the place the devils dwell in: I feel sometimes a hell within my self; Lucifer keeps his court in my breast, Legion is revived in me. There are as many hells, as Anaxagoras conceited worlds. There was¹⁵ more than one hell in Magdalene, when there were seven devils, for every devil is a hell unto himself; he holds enough of torture in his own *ubi*, and needs not the misery of circumference to afflict him: and thus a distracted conscience here, is a shadow or introduction unto hell hereafter. Who²⁰ can but pity the merciful intention of those hands that do destroy themselves? the devil, were it in his power, would do the like; which being impossible, his miseries are endless, and he suffers most in that attribute wherein he is impassible, his immortality.²⁵

I thank God, and with joy I mention it, I was never afraid of hell, nor never grew pale at the description of that place. I have so fixed my contemplations on heaven, that I have almost forgot the idea of hell, and am afraid rather to lose the joys of the one, than endure the misery of the other: to³⁰

be deprived of them is a perfect hell, and needs, methinks, no addition to complete our afflictions. That terrible term hath never detained me from sin, nor do I owe any good action to the name thereof. I fear God, yet am not afraid of Him :
35 his mercies make me ashamed of my sins, before his judgments afraid thereof. These are the forced and secondary method of his wisdom, which he useth but as the last remedy, and upon provocation ; a course rather to deter the wicked, than incite the virtuous to his worship. I can hardly think
40 there was ever any scared into heaven ; they go the fairest way to heaven that would serve God without a hell ; other mercenaries, that crouch unto him in fear of hell, though they term themselves the servants, are indeed but the slaves, of the Almighty.

Charity

(*From Religio Medici*)

Now for that other virtue of charity, without which faith is a mere notion, and of no existence, I have ever endeavored to nourish the merciful disposition and humane inclination I borrowed from my parents, and regulate it to the written
5 and prescribed laws of charity. And if I hold the true anatomy of my self, I am delineated and naturally framed to such a piece of virtue ; for I am of a constitution so general, that it consorts and sympathiseth with all things. I have no antipathy, or rather idiosyncrasy, in diet, humor, air,
10 anything. I wonder not at the French for their dishes of frogs, snails, and toadstools, nor at the Jews for locusts and grasshoppers ; but being amongst them, make them my common viands, and I find they agree with my stomach as well as theirs. I could digest a salad gathered in a church-
15 yard, as well as in a garden. I cannot start at the presence of a serpent, scorpion, lizard, or salamander : at the sight of a toad or viper, I find in me no desire to take up a stone to

destroy them. I find not in myself those common antipathies that I can discover in others: those national repugnances do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French, 20 Italian, Spaniard, or Dutch: but where I find their actions in balance with my countrymen's, I honor, love, and embrace them in the same degree. I have been shipwrecked, yet am not enemy with the sea or winds; I can study, play, or sleep in a tempest. 25

In brief, I am averse from nothing: my conscience would give me the lie if I should say I absolutely detest or hate any essence but the devil; or so at least abhor any thing, but that we might come to composition. I hold not so narrow a conceit of this virtue, as to conceive that to give 30 alms is only to be charitable, or think a piece of liberality can comprehend the total of charity. Divinity hath wisely divided the act thereof into many branches, and hath taught us in this narrow way many paths unto goodness; as many ways as we may do good, so many ways we may be charitable. 35

There are infirmities not only of the body, but of soul, and fortunes, which do require the merciful hand of our abilities. I cannot condemn a man for ignorance, but behold him with as much pity as I do Lazarus. It is no greater charity to clothe his body, than apparel the nakedness of his soul. 40 It is an honorable object to see the reasons of other men wear our liveries, and their borrowed understandings do homage to the bounty of ours: it is the cheapest way of beneficence, and, like the natural charity of the sun, illuminates another without obscuring itself. To be reserved and caitiff in this 45 part of goodness, is the sordidest piece of covetousness, and more contemptible than pecuniary avarice. To this (as calling my self a scholar), I am obliged by the duty of my condition: I make not therefore my head a grave, but a treasure, of knowledge; I intend no monopoly, but a com- 50 munity in learning; I study not for my own sake only, but

for theirs that study not for themselves. I envy no man that knows more than my self, but pity them that know less.

I instruct no man as an exercise of my knowledge, or with
 55 an intent rather to nourish and keep it alive in mine own head than beget and propagate it in his: and in the midst of all my endeavors there is but one thought that dejects me, that my acquired parts must perish with my self, nor can be legacied among my honored friends. I cannot fall out or
 60 contemn a man for an error, or conceive why a difference in opinion should divide an affection; for controversies, disputes, and argumentations, both in philosophy and in divinity, if they meet with discreet and peaceable natures, do not infringe the laws of charity. In all disputes, so much as there
 65 is of passion, so much there is of nothing to the purpose; for then reason, like a bad hound, spends upon a false scent, and forsakes the question first started. And this is one reason why controversies are never determined; for, though they be amply proposed, they are scarce at all handled,
 70 they do so swell with unnecessary digressions; and the parenthesis on the party is often as large as the main discourse upon the subject.

SAMUEL PEPYS

Shakspeare's The Tempest

(*From Diary*)

Nov. 7, 1667. Up, and at the office hard all the morning, and at noon resolved with Sir W. Pen to go see "The Tempest," an old play of Shakespeare's, acted, I hear, the first day; and so my wife, and girl, and W. Hewer by themselves,
 5 and Sir W. Pen and I afterwards by ourselves. The House mighty full; the King and Court there: and the most innocent play that ever I saw; and a curious piece of musique in an echo of half sentences, the echo repeating the

former half, while the man goes on to the latter; which is mighty pretty. The play has no great wit, but yet good, 10 above ordinary plays.

Nove. 13, 1667. Thence home to dinner, and as soon as dinner done I and my wife and Willet to the Duke of York's house, and there saw the *Tempest* again, which is very pleasant, and full of so good variety that I cannot be more 15 pleased in a comedy, only the seamen's part a little too tedious.

Dec. 12, 1667. After dinner I all alone to the Duke of York's house, and saw "*The Tempest*," which, as often as I have seen it, I do like very well, and the house very full. 20

Feb. 3, 1668. At noon home to dinner, and thence after dinner to the Duke of York's house, to the play, "*The Tempest*," which we have often seen, but yet I was pleased again, and shall be again to see it, it is so full of variety, and particularly this day I took pleasure to learn the tune of 25 the seaman's dance, which I have much desired to be perfect in, and have made myself so.

April 30, 1668. Thence I to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there I saw "*The Tempest*," which still pleases me mightily. 30

May 11, 1668. To the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "*The Tempest*," and between two acts, I went out to Mr. Harris, and got him to repeat to me the words of the Echo, while I writ them down, having tried in the play to have wrote them; but, when I had done it, having done it 35 without looking upon my paper, I find I could not read the blacklead. But now I have got the words clear, and, in going in thither, had the pleasure to see the actors in their several dresses, especially the seamen and monster, which were very droll: so into the play again. 40

The Great Fire of London*(From Diary)*

Sept. 2, 1666 (Lord's day). Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast today, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose and went to her window, and thought it to be on the back side of Mark Lane at the farthest; but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was and further off. So to my closet to set things to rights after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above three hundred houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding Lane, and that it hath burned St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish Street already. So I down to the waterside, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire.

Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steel-yard, while I was there. Everybody endeavoring to remove their goods, and flinging

into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the waterside to another. And³⁵ among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies till they burned their wings, and fell down. Having stayed, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavoring to quench it, but to⁴⁰ remove their goods, and leave all to the fire, and having seen it get as far as the Steel-yard, and the wind mighty high and driving it into the City, and every thing, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and among other things the poor steeple by which⁴⁵ pretty Mrs. — lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down: I to Whitehall (with a gentleman with me who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat); to Whitehall, and there up to the King's⁵⁰ closet in the Chapel, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of York what I saw, and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down nothing could stop the⁵⁵ fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York did bid me tell him that if he would have any more soldiers he shall.

60

I walked along Watling Street, as well as I could; every creature coming away loaden with goods to save, and here and there sick people carried away in beds. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning Street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message he⁶⁵

cried, like a fainting woman, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it."

That he needed no more soldiers; and that for himself, he
70 must go and refresh him self, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home, seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street; and ware-
75 houses of oil, and wines, and brandy, and other things. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time it was about twelve o'clock; and so home. Soon as dined, I and Moore away, and walked through the
80 City, the streets full of nothing but people and horses, and carts loaden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another.

Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne
85 to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's face in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as
90 houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, — three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there stayed till it was dark almost, and saw the fire
95 grow; and as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the city, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. We stayed till, it being darkish, we saw the

fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side 100
 the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a
 mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses,
 and all on fire and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the
 flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruin. So
 home with a sad heart. 105

Farewell!

(*From Diary*)

May 31, 1669. Thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be
 able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my Journal,
 I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long
 as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my
 hand; and therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear: 5
 and therefore resolve from this time forward to have it kept by
 my people in long-hand, and must be contented to set down
 no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or
 if there be any thing, I must endeavour to keep a margin in
 my book open, to add here and there a note in short-hand 10
 with my own hand. And so I betake myself to that course,
 which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave;
 for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my
 being blind, the God prepare me! S. P.

JOHN DRYDEN

Preface to Dryden and Davenant's "The Tempest"

The writing of prefaces to plays was probably invented by
 some very ambitious poet, who never thought he had enough;
 perhaps by some ape of the French eloquence, which uses to
 make a business of a letter of gallantry an examen of a farce;
 and, in short, a great pomp and ostentation of words on every 5
 trifle. This is certainly the talent of that nation. and ought

not to be invaded by any other. They do that out of gaiety which would be an imposition upon us.

We may satisfy our selves with surmounting them in the scene, and safely leave them those trappings of writing and flourishes of the pen with which they do adorn the borders of their plays, and which are indeed no more than good landscapes to a very indifferent picture. I must proceed no further in this argument, lest I run my self beyond my excuse for writing
15 this. Give me leave therefore to tell you, reader, that I do it not to set a value on anything I have written in this play, but out of gratitude to the memory of Sir William Davenant, who did me the honour to join me with him in the alteration of it.

20 It was originally Shakespear's, a poet for whom he had particularly a high veneration, and whom he first taught me to admire. The play itself had formerly been acted with great success in the Blackfriars; and our excellent Fletcher had so great a value for it that he thought fit to make use of
25 the same design, not much varied, a second time. Those who have seen his *Sea-Voyage*, may easily discern that it was a copy of Shakespear's *Tempest*: the storm, the desert island, and the woman who had never seen a man, are all sufficient testimonies of it. But Fletcher was not the only poet who
30 made use of Shakespear's plot: Sir John Suckling, a professed admirer of our author, has followed his footsteps in his *Goblins*; his *Rogmella* being an open imitation of Shakespear's *Miranda*, and his spirits, though counterfeit, yet are copied from *Ariel*.

35 But Sir William Davenant, as he was a man of quick and piercing imagination, soon found that somewhat might be added to the design of Shakespear of which neither Fletcher nor Suckling had ever thought; and therefore to put the last hand to it, he designed the counterpart to Shakespear's
40 plot, namely, that of a man who had never seen a woman;

that by this means those two characters of innocence and love might the more illustrate and commend each other. This excellent contrivance he was pleased to communicate to me, and to desire my assistance in it. I confess, that from the very first moment it so pleased me, that I never 45 writ anything with more delight. I must likewise do him that justice to acknowledge that my writing received daily his amendments, and that is the reason why it is not so faulty as the rest which I have done without the help or correction of so judicious a friend. The comical part of the 50 sailors were also of his invention and for the most part his writing, as you will easily discover by the style.

In the time I writ with him, I had the opportunity to observe somewhat more nearly of him than I had formerly done, when I had only a bare acquaintance with him. I 55 found him then of so quick a fancy, that nothing was proposed to him on which he could not suddenly produce a thought extremely pleasant and surprising; and those first thoughts of his, contrary to the old Latin proverb, were not always the least happy. And as his fancy was quick, so likewise 60 were the products of it remote and new. He borrowed not of any other; and his imaginations were such as could not easily enter into any other man. His corrections were sober and judicious; and he corrected his own writings much more severely than those of another man, bestowing twice the 65 time and labour in polishing which he used in invention.

It had perhaps been easy enough for me to have arrogated more to my self than was my due, in the writing of this play, and to have passed by his name with silence in the publication of it with the same ingratitude which others have used 70 to him, whose writings he hath not only corrected, as he hath done this, but has had a greater inspection over them, and sometimes added whole scenes together, which may as easily be distinguished from the rest as true gold from coun-

75 terfeit by the weight. But besides the unworthiness of the action which deterred me from it (there being nothing so base as to rob the dead of his reputation) I am satisfied I could never have received so much honour, in being thought the author of any poem, how excellent soever, as I shall 80 from the joining my imperfections with the merit and name of Shakespear and Sir William Davenant.

Mac Flecknoe



All human things are subject to decay,
 And, when fate summons, monarchs must obey.
 This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
 Was called to empire, and had governed long;
 5 In prose and verse, was owned without dispute,
 Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
 This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
 And blest with issue of a large increase,
 Worn out with business, did at length debate
 10 To settle the succession of the state;
 And, pondering which of all his sons was fit
 To reign and wage immortal war with wit,
 Cried, "'Tis resolved, for Nature pleads that he
 Should only rule who most resembles me.
 15 Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
 Mature in dulness from his tender years;
 Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
 Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
 20 But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
 Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
 Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
 But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
 His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
 25 Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye
 And seems designed for thoughtless majesty,

Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain,
 And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
 Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
 Thou last great prophet of tautology. 30
 Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
 Was sent before but to prepare thy way,
 And coarsely clad in Norwich drugget came
 To teach the nations in thy greater name.

.

This is thy province, this thy wondrous way, 35
 New humors to invent for each new play :
 This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
 By which one way to dulness 'tis inclined,
 Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
 And, in all changes, that way bends thy will 40
 Nor let thy mountain belly make pretence
 Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
 A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,
 But sure thou art but a kilderkin of wit.
 Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep ; 45
 Thy tragic muse gives smiles ; thy comic, sleep.
 With whate'er gall thou set'st thyself to write,
 Thy inoffensive satires never bite ;
 In thy felonious heart though venom lies,
 It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies. 50
 Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
 In keen iambics, but mild anagram.
 Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command
 Some peaceful province in Acrostic Land.
 There thou mayest wings display and altars raise, 55
 And torture one poor word ten thousand ways ;
 Or, if thou wouldst thy different talents suit,
 Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute."
 He said, but his last words were scarcely heard,
 For Bruce and Longville had a trap prepared, 60
 And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.

65 Sinking, he left his drugget robe behind,
 Borne upwards by a subterreanean wind.
 The mantle fell to the young prophet's part
 With double portion of his father's art.

Under Milton's Picture

5 Three poets, in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
 The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
 The next in majesty, in both the last;
 The force of Nature could no farther go;
 To make a third she joined the former two.

JOHN BUNYAN

The Trial of Christian and Faithful

(From The Pilgrim's Progress)

Then a convenient time being appointed, they brought them forth to their trial in order to their condemnation. When the time was come, they were brought before their enemies, and arraigned. The judge's name was Lord Hate-
 5 good. Their indictment was one and the same in substance, though somewhat varying in form, the contents whereof were this: —

“That they were enemies to and disturbers of their trade; that they had made commotions and divisions in the town,
 10 and had won a party to their own most dangerous opinions in contempt of the law of their prince.”

Then Faithful began to answer, that he had only set himself against that which had set itself against Him that is higher than the highest. And said he, “As for disturbance,
 15 I make none, being myself a man of peace; the parties that were won to us, were won by beholding our truth and innocence, and they are only turned from the worse to the better.

And as to the king you talk of, since he is Beelzebub, the enemy of our Lord, I defy him and all his angels."

Then proclamation was made, that they that had aught ²⁰ to say for their lord the king against the prisoner at the bar, should forthwith appear and give in their evidence. So there came in three witnesses, to wit, Envy, Superstition, and Pickthank. They were then asked if they knew the prisoner at the bar; and what they had to say for their lord ²⁵ the king against him.

Then stood forth Envy, and said to this effect: "My Lord, I have known this man a long time, and will attest upon my oath before this honourable bench, that he is" —

JUDGE. Hold! Give him his oath. 30

So they swore him. Then he said: "My Lord, this man, notwithstanding his plausible name, is one of the vilest men in our country. He neither regardeth prince nor people, law nor custom; but doth all that he can to possess all men with certain of his disloyal notions, which he in the general ³⁵ calls principles of faith and holiness. And in particular, I heard him once myself affirm that Christianity and the customs of our town of Vanity were diametrically opposite, and could not be reconciled. By which saying, my Lord, he doth at once not only condemn all our laudable doings, ⁴⁰ but us in the doing of them."

Then did the Judge say to him, "Hast thou any more to say?"

ENVY. My Lord, I could say much more, only I would not be tedious to the court. Yet if need be, when the other ⁴⁵ gentlemen have given in their evidence, rather than anything shall be wanting that will despatch him, I will enlarge my testimony against him.

So he was bid stand by.

[The substance of Superstition's and Pickthank's testimony is sufficiently indicated by Faithful's answer later.

and their manner of testifying is much the same as Envy's.]

When this Pickthank had told his tale, the Judge directed his speech to the prisoner at the bar, saying, "Thou runagate, 55 heretic, and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee?"

FAITHFUL. May I speak a few words in my own defence?

JUDGE. Sirrah, sirrah, thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place; yet that all 60 men may see our gentleness towards thee, let us see what thou hast to say.

FAITHFUL. 1. I say then in answer to what Mr. Envy hath spoken, I never said aught but this, That what rule, or laws, or custom, or people, were flat against the word of 65 God, are diametrically opposite to Christianity. If I have said amiss in this, convince me of mine error, and I am ready here before you to make my recantation.

2. As to the second, to wit, Mr. Superstition, and his charge against me, I said only this, That in the worship of 70 God there is required a divine faith; but there can be no divine faith without a divine revelation of the will of God: therefore whatever is thrust into the worship of God that is not agreeable to divine revelation, cannot be done but by an human faith, which faith will not be profit to eternal life.

3. As to what Mr. Pickthank hath said, I say, (avoiding 75 terms, as that I am said to rail, and the like) that the prince of this town, with all the rabblement his attendants, by this gentleman named, are more fit for a being in hell, than in this town and country: and so, the Lord have mercy upon me!

80 Then the Judge called to the jury (who all this while stood by, to hear and observe): "Gentlemen of the jury, you see this man about whom so great an uproar hath been made in this town: you have also heard what these worthy gentlemen have witnessed against him: also you have heard his 85 reply and confession: it lieth now in your breasts to hang

him, or save his life; but yet I think meet to instruct you into our law.

“There was an act made in the days of Pharaoh the Great, servant to our prince, that lest those of a contrary religion should multiply and grow too strong for him, their males 90 should be thrown into the river. There was also an act made in the days of Nebuchadnezzear the Great, another of his servants, that whoever would not fall down and worship his golden image, should be thrown into a fiery furnace. There was also an act made in the days of Darius, that whoso, 95 for some time, called upon any God but him, should be cast into the lions’ den. Now the substance of these laws this rebel has broken, not only in thought (which is not to be borne) but also in word and deed; which must therefore needs be intolerable. 100

“For that of Pharaoh, his law was made upon a supposition, to prevent mischief, no crime being yet apparent; but here is a crime apparent. For the second and third, you see he disputeth against our religion; and for the treason he hath confessed, he deserveth to die the death.” 105

Then went the jury out, whose names were, Mr. Blind-man, Mr. No-good, Mr. Malice, Mr. Love-lust, Mr. Live-loose, Mr. Heady, Mr. High-mind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hatelight, and Mr. Implacable; who every one gave in his private verdict against him among them- 110 selves, and afterwards unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the Judge. And first among themselves, Mr. Blind-man, the foreman, said, “I see clearly that this man is an heretic.” Then said Mr. No-good, “Away with such a fellow from the earth.” “Ay,” said Mr. Malice, “for 115 I hate the very looks of him.” Then said Mr. Love-lust, “I could never endure him.” “Nor I,” said Mr. Live-loose, “for he would always be condemning my way.” “Hang him, hang him,” said Mr. Heady. “A sorry scrub,”

120 said Mr. High-mind. "My heart riseth against him," said Mr. Enmity. "He is a rogue," said Mr. Liar. "Hanging is too good for him," said Mr. Cruelty. "Let us dispatch him out of the way," said Mr. Hatelight. Then said Mr. Implacable, "Might I have all the world given me, I could
 125 not be reconciled to him; therefore let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death." And so they did; therefore he was presently condemned to be had from the place where he was, to the place from whence he came, and there to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented.

130 They therefore brought him out, to do with him according to their law; and first they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives; after that they stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords; and last of all they burned him to ashes at the stake. Thus
 135 came Faithful to his end.

Now I saw that there stood behind the multitude a chariot and a couple of horses, waiting for Faithful, who (so soon as his adversaries had dispatched him) was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds, with
 140 sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the Celestial Gate. But as for Christian, he had some respite, and was remanded back to prison; so he there remained for a space: but he that overrules all things, having the power of their rage in his own hand, so wrought it about, that Christian for that time
 145 escaped them, and went his way.

JONATHAN SWIFT

The Spider and the Bee

(From *The Battle of the Books*)

Upon the highest corner of a large window, there dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay

scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle 5 were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the modern way of fortification. After you had passed several courts, you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out, upon all 10 occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person by swallows from above, or to his palace by brooms from below: when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in 15 the glass had discovered itself, and in he went; where, expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel; which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation.

20

Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first that nature was approaching to her final dissolution; or else, that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his 25 subjects, whom this enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth, and meet his fate. Meanwhile the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the ragged 30 remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out, when, beholding the chasms, the ruins, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wit's end; he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon 35 the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events, (for they knew each other by sight), A plague split you, said he; is it

you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? could not you look before you, and be d—d? do you think
40 I have nothing else to do (in the devil's name) but to mend and repair after you? — Good words, friend, said the bee, (having now pruned himself, and being disposed to droll), I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more: I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was
45 born. — Sirrah, replied the spider, if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners. — I pray have patience, said the bee, or you will spend your substance, and, for aught I see, you may stand in need of
50 it all towards the repair of your house. — Rogue, rogue, replied the spider, yet, methinks you should have more respect to a person, whom all the world allows to be so much your better. — By my troth, said the bee, the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me a favour
55 to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute. At this the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with a resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry, to urge on his own reasons,
60 without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite; and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

Not to disparage myself, said he, by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house
65 or home, without stock or inheritance, born to no possession of your own but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe? Your livelihood is an universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as readily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic
70 animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to shew my improvements in the mathematics)

is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of mine own person.

I am glad, answered the bee, to hear you grant at least that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for 75 then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed of me two such gifts without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit indeed all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden; but whatever I collect from thence enriches 80 myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now for you and your skill in architecture and other mathematics, I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labour and method enough; but by woful experience for us both 85 'tis too plain the materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter as well as method and art. You boast, indeed, of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the 90 liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet, I doubt you are somewhat obliged for an increase of both to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent 95 portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions by sweepings exhaled from below: and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this; whether is the nobler being of the two, that which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches 100 round, by an overweening pride, which feeding and engendering on itself turns all into venom, producing nothing at all, but fly bane and a cobweb; or that which, by an universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax?

This dispute was managed with such eagerness, clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of books, in arms below, stood silent a while, waiting in suspense what would be the issue; which was not long undetermined; for the bee, grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled straight away
110 to a bed of roses without looking for a reply; and left the spider, like an orator, collected in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

It happened upon this emergency, that Æsop broke silence
115 first. He had been of late most barbarously treated by a strange effect of the regent's humanity, who had tore off his title-page, sorely defaced one half of his leaves, and chained him fast among a shelf of moderns. Where, soon discovering how high the quarrel was likely to proceed, he tried all his
120 arts, and turned himself to a thousand forms. At length, in the borrowed shape of an ass, the regent mistook him for a modern; by which means he had time and opportunity to escape to the ancients, just when the spider and the bee were entering into their contest; to which he gave his attention
125 with a world of pleasure; and when it was ended, swore in the loudest key, that in all his life he had never known two cases so parallel and adapt to each other, as that in the window, and this upon the shelves. The disputants, said he, have admirably managed the dispute between them, have
130 taken in the full strength of all that is to be said on both sides, and exhausted the substance of every argument *pro* and *con*.

It is but to adjust the reasonings of both to the present quarrel, then to compare and apply the labours and fruits
135 of each, as the bee hath learnedly deduced them, and we shall find the conclusion fall plain and close upon the moderns and us. For, pray, gentlemen, was ever anything so modern as the spider in his air, his turns, and his paradoxes? He argues in the behalf of you his brethren, and

himself, with many boastings of his native stock and great 140
genius; that he spins and spits wholly from himself, and
scorns to own any obligation or assistance from without.
Then he displays to you his great skill in architecture, and
improvement in the mathematics. To all this the bee, as an
advocate retained by us the ancients, thinks fit to answer: 145
that if one may judge of the great genius or inventions of the
moderns by what they have produced, you will hardly have
countenance to bear you out, in boasting of either. Erect
your schemes with as much method and skill as you please;
yet if the materials be nothing but dirt, spun out of your 150
own entrails, the edifice will conclude at last in a cobweb;
the duration of which, like that of other spiders' webs, may
be imputed to their being forgotten, or neglected, or hid in
a corner. For anything else of genuine that the moderns
may pretend to, I cannot recollect; unless it be a large vein 155
of wrangling and satire, much of a nature and substance
with the spider's poison; which, however they pretend to
spit wholly out of themselves, is improved by the same arts,
by feeding upon the insects and vermin of the age. As for
us the ancients, we are content, with the bee, to pretend to 160
nothing of our own, beyond our wings and our voice: that
is to say, our flights and our language. For the rest, what-
ever we have got hath been by infinite labour and search,
and ranging through every corner of nature; the difference
is, that instead of dirt and poison we have rather chosen 165
to fill our hives with honey and wax; thus furnishing man-
kind with the two noblest of things, which are *sweetness and*
light.

An Argument to prove that
THE ABOLISHING OF CHRISTIANITY IN ENGLAND
may, as things now stand, be attended with some in-
conveniences, and perhaps not produce those
many good effects proposed thereby

(Written in the year 1708)

I am very sensible what a weakness and presumption it is, to reason against the general humour and disposition of the world. I remember it was with great justice, and a due regard to the freedom both of the public and the press, for-
5 bidden upon several penalties to write, or discourse, or lay wagers against the Union even before it was confirmed by Parliament, because that was looked upon as a design to oppose the current of the people, which besides the folly of it, is a manifest breach of the fundamental law that makes
10 this majority of opinion the voice of God. In like manner, and for the very same reasons, it may perhaps be neither safe nor prudent to argue against the abolishing of Christianity: at a juncture when all parties seem so unanimously deter-
15 mined upon the point, as we cannot but allow from their actions, their discourses, and their writings. However, I know not how, whether from the affectation of singularity, or the perverseness of human nature, but so it unhappily falls out that I cannot be entirely of this opinion. Nay, though I were sure an order were issued for my immediate prosecution
20 by the Attorney-General, I should still confess that in the present posture of our affairs at home or abroad, I do not yet see the absolute necessity of extirpating the Christian religion from among us.

This may perhaps appear too great a paradox even for our
25 wise and paradoxical age to endure; therefore I shall handle it with all tenderness, and with the utmost deference to that great and profound majority which is of another sentiment.

.

However, since the undertakers propose such wonderful advantages to the nation by this project, and advance many plausible objections against the system of Christianity, I shall 30 briefly consider the strength of both, fairly allow them their greatest weight, and offer such answers as I think most reasonable. After which I will beg leave to shew what inconveniences may possibly happen by such an innovation in the present posture of our affairs. 35

First, one great advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity, is, that it would very much enlarge and establish liberty of conscience, that great bulwark of our nation, and of the protestant religion; which is still too much limited by priestcraft, notwithstanding all the good intentions of the 40 legislature, as we have lately found by a severe instance. For it is confidently reported that two young gentlemen of real hopes, bright wit, and profound judgment, who, upon a thorough examination of causes and effects, and by the mere force of natural abilities, without the least tincture of learn- 45 ing, having made a discovery that there was no God, and generously communicating their thoughts for the good of the public, were some time ago, by an unparalleled severity, and upon I know not what obsolete law, broke for blasphemy. And as it has been wisely observed, if persecution once begins, 50 no man alive knows how far it may reach, or where it will end.

In answer to all which, with deference to wiser judgments, I think this rather shews the necessity of a nominal religion among us. Great wits love to be free with the highest objects; and if they cannot be allowed a God to revile 55 or renounce, they will speak evil of dignities, abuse the government, and reflect upon the ministry; which I am sure few will deny to be of much more pernicious consequence, according to the saying of Tiberius, *deorum offensa diis curæ*. As to the particular fact related, I think it is not fair to argue 60 from one instance, perhaps another cannot be produced:

yet (to the comfort of all those who may be apprehensive of persecution) blasphemy, we know, is freely spoken a million of times in every coffee-house and tavern, or wherever
 65 else good company meet. It must be allowed, indeed, that to break an English free-born officer, only for blasphemy, was, to speak the gentlest of such an action, a very high strain of absolute power. Little can be said in excuse for the general; perhaps he was afraid it might give offence to the
 70 allies, among whom, for aught we know, it may be the custom of the country to believe a God. But if he argued, as some have done, upon a mistaken principle, that an officer who is guilty of speaking blasphemy, may some time or other proceed so far as to raise a mutiny, the consequence is by no
 75 means to be admitted; for surely the commander of an English army is likely to be but ill obeyed, whose soldiers fear and reverence him as little as they do a Deity.

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Another advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity, is, the clear gain of one day in seven, which is now
 80 entirely lost, and consequently the kingdom one seventh less considerable in trade, business, and pleasure; beside the loss to the public of so many stately structures, now in the hands of the clergy, which might be converted into play-houses, market-houses, exchanges, common dormitories,
 85 and other public edifices.

I hope I shall be forgiven a hard word, if I call this a perfect cavil. I readily own there has been an old custom, time out of mind, for people to assemble in the churches every Sunday, and that shops are still frequently shut, in order, as it is
 90 conceived, to preserve the memory of that ancient practice; but how this can prove a hindrance to business or pleasure, is hard to imagine. What if the men of pleasure are forced, one day in the week, to game at home instead of the chocolate-

houses? are not the taverns and coffee-houses open? can there be a more convenient season for taking a dose of physic? 95 is not that the chief day for traders to sum up the accounts of the week, and for lawyers to prepare their briefs? But I would fain know, how it can be pretended, that the churches are misapplied? where are more appointments and rendez-vouses of gallantry? where more care to appear in the fore-100 most box, with greater advantage of dress? where more meetings for business, where more bargains driven of all sorts, and where so many conveniences or enticements to sleep?

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It is likewise proposed as a great advantage to the public, that if we once discard the system of the gospel, all religion 105 will of course be banished for ever; and consequently, along with it, those grievous prejudices of education, which, under the names of *virtue*, *conscience*, *honour*, *justice*, and the like, are so apt to disturb the peace of human minds, and the notions whereof are so hard to be eradicated, by right reason, 110 or freethinking, sometimes during the whole course of our lives.

Here first I observe, how difficult it is to get rid of a phrase which the world is once grown fond of, though the occasion that first produced it be entirely taken away. For several 115 years past, if a man had but an ill-favoured nose, the deep-thinkers of the age would, some way or other, contrive to impute the cause to the prejudice of his education. From this fountain were said to be derived all our foolish notions of justice, piety, love of our country; all our opinions of God, 120 or a future state, Heaven, Hell, and the like: and there might formerly perhaps have been some pretence for this charge. But so effectual care has been taken to remove those prejudices, by an entire change in the methods of education, that (with honour I mention it to our polite innovators) the 125

young gentlemen who are now on the scene seem to have not the least tincture left of those infusions, or string of those weeds : and, by consequence, the reason for abolishing nominal Christianity upon that pretext, is wholly ceased.

130 For the rest, it may perhaps admit a controversy whether the banishing of all notions of religion whatsoever would be convenient for the vulgar. Not that I am in the least of opinion with those, who hold religion to have been the invention of politicians, to keep the lower part of the world in awe,
 135 by the fear of invisible powers ; unless mankind were then very different to what it is now : for I look upon the mass or body of our people here in England, to be as freethinkers, that is to say, as staunch unbelievers, as any of the highest rank. But I conceive some scattered notions about a
 140 superior power, to be of singular use for the common people, as furnishing excellent materials to keep children quiet when they grow peevish, and providing topics of amusement, in a tedious winter night.

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Having thus considered the most important objections
 145 against Christianity, and the chief advantages proposed by the abolishing thereof, I shall now, with equal deference and submission to wiser judgments as before, proceed to mention a few inconveniences that may happen if the gospel should be repealed, which perhaps the projectors may not
 150 have sufficiently considered.

And first, I am very sensible how much the gentlemen of wit and pleasure are apt to murmur, and be choked at the sight of so many daggled-tail parsons, who happen to fall in their way and offend their eyes ; but at the same time, these wise
 155 reformers do not consider what an advantage and felicity it is for great wits to be always provided with objects of scorn and contempt, in order to exercise and improve their

talents, and divert their spleen from falling on each other or on themselves; especially when all this may be done without the least imaginable danger to their persons. 160

And to urge another argument of a parallel nature: if Christianity were once abolished, how could the freethinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men of profound learning, be able to find another subject so calculated in all points whereon to display their abilities? what wonderful productions of wit 165 should we be deprived of, from those whose genius by continual practice has been wholly turned upon raillery and invectives against religion, and would therefore never be able to shine or distinguish themselves upon any other subject! we are daily complaining of the great decline of wit 170 among us, and would we take away the greatest, perhaps the only, topic we have left? who would ever have suspected Asgill for a wit, or Toland for a philosopher, if the inexhaustible stock of Christianity had not been at hand, to provide them with materials? what other subject, through 175 all art or nature, could have produced Tindal for a profound author, or furnished him with readers? it is the wise choice of the subject, that alone adorns and distinguishes the writer. For, had a hundred such pens as these been employed on the side of religion, they would have immediately sunk into 180 silence and oblivion.

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Upon the whole, if it shall still be thought for the benefit of church and state that Christianity be abolished, I conceive, however, it may be more convenient to defer the execution to a time of peace; and not venture in this conjuncture to dis- 185 oblige our allies, who, as it falls out, are all Christians, and many of them, by the prejudices of their education, so bigoted as to place a sort of pride in the appellation. If upon being rejected by them we are to trust an alliance with

190 the Turk, we shall find ourselves much deceived : for, as he is too remote, and generally engaged in war with the Persian emperor, so his people would be more scandalized at our infidelity than our Christian neighbours. For the Turks are not only strict observers of religious worship, but, what is
 195 worse, believe a God ; which is more than is required of us, even while we preserve the name of Christians.

To conclude : whatever some may think of the great advantages to trade by this favourite scheme, I do very much apprehend, that in six months' time after the act is
 200 passed for the extirpation of the gospel, the Bank and East India stock may fall at least one per cent. And since that is fifty times more than ever the wisdom of our age thought fit to venture, for the preservation of Christianity, there is no reason we should be at so great a loss, merely for the sake
 205 of destroying it.



DANIEL DEFOE

The Education of Women

(*From An Essay upon Projects*)

To such whose genius would lead them to it I would deny no sort of learning ; but the chief thing in general is to cultivate the understandings of the sex, that they may be capable of all sorts of conversation ; that, their parts and judgments
 5 being improved, they may be as profitable in their conversation as they are pleasant.

Women, in my observation, have little or no difference in them, but as they are or are not distinguished by education. Tempers indeed may in some degree influence them, but the
 10 main distinguishing part is their breeding.

The whole sex are generally quick and sharp. I believe I may be allowed to say generally so, for you rarely see them lumpish and heavy when they are children, as boys will often

be. If a woman be well bred, and taught the proper management of her natural wit, she proves generally very sensible 15 and retentive ; and without partiality, a woman of sense and manners is the finest and most delicate part of God's creation, the glory of her Maker, and the great instance of His singular regard to man, His darling creature, to whom He gave the best gift either God could bestow or man receive. And 'tis 20 the sordidest piece of folly and ingratitude in the world to withhold from the sex the due lustre which the advantages of education give to the natural beauty of their minds.

A woman well bred and well taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behavior, is a 25 creature without comparison ; her society is the emblem of sublimer enjoyments ; her person is angelic and her conversation heavenly ; she is all softness and sweetness, peace, love, wit, and delight. She is every way suitable to the sublimest wish, and the man that has such a one to his portion has 30 nothing to do but to rejoice in her and be thankful.

On the other hand, suppose her to be the very same woman, and rob her of the benefit of education, and it follows thus : —

If her temper be good, want of education makes her soft and easy. Her wit, for want of teaching, makes her impertinent 35 and talkative. Her knowledge, for want of judgment and experience, makes her fanciful and whimsical. If her temper be bad, want of breeding makes her worse, and she grows haughty, insolent, and loud. If she be passionate, want of manners makes her termagant and a scold, which is much at 40 one with lunatic. If she be proud, want of discretion (which still is breeding) makes her conceited, fantastic, and ridiculous. And from these she degenerates to be turbulent, clangorous, noisy, nasty, and the devil.

Methinks mankind for their own sakes — since, say what 45 we will of the women, we all think fit at one time or other to be concerned with them — should take some care to breed

them up to be suitable and serviceable, if they expected no such thing as delight from them. Bless us! what care do
50 we take to breed up a good horse and to break him well! and what a value do we put upon him when it is done, and all because he should be fit for our use! and why not a woman? Since all her ornaments and beauty without suitable behavior is a cheat in nature, like the false tradesman, who puts the
55 best of his goods uppermost, that the buyer may think the rest are of the same goodness.

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But to come closer to the business, the great distinguishing difference which is seen in the world between men and women is in their education, and this is manifested by comparing it
60 with the difference between one man or woman and another.

And herein it is that I take upon me to make such a bold assertion that all the world are mistaken in their practice about women; for I cannot think that God Almighty ever made them so delicate, so glorious creatures, and furnished
65 them with such charms, so agreeable and so delightful to mankind, with souls capable of the same accomplishments with men, and all to be only stewards of our houses, cooks, and slaves.

Not that I am for exalting the female government in the
70 least; but, in short, I would have men take women for companions, and educate them to be fit for it. A woman of sense and breeding will scorn as much to encroach upon the prerogative of the man as a man of sense will scorn to oppress the weakness of the woman. But if the women's souls
75 were refined and improved by teaching, that word would be lost; to say, the *weakness of the sex* as to judgment, would be nonsense, for ignorance and folly would be no more found among women than men. I remember a passage which I heard from a very fine woman; she had wit and capacity

enough, an extraordinary shape and face, and a great fortune, 80 but had been cloistered up all her time, and, for fear of being stolen, had not had the liberty of being taught the common necessary knowledge of woman's affairs; and when she came to converse in the world, her natural wit made her so sensible of the want of education, that she gave this short reflection 85 on herself: — "I am ashamed to talk with my very maids," says she, "for I don't know when they do right or wrong. I had more need go to school than be married."

I need not enlarge on the loss the defect of education is to the sex, nor argue the benefit of the contrary practice; 'tis 90 a thing will be more easily granted than remedied. This chapter is but an essay at the thing, and I refer the practice to those happy days, if ever they shall be, when men shall be wise enough to mend it.



Author's Preface

(*From Robinson Crusoe*)

If ever the story of any private man's adventures in the world were worth making public, and were acceptable when published, the Editor of this account thinks this will be so.

The wonders of this man's life exceed all that (he thinks) 5 is to be found extant; the life of one man being scarce capable of greater variety.

The story is told with modesty, with seriousness, and with a religious application of events to the uses to which wise men always apply them, viz., to the instruction of others by 10 this example, and to justify and honour the wisdom of Providence in all the variety of our circumstances, let them happen how they will.

The Editor believes the thing to be a just history of fact; neither is there any appearance of fiction in it: and, however, 15

thinks, because all such things are despatched, that the improvement of it, as well to the diversion as to the instruction of the reader, will be the same. And as such, he thinks, without farther compliment to the world, he does them a
20 great service in the publication.

Crusoe's Situation in Life

I was born in the year 1632, in the city of York, of a good family, though not of that country, my father being a foreigner of Bremen, who settled first at Hull. He got a good estate by merchandise, and leaving off his trade, lived afterwards at York, from whence he had married my mother,
5 whose relations were named Robinson, a very good family in that country, and from whom I was called Robinson Kreutznaer; but by the usual corruption of words in England we are now called, nay, we call ourselves, and write our name,
10 Crusoe, and so my companions always called me.

I had two elder brothers, one of which was lieutenant-colonel to an English regiment of foot in Flanders, formerly commanded by the famous Colonel Lockhart, and was killed at the battle near Dunkirk against the Spaniards;
15 what became of my second brother I never knew, any more than my father and mother did know what was become of me.

Being the third son of the family, and not bred to any trade, my head began to be filled very early with rambling
20 thoughts. My father, who was very ancient, had given me a competent share of learning, as far as house-education and a country free school generally goes, and designed me for the law; but I would be satisfied with nothing but going to sea; and my inclination to this led me so strongly against the
25 will, nay, the commands, of my father, and against all the entreaties and persuasions of my mother and other friends,

that there seemed to be something fatal in that propension of nature tending directly to the life of misery which was to befall me.

Crusoe's Landing on the Desert Island

After we had rowed, or rather driven, about a league and a half, as we reckoned it, a raging wave, mountain-like, came rolling astern of us, and plainly bade us expect the *coup de grâce*. In a word, it took us in such a fury, that it upset the boat at once; and separating us, as well from the boat as from one another, gave us not time hardly to say, "O God!" for we were all swallowed up in a moment.

Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sunk into the water; for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw breath, till that wave having driven me, or rather carried me, a vast way on toward the shore, and having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in. I had so much presence of mind, as well as breath left, that seeing myself nearer the mainland than I expected, I got upon my feet, and endeavored to make on towards the land as fast as I could, before another wave should return and take me up again. But I soon found it was impossible to avoid it; for I saw the sea come after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy, which I had no means or strength to contend with. My business was to hold my breath, and raise myself upon the water, if I could; and so by swimming, to preserve my breathing, and pilot myself towards the shore, if possible: my greatest concern now being, that the sea, as it would carry me a great way towards the shore when it came on, might not carry me back again with it when it gave back towards the sea.

The wave that came up on me again, buried me at once
30 twenty or thirty feet deep in its own body, and I could feel
myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness towards
the shore a very great way; but I held my breath, and as-
sisted myself to swim still forward with all my might. I was
ready to burst with holding my breath, when, as I felt my-
35 self rising up, so, to my immediate relief, I found my head
and hands shoot out above the surface of the water; and
though it was not two seconds of time that I could keep
myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, gave me breath and
new courage. I was covered again with water a good while,
40 but not so long but I held it out; and finding the water
had spent itself, and began to return, I struck forward against
the return of the waves, and felt ground again with my
feet. I stood still a few moments to recover breath, and
till the water went from me, and then took to my heels and
45 ran with what strength I had farther towards the shore.
But neither would this deliver me from the fury of the sea,
which came pouring in after me again, and twice more I was
lifted up by the waves and carried forwards as before, the
shore being very flat.

50 The last time of these two had well nigh been fatal to
me; for the sea, having hurried me along as before, landed
me, or rather dashed me, against a piece of a rock, and that
with such force, as it left me senseless, and indeed helpless,
as to my own deliverance; for the blow taking my side and
55 breast, beat the breath, as it were, quite out of my body;
and had it returned again immediately, I must have been
strangled in the water. But I recovered a little before the
return of the waves, and seeing I should be covered again
with the water, I resolved to hold fast by a piece of the rock,
60 and so to hold my breath, if possible, till the wave went
back. Now, as the waves were not so high as at first, being
near land, I held my hold till the wave abated, and then

fetch'd another run, which brought me so near the shore, that the next wave, though it went over me, yet did not so swallow me up as to carry me away, and the next run I took 65 I got to the mainland, where, to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore, and sat me down upon the grass, free from danger, and quite out of the reach of the water.

I was now landed, and safe on shore, and began to look 70 up and thank God that my life was saved in a case wherein there was some minutes before scarce any room to hope. I believe it is impossible to express to the life what the ecstasies and transports of the soul are when it is so saved, as I may say, out of the very grave; and I do not wonder 75 now at that custom, viz., that when a malefactor, who has the halter about his neck, is tied up, and just going to be turned off, and has a reprieve brought to him — I say, I do not wonder that they bring a surgeon with it, to let him blood that very moment they tell him of it, that the sur- 80 prise may not drive the animal spirits from the heart, and overwhelm him :

“ For sudden joys, like griefs, confound at first.”

I walked about on the shore, lifting up my hands, and my whole being, as I may say, wrapt up in the contemplation 85 of my deliverance, making a thousand gestures and motions which I cannot describe, reflecting upon all my comrades that were drowned, and that there should not be one soul saved but myself; for, as for them, I never saw them afterwards, or any sign of them, except three of their hats, one 90 cap, and two shoes that were not fellows.

I cast my eyes to the stranded vessel, when the breach and froth of the sea being so big, I could hardly see it, it lay so far off, and considered, Lord! how was it possible I could get on shore?

How Crusoe Baked Bread

The baking part was the next thing to be considered, and how I should make bread when I came to have corn; for, first, I had no yeast. As to that part, as there was no supplying the want, so I did not concern myself much about it; but for an oven I was indeed in great pain. At length I found out an experiment for that also, which was this: I made some earthen vessels very broad, but not deep, that is to say, about two feet diameter, and not above nine inches deep; these I burned in the fire, as I had done the other, and laid them by; and when I wanted to bake, I made a great fire upon my hearth, which I had paved with some square tiles, of my own making and burning also; but I should not call them square.

When the firewood was burned pretty much into embers, or live coals, I drew them forward upon this hearth, so as to cover it all over, and there I let them lie till the hearth was very hot; then sweeping away all the embers, I set down my loaf, or loaves, and wheeling down the earthen pot upon them, drew the embers all round the outside of the pot, to keep in and add to the heat. And thus, as well as in the best oven in the world, I baked my barley-loaves, and became, in little time, a mere pastry-cook into the bargain; for I made myself several cakes of the rice, and puddings; indeed, I made no pies, neither had I anything to put into them, supposing I had, except the flesh either of fowls or goats.

Friday

He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight, strong limbs, not too large, tall, and well-shaped, and, as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect,

but seemed to have something very manly in his face; and 5 yet he had all the sweetness and softness of an European in his countenance too, especially when he smiled. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool; his forehead very high and large; and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The colour of his skin was not quite 10 black, but very tawny; and yet not of an ugly, yellow, nauseous tawny, as the Brazilians and Virginians, and other natives of America are, but of a bright kind of a dun olive colour, that had in it something very agreeable, though not very easy to describe. His face was round and plump; 15 his nose small, not flat like the negroes; a very good mouth, thin lips, and his fine teeth well set, and white as ivory.

After he had slumbered, rather than slept, about half-an-hour, he waked again, and comes out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the enclosure 20 just by. When he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of an humble, thankful disposition, making a many antic gestures to show it. At last he lays his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and sets my other 25 foot upon his head, as he had done before, and after this made all the signs to me of subjection, servitude, and submission imaginable, to let me know how he would serve me as long as he lived. I understood him in many things, and let him know I was very well pleased with him. In a 30 little time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me; and first I made him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life. I called him so for the memory of the time. I likewise taught him to say master, and then let him know that was to be my name. I likewise 35 taught him to say Yes and No, and to know the meaning of them. I gave him some milk in an earthen pot, and let him see me drink it before him, and sop my bread in it;

and I gave him a cake of bread to do the like, which he
 40 quickly complied with, and made signs that it was very
 good for him.

here

RICHARD STEELE

Prospectus

(The Tatler, No. 1. Tuesday, April 12, 1709)

Though the other papers, which are published for the
 use of the good people of England, have certainly very
 wholesome effects, and are laudable in their particular
 kinds, they do not seem to come up to the main design of
 5 such narrations, which I humbly presume, should be prin-
 cipally intended for the use of politic persons, who are so
 public-spirited as to neglect their own affairs to look into
 transactions of state. Now these gentlemen, for the most
 part, being persons of strong zeal, and weak intellects, it
 10 is both a charitable and necessary work to offer something,
 whereby such worthy and well-affected members of the
 commonwealth may be instructed, after their reading, what
 to think; which shall be the end and purpose of this my
 paper, wherein I shall, from time to time, report and con-
 15 sider all matters of what kind soever that shall occur to me,
 and publish such my advices and reflections every Tuesday,
 Thursday, and Saturday in the week, for the convenience
 of the post.

I resolve to have something which may be of entertain-
 20 ment to the fair sex, in honor of whom I have invented the
 title of this paper. I therefore earnestly desire all persons,
 without distinction, to take it in for the present *gratis*, and
 hereafter at the price of one penny, forbidding all hawkers
 to take more for it at their peril. And I desire all persons
 25 to consider, that I am at a very great charge for proper
 materials for this work, as well as that, before I resolved

upon it, I had settled a correspondence in all parts of the known and knowing world. And forasmuch as this globe is not trodden upon by mere drudges of business only, but that men of spirit and genius are justly to be esteemed as 30 considerable agents in it, we shall not, upon a dearth of news, present you with musty foreign edicts, and dull proclamations, but shall divide our relation of the passages which occur in action or discourse throughout this town, as well as elsewhere, under such dates of places as may prepare you 35 for the matter you are to expect in the following manner.

All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment, shall be under the article of White's Chocolate-house; poetry, under that of Will's Coffee-house; learning, under the title of Grecian; foreign and domestic news, you will 40 have from St. James's Coffee-house; and what else I have to offer on any other subject shall be dated from my own Apartment.

I once more desire my reader to consider, that as I cannot keep an ingenious man to go daily to Will's under two-pence 45 each day, merely for his charges; to White's under sixpence; nor to the Grecian, without allowing him some plain Spanish, to be as able as others at the learned table; and that a good observer cannot speak with even Kidney at St. James's without clean linen; I say, these considera- 50 tions will, I hope, make all persons willing to comply with my humble request (when my *gratis* stock is exhausted) of a penny apiece; especially since they are sure of some proper amusement, and that it is impossible for me to want means to entertain them, having, besides the force of my 55 own parts, the power of divination, and that I can, by casting a figure, tell you all that will happen before it comes to pass.

But this last faculty I shall use very sparingly, and speak but of few things until they are passed, for fear of divulging matters which may offend our superiors.

Mr. Bickerstaff Visits a Friend

(*The Tatler*, No. 95. November 17, 1709.)

There are several persons who have many pleasures and entertainments in their possession, which they do not enjoy. It is, therefore, a kind and good office to acquaint them with their own happiness, and turn their attention to such
5 instances of their good fortune as they are apt to overlook. Persons in the married state often want such a monitor; and pine away their days, by looking upon the same condition in anguish and murmur, which carries with it in the opinion of others a complication of all the pleasures of life, and
10 a retreat from its inquietudes.

I am led into this thought by a visit I made an old friend, who was formerly my school-fellow. He came to town last week with his family for the winter, and yesterday morning sent me word his wife expected me to dinner. I am,
15 as it were, at home at that house, and every member of it knows me for their well-wisher. I cannot indeed express the pleasure it is, to be met by the children with so much joy as I am when I go thither. The boys and girls strive who shall come first, when they think it is I that am knock-
20 ing at the door; and that child which loses the race to me runs back again to tell the father it is Mr. Bickerstaff. This day I was led in by a pretty girl, that we all thought must have forgot me; for the family has been out of town these two years. Her knowing me again was a mighty subject
25 with us, and took up our discourse at the first entrance.

After which, they began to rally me upon a thousand little stories they heard in the country, about my marriage to one of my neighbour's daughters. Upon which the gentleman, my friend, said, "Nay, if Mr. Bickerstaff marries a
30 child of any of his old companions, I hope mine shall have the preference; there is Mrs. Mary is now sixteen, and would

make him as fine a widow as the best of them. But I know him too well; he is so enamoured with the very memory of those who flourished in our youth, that he will not so much as look upon the modern beauties. I remember, 35 old gentleman, how often you went home in a day to refresh your countenance and dress when Teraminta reigned in your heart. As we came up in the coach, I repeated to my wife some of your verses on her." With such reflections on little passages which happened long ago, we passed our 40 time, during a cheerful and elegant meal.

After dinner, his lady left the room, as did also the children. As soon as we were alone, he took me by the hand; "Well, my good friend," says he, "I am heartily glad to see thee; I was afraid you would never have seen all the com- 45 pany that dined with you to-day again. Do not you think the good woman of the house a little altered since you followed her from the playhouse, to find out who she was, for me?" I perceived a tear fall down his cheek, as he spoke, which moved me not a little. 50

But, to turn the discourse, I said, "She is not indeed quite that creature she was, when she returned me the letter I carried from you; and told me, 'she hoped, as I was a gentleman, I would be employed no more to trouble her, who had never offended me; but would be so much 55 the gentleman's friend, as to dissuade him from a pursuit, which he could never succeed in.' You may remember, I thought her in earnest; and you were forced to employ your cousin Will, who made his sister get acquainted with her, for you. You cannot expect her to be for ever fifteen." 60

"Fifteen!" replied my good friend: "Ah! you little understand, you that have lived a bachelor, how great, how exquisite a pleasure there is, in really being beloved! It is impossible, that the most beauteous face in nature should raise in me such pleasing ideas, as when I look upon that 65

excellent woman. That fading in her countenance is chiefly caused by her watching with me, in my fever. This was followed by a fit of sickness, which had like to have carried her off last winter. I tell you sincerely, I have so many
70 obligations to her, that I cannot, with any sort of moderation, think of her present state of health. But as to what you say of fifteen, she gives me every day pleasures beyond what I ever knew in the possession of her beauty, when I was in the vigour of youth. Every moment of her life
75 brings me fresh instances of her complacency to my inclinations, and her prudence in regard to my fortune. Her face is to me much more beautiful than when I first saw it; there is no decay in any feature, which I cannot trace, from the very instant it was occasioned by some anxious concern
80 for my welfare and interests. Thus, at the same time, methinks, the love I conceived towards her for what she was, is heightened by my gratitude for what she is. The love of a wife is as much above the idle passion commonly called by that name, as the loud laughter of buffoons is
85 inferior to the elegant mirth of gentlemen. Oh! she is an inestimable jewel. In her examination of her household affairs, she shows a certain fearfulness to find a fault, which makes her servants obey her like children; and the meanest we have has an ingenuous shame for an offence, not always
90 to be seen in children in other families. I speak freely to you, my old friend; ever since her sickness, things that gave me the quickest joy before, turn now to a certain anxiety. As the children play in the next room, I know the poor things by their steps, and am considering what they must do,
95 should they lose their mother in their tender years. The pleasure I used to take in telling my boy stories of battles, and asking my girl questions about the disposal of her doll, and the gossiping of it, is turned into inward reflection and melancholy."

He would have gone on in this tender way, when the good 100 lady entered, and with an inexpressible sweetness in her countenance told us, "she had been searching her closet for something very good, to treat such an old friend as I was." Her husband's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the cheerfulness of her countenance; and I saw all his fears vanish 105 in an instant. The lady observing something in our looks which showed we had been more serious than ordinary, and seeing her husband receive her with great concern under a forced cheerfulness, immediately guessed at what we had been talking of; and applying herself to me, said, with a 110 smile, "Mr. Bickerstaff, do not believe a word of what he tells you, I shall still live to have you for a second, as I have often promised you, unless he takes more care of himself than he has done since coming to town. You must know, he tells me that he finds London is a much more healthy 115 place than the country; for he sees several of his old acquaintances and school-fellows are here with fair full-bottomed periwigs. I could scarce keep him in this morning from going out open-breasted."

My friend, who is always extremely delighted with her 120 agreeable humour, made her sit down with us. She did it with that easiness which is peculiar to women of sense; and to keep up the good humour she had brought in with her, turned her raillery upon me. "Mr. Bickerstaff, you remember you followed me one night from the play-house; suppose 125 you should carry me thither to-morrow night, and lead me into the front box." This put us into a long field of discourse about the beauties who were mothers to the present, and shined in the boxes twenty years ago. I told her, "I was glad she had transferred so many of her charms, and I 130 did not question but her eldest daughter was within half-a-year of being a toast."

We were pleasing ourselves with this fantastical pre-

ferment of the young lady, when on a sudden we were alarmed
135 with the noise of a drum, and immediately entered my little
godson to give me a point of war. His mother, between
laughing and chiding, would have put him out of the room ;
but I would not part with him so. I found, upon conversa-
tion with him, though he was a little noisy in his mirth,
140 that the child had excellent parts, and was great master of
all the learning on the other side eight years old. I per-
ceived him a very great historian in Æsop's Fables ; but he
frankly declared to me his mind, "that he did not delight
in that learning, because he did not believe they were true ;"
145 for which reason I found he had very much turned his studies,
for about a twelvemonth past, into the lives and adventures
of Don Belianis of Greece, Guy of Warwick, the Seven
Champions, and other historians of that age. I could not
but observe the satisfaction the father took in the forward-
150 ness of his son ; and that these diversions might turn to
some profit, I found the boy had made remarks which might
be of service to him during the course of his whole life.

He would tell you the mismanagement of John Hicker-
thrift, find fault with the passionate temper in Bevis of South-
155 ampton, and loved St. George for being the champion of Eng-
land ; and by this means had his thoughts insensibly moulded
into the notions of discretion, virtue, and honour. I was
extolling his accomplishments, when his mother told me,
that the little girl who led me in this morning was in her
160 way a better scholar than he. "Betty," said she, "deals
chiefly with fairies and sprites ; and sometimes in a winter-
night will terrify the maids with her accounts, until they
are afraid to go to bed."

I sat with them until it was very late, sometimes in merry,
165 sometimes in serious discourse, with this particular pleasure,
which gives the only true relish to all conversation, a sense
that every one of us liked each other. I went home. con-

sidering the different conditions of a married life and that of a bachelor; and I must confess it struck me with a secret concern, to reflect, that whenever I go off, I shall leave no 170 traces behind me. In this pensive mood I returned to my family; that is to say, to my maid, my dog, and my cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to me.

The Editor's Troubles

(The Tatler, No. 164. Thursday, April 27, 1710.)

I have lately been looking over the many packets of letters which I have received from all quarters of Great Britain, as well as from foreign countries, since my entering upon the office of Censor; and indeed am very much surprised to see so great a number of them, and pleased to think that 5 I have so far increased the revenue of the post-office. As this collection will grow daily, I have digested it into several bundles, and made proper indorsements on each particular letter; it being my design, when I lay down the work that I am now engaged in, to erect a *paper office*, and give it to 10 the public.

I could not but make several observations upon reading over the letters of my correspondents. As first of all, on the different tastes that reign in the different parts of this city. I find, by the approbations which are given me, that 15 I am seldom famous on the same days on both sides of Temple-bar; and that when I am in greatest repute within the liberties, I dwindle at the court-end of the town. Sometimes I sink in both these places at the same time; but, for my comfort, my name hath then been up in the districts 20 of Wapping and Rotherhithe. Some of my correspondents desire me to be always serious, and others to be always merry. Some of them intreat me to go to bed and fall into a dream, and like me better when I am asleep than when I

25 am awake : others advise me to sit all night upon the stars,
and be more frequent in my astrological observations;
for that a vision is not properly a lucubration. Some of my
readers thank me for filling my paper with the flowers of
antiquity, others desire news from Flanders. Some approve
30 my criticisms on the dead, and others my censures on the
living. For this reason, I once resolved, in the new edition
of my works, to range my several papers under distinct
heads, according as their principal design was to benefit
and instruct the different capacities of my readers ; and to
35 follow the example of some very great authors, by writing
at the head of each discourse, *Ad Aulam, Ad Academiam,*
Ad Populum, Ad Clerum.

There is no particular in which my correspondents of all
ages, conditions, sexes, and complexions, universally agree,
40 except only in their thirst after scandal. It is impossible
to conceive, how many have recommended their neighbours
to me upon this account, or how unmercifully I have been
abused by several unknown hands, for not publishing the
secret histories that I have received from almost every
45 street in town.

It would indeed be very dangerous for me to read over
the many praises and eulogiums, which come post to me
from all the corners of the nation, were they not mixed with
many checks, reprimands, scurrilities, and reproaches :
50 which several of my good-natured countrymen cannot
forbear sending me, though it often costs them two-pence
or a groat before they can convey them to my hands : so
that sometimes when I am put into the best humour in the
world, after having read a panegyric upon my performances,
55 and looked upon myself as a benefactor to the British nation,
the next letter, perhaps, I open, begins with " You old doting
scoundrel ! — Are not you a sad dog ? — Sirrah, you de-
serve to have your nose slit ; " and the like ingenious con-

zeits. These little mortifications are necessary to suppress that pride and vanity which naturally arise in the mind of 60 a *received* author, and enable me to bear the reputation which my courteous readers bestow upon me, without becoming a coxcomb by it. It was for the same reason, that when a Roman general entered the city in the pomp of a triumph, the commonwealth allowed of several little draw-65 backs to his reputation, by conniving at such of the rabble as repeated libels and lampoons upon him within his hearing; and by that means engaged his thoughts upon his weakness and imperfections as well as on the merits that advanced him to so great honours. The conqueror, how-70 ever, was not the less esteemed for being a man in some particulars, because he appeared as a god in others.

There is another circumstance in which my countrymen have dealt very perversely with me; and that is, in searching not only into my life, but also into the lives of my an-75 cestors. If there has been a blot in my family for these ten generations, it hath been discovered by some or other of my correspondents. In short, I find the ancient family of the Bickerstaffs has suffered very much through the malice and prejudice of my enemies. Some of them twit me in 80 the teeth with the conduct of my aunt Margery. Nay, there are some who have been so disingenuous, as to throw Maud the milkmaid into my dish, notwithstanding I myself was the first who discovered that alliance. I reap, however, many benefits from the malice of these enemies, as they 85 let me see my own faults, and give me a view of myself in the worst light; as they hinder me from being blown up by flattery and self-conceit; as they make me keep a watchful eye over my own actions; and at the same time make me cautious how I talk of others, and particularly of my 90 friends or relations, or value myself upon the antiquity of my family.

But the most formidable part of my correspondents are those, whose letters are filled with threats and menaces. 95 I have been treated so often after this manner, that, not thinking it sufficient to fence well, in which I am now arrived at the utmost perfection, and to carry pistols about me, which I have always tucked within my girdle; I several months since made my will, settled my estate, and took leave 100 of my friends, looking upon myself as no better than a dead man. Nay, I went so far as to write a long letter to the most intimate acquaintance I have in the world, under the character of a departed person; giving him an account of what brought me to that untimely end, and of the fortitude 105 with which I met it. This letter being too long for the present paper, I intend to print it by itself very suddenly; and at the same time I must confess, I took my hint of it from the behaviour of an old soldier in the civil wars, who was corporal of a company in a regiment of foot, 110 about the same time that I myself was a cadet in the king's army.

This gentleman was taken by the enemy; and the two parties were upon such terms at that time, that we did not treat each other as prisoners of war, but as traitors and 115 rebels. The poor corporal, being condemned to die, wrote a letter to his wife when under sentence of execution. He writ on the Thursday, and was to be executed on the Friday; but, considering that the letter would not come to his wife's hands until Saturday, the day after execution, and being 120 at that time more scrupulous than ordinary in speaking exact truth, he formed his letter rather according to the posture of his affairs when she should read it, than as they stood when he sent it: though it must be confessed, there is a certain perplexity in the style 125 of it, which the reader will easily pardon, considering his circumstances.

"Dear Wife,

"Hoping you are in good health, as I am at this present writing: this is to let you know, that yesterday, between the hours of eleven and twelve, I was *hanged, drawn, and* 130 *quartered*. I died very penitently, and every body thought my case very hard. Remember me kindly to my poor fatherless children. Yours, until death,

W. B."

It so happened, that this honest fellow was relieved by a 135 party of his friends, and had the satisfaction to see all the rebels hanged who had been his enemies. I must not omit a circumstance which exposed him to raillery his whole life after. Before the arrival of the next post, that would have set all things clear, his wife was married to a second 140 husband, who lived in the peaceable possession of her; and the corporal, who was a man of plain understanding, did not care to stir in the matter, as knowing that she had the news of his death under his own hand, which she might have produced upon occasion. 145

JOSEPH ADDISON

Marlborough

(From The Campaign)

But, O my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle joined!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies, 5
And all the thunder of the battle rise!
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved.
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war; 10

In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
 To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
 Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
 And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
 15 So when an angel by divine command
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
 Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
 And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
 20 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

Hymn

The spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 5 Th' unwearied Sun from day to day
 Does his Creator's power display;
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 10 The Moon takes up the wondrous tale;
 And nightly to the listening Earth
 Repeats the story of her birth:
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 15 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

 What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
 What though no real voice nor sound
 20 Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 Forever singing as they shine,
 "The Hand that made us is divine."

Frozen Words

(The Tatler, No. 254. Thursday, November 23, 1710.)

There are no books which I more delight in than in travels, especially those that describe remote countries, and give the writer an opportunity of showing his parts without incurring any danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all the authors of this kind, our renowned countryman, Sir 5 John Mandeville, has distinguished himself by the copiousness of his invention and the greatness of his genius. The second to Sir John I take to have been Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a person of infinite adventure, and unbounded imagination. One reads the voyages of these two great wits, 10 with as much astonishment as the travels of Ulysses in Homer, or of the Red-Cross Knight in Spenser. All is enchanted ground, and fairyland.

I have got into my hands, by great chance, several manuscripts of these two eminent authors, which are filled with 15 greater wonders than any of those they have communicated to the public; and indeed, were they not so well attested, they would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think the ingenious authors did not publish them with the rest of their works, lest they should pass for fictions and fables: a 20 caution not unnecessary, when the reputation of their veracity was not yet established in the world. But as this reason has now no farther weight, I shall make the public a present of these curious pieces, at such times as I shall find myself unprovided with other subjects. 25

The present paper I intend to fill with an extract from Sir John's Journal, in which that learned and worthy knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of several short speeches, which he made in the territories of Nova Zembla. I need not inform my reader, that the author of "Hudibras" 30 alludes to this strange quality in that cold climate, when.

speaking of abstracted notions clothed in a visible shape, he adds that apt simile,

“Like words congealed in northern air.”

35 Not to keep my reader any longer in suspense, the relation put into modern language, is as follows :

“We were separated by a storm in the latitude of seventy-three, insomuch, that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and French vessel, got safe into a creek of Nova
40 Zembla. We landed, in order to refit our vessels, and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made themselves a cabin of turf and wood, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination. We
45 soon observed, that in talking to one another we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards distance, and that too when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air, before they could reach the ears of the persons to whom
50 they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was sensible, as we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air than they were condensed and
55 lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a seaman that could hail a ship at a league’s distance, beckoning with his hand, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat; but all in vain.

60 “We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed
65 with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter *s*, that

occurs so frequently in the English tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those, being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquefied in the warm wind that blew across our cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length 70 by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard every thing that had been *spoken* during the whole three weeks that we had been *silent*, if I may use that expression. It was now very early in the morning, and yet, to my surprise, I heard 75 somebody say, 'Sir John, it is midnight, and time for the ship's crew to go to bed.' This I knew to be the pilot's voice; and, upon recollecting myself, I concluded that he had spoken these words to me some days before, though I could not hear them until the present thaw. My reader 80 will easily imagine how the whole crew was amazed to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth. In the midst of this great surprise we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses, lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to 85 the boatswain, who was a very choleric fellow, and had taken this opportunity of cursing and swearing at me, when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him the strappado on that account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these his pious soliloquies, when I got him on 90 shipboard.

"I must not omit the names of several beauties in Wapping, which were heard every now and then, in the midst of a long sigh that accompanied them; as, 'Dear Kate!' 'Pretty Mrs. Peggy!' 'When shall I see my Sue again!' This 95 betrayed several amours which had been concealed until that time, and furnished us with a great deal of mirth in our return to England.

"When this confusion of voices was pretty well over,

100 though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I proposed a visit to the Dutch cabin, which lay about a mile farther up in the country. My crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing; though every man uttered his voice with the same
105 apprehensions that I had done.

“At about half-a mile’s distance from our cabin we heard the groanings of a bear, which at first startled us; but, upon enquiry, we were informed by some of our company, that he was dead, and now lay in salt, having been killed upon
110 that very spot about a fortnight before, in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place, we were likewise entertained with some posthumous snarls and barkings of a fox.

“We at length arrived at the little Dutch settlement;
115 and, upon entering the room, found it filled with sighs that smelt of brandy, and several other unsavory sounds, that were altogether inarticulate. My valet, who was an Irishman, fell into so great a rage at what he heard, that he drew his sword; but not knowing where to lay the blame,
120 he put it up again. We were stunned with these confused noises, but did not hear a single word until about half-an-hour after; which I ascribed to the harsh and obdurate sounds of that language, which wanted more time than ours to melt and become audible.

125 “After having here met with a very hearty welcome, we went to the cabin of the French, who, to make amends for their three weeks’ silence, were talking and disputing with greater rapidity and confusion than I ever heard in an assembly, even of that nation. Their language, as I found,
130 upon the first giving of the weather, fell asunder and dissolved. I was here convinced of an error, into which I had before fallen; for I fancied, that for the freezing of the sound, it was necessary for it to be wrapped up, and, as it were, preserved

in breath: but I found my mistake when I heard the sound of a kit playing a minuet over our heads. I asked the occasion 135 of it; upon which one of the company told me that it would play there above a week longer; 'for,' says he, 'finding ourselves bereft of speech, we prevailed upon one of the company, who had his musical instrument about him, to play to us from morning to night; all which time was employed 140 in dancing in order to dissipate our chagrin, and *tuer le temps.*'"

Here Sir John gives very good philosophical reasons, why the kit could not be heard during the frost; but, as they are something prolix, I pass them over in silence, and 145 shall only observe, that the honorable author seems, by his quotations, to have been well versed in the ancient poets, which perhaps raised his fancy above the ordinary pitch of historians, and very much contributed to the embellishment of his writings.

150

Mr. Spectator

(The Spectator, No. 1. Thursday, March 1, 1711.)

I have observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. 5 To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper, and my next, as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting will 10 fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded

15 by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family that my mother
20 dreamed that her son was destined to be a judge. Whether this might proceed from a law-suit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it pre-saged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life,
25 though that was the interpretation which the neighborhood put upon it. The gravity of my behavior at my very first appearance in the world seemed to favor my mother's dream; for, as she often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral
30 until they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find that during my nonage I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favorite of my schoolmaster, who used to say,
35 that my parts were solid, and would wear well. I had not been long at the university, before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for, during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of a hundred words; and indeed do not
40 remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

45 Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the university, with the character of an odd unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable

thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe, in which there was anything new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid; and as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me; of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort, wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's, and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the Postman, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's coffee-house, and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa-tree, and in the theaters both of Drury-Lane and the Hay-market. I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a spectator of mankind, than as one of the species, by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband or a

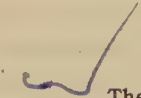
father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged
85 in them; as standers-by discover blots which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side.
90 In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars
95 in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following papers, as I shall see occasion. In the meantime, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and since I have neither time nor inclination, to communicate the fulness of my heart in
100 speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends, that it is a pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason, therefore, I shall publish a sheet-full of thoughts
105 every morning, for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the diversion or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

110 There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper; and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean, an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess, I would gratify my reader in anything that is
115 reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment

of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities, 120 which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer, is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason likewise, that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets; though it is not impossible but I may make discoveries of both in the progress 125 of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall, in to-morrow's paper, give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted, as all other 130 matters of importance are, in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me may direct their letters to the Spectator, at Mr. Buckley's, in Little Britain. For I must further acquaint the reader, that, though our club 135 meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night, for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal.



The Vision of Mirzah

(The Spectator, No. 159. Saturday, September 1, 1711.)

When I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled The Visions of Mirzah, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and 5 shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows:

“On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having
10 washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing
15 from one thought to another, ‘Surely,’ said I, ‘man is but a shadow, and life a dream.’ Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon
20 him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed
25 souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

“I had been often told that the rock before me was the
30 haunt of a Genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked
35 upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down
40 at his feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to

my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirzah,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.' 45

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the Vale of Misery, 50 and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great Tide of Eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured 55 out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is 60 Human Life: consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told 65 me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me farther,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud 70 hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon farther examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the 75

passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

“There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the 85 broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

“I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to 90 see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy 95 in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of object, I observed some with scymetars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the 100 bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

“The Genius seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. ‘Take 105 thine eyes off the bridge,’ said he, ‘and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.’ Upon looking up, ‘what mean,’ said I, ‘those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormo-

rants, and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the Genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'Man was 115 made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The Genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for 120 eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick 125 for the eye to penetrate), I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover 130 nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, 135 passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene.

140

"I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the Genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death

that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The
145 islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee,
and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted
as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands
on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those
which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye,
150 or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the
mansions of good men after death, who, according to the
degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are dis-
tributed among these several islands, which abound with
pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the
155 relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them;
every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective
inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirzah, habitations worth
contending for? Does life appear miserable that gives thee
opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared
160 that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not
man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for
him.'

"I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy
islands. At length, said I, 'Show me now, I beseech thee,
165 the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover
the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The
Genius making me no answer, I turned me about to address
myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left
me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so
170 long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the
arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the
long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels
grazing upon the sides of it."

ALEXANDER POPE

Memorable Couplets from his Poems

(From Essay on Criticism)

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

Good Nature and good sense must ever join;
 To err is human, to forgive, divine.

Let such teach others who themselves excel,
 And censure freely who have written well.

5

Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 And rise to faults true critics dare not mend.

'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
 But the joint force and full result of all.

10

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath is seldom found.

15

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
 Alike fantastic, if too new or old:

Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

20

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learned to dance.

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.

(From Essay on Man)

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
 Man never is, but always to be blest.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.

5 Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

10 Order is Heaven's first law; and this confessed,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

(*From Moral Essays*)

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.

In men we various ruling passions find;
In women two almost divide the kind;
5 Those, only fixed, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

JAMES THOMSON

Winter

(*From The Seasons*)

See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train —
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme;
These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
5 And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail! With frequent foot,
Pleased have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless solitude I lived,

And sung of Nature with unceasing joy, —
 Pleased have I wandered through your rough domain; 10
 Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure;
 Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
 Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brewed,
 In the grim evening sky.

Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends, 15
 At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
 Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
 With a continual flow. The cherished fields
 Put on their winter robe of purest white:
 'T is brightness all, save where the new snow melts 20
 Along the mazy current. Low the woods
 Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun
 Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,
 Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide 25
 The works of man. Drooping, the laborer-ox
 Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
 Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon 30
 Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
 The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man 35
 His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
 Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
 On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is; 40
 Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,

Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
45 By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next, the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
50 Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

Spring

(From The Seasons)

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

.

5 And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts :
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shattered forest, and the ravaged vale ;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch
10 Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirmed,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
15 Deform the day delightless ; so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill engulfed
To shake the sounding marsh ; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.
20 At last from Aries rolls the bounteous Sun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
The expansive atmosphere is cramped with cold ;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,

Fleecy, and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven. 25
 Forth fly the tepid airs, and unconfined,
 Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
 Joyous, the impatient husbandman perceives
 Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers
 Drives from their stalls, to where the well-used plough 30
 Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost.
 There, unrefusing, to the harnessed yoke
 They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
 Cheered by the simple song and soaring lark.
 Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share 35
 The master leans, removes the obstructing clay,
 Winds the whole work and sidelong lays the glebe.
 White, through the neighboring fields the sower stalks,
 With measured step; and liberal, throws the grain
 Into the faithful bosom of the ground : 40
 The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

Letter to the Earl of Chesterfield

FEBRUARY 7, 1755.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD,

I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of the World, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honor, which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to

wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*; — that I might obtain that regard for which I
15 saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had
20 done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through diffi-
25 culties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before.

30 The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice
35 which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess
40 obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the Public should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obliga-
45 tion to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less;

for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most humble
Most obedient servant,
SAM. JOHNSON.

50

Letter to James Macpherson

MR. JAMES MACPHERSON,

I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I shall do my best to repel; and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat, by the 5 menaces of a ruffian.

What would you have me retract? I thought your book an imposture; I think it an imposture still. For this opinion I have given my reasons to the public, which I here dare you to refute. Your rage I defy. Your abilities, since your 10 Homer, are not so formidable; and what I hear of your morals inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but to what you shall prove. You may print this if you will

SAM JOHNSON.

A Dissertation on the Art of Flying

(*From Rasselas, Chap. VI*)

Among the artists that had been allured into the happy valley, to labor for the accommodation and pleasure of its inhabitants, was a man eminent for his knowledge of the mechanic powers, who had contrived many engines both of use and recreation. By a wheel, which the stream turned, 5 he forced the water into a tower, whence it was distributed

to all the apartments of the palace. He erected a pavilion in the garden, around which he kept the air always cool by artificial showers. One of the groves appropriated to the ladies was ventilated by fans, to which the rivulet that ran through it gave a constant motion; and instruments of soft music were placed at proper distances, of which some played by the impulse of the wind, and some by the power of the stream.

The artist was sometimes visited by Rasselas, who was pleased with every kind of knowledge, imagining that the time would come when all his acquisitions should be of use to him in the open world. He came one day to amuse himself in his usual manner, and found the master busy in building a sailing chariot; he saw that the design was practicable on a level surface, and with expressions of great esteem solicited its completion. The workman was pleased to find himself so much regarded by the prince, and resolved to gain yet higher honors. "Sir," said he, "you have seen but a small part of what the mechanic sciences can perform. I have been long of opinion, that instead of the tardy conveyance of ships and chariots, man might use the swifter migration of wings; that the fields of air are open to knowledge, and that only ignorance and idleness need crawl upon the ground."

This hint rekindled the prince's desire of passing the mountains; having seen what the mechanist had already performed, he was willing to fancy that he could do more; yet resolved to inquire further, before he suffered hope to afflict him by disappointment. "I am afraid," said he to the artist, "that your imagination prevails over your skill, and that you now tell me rather what you wish than what you know. Every animal has his element assigned to him; the birds have the air, and man and beasts the earth." "So," replied the mechanist, "fishes have the water in which yet beasts can swim by nature, and men by art. He that can

swim needs not despair to fly: to swim is to fly in a grosser fluid, and to fly is to swim in a subtler. We are only to proportion our power of resistance to the different density of matter through which we are to pass. You will be necessarily upborne by the air, if you can renew any impulse upon 45 it faster than the air can recede from the pressure."

"But the exercise of swimming," said the prince, "is very laborious; the strongest limbs are soon wearied; I am afraid the act of flying will be yet more violent; and wings will be of no great use unless we can fly further than 50 we can swim."

"The labor of rising from the ground," said the artist, "will be great, as we see it in the heavier domestic fowls; but as we mount higher, the earth's attraction and the body's gravity will be gradually diminished, till we shall arrive at a 55 region where the man will float in the air without any tendency to fall; no care will then be necessary but to move forwards, which the gentlest impulse will effect. You, sir, whose curiosity is so extensive, will easily conceive with what pleasure a philosopher, furnished with wings, and hovering 60 in the sky, would see the earth and all its inhabitants rolling beneath him, and presenting to him successively, by its diurnal motion, all the countries within the same parallel. How must it amuse the pendant spectator to see the moving scene of land and ocean, cities and deserts! To survey with 65 equal serenity the marts of trade and the fields of battle; mountains infested by barbarians, and fruitful regions gladdened by plenty and lulled by peace! How easily shall we then trace the Nile through all his passage; pass over to distant regions, and examine the face of nature from one 70 extremity of the earth to the other!"

"All this," said the prince, "is much to be desired, but I am afraid that no man will be able to breathe in these regions of speculation and tranquillity. I have been told, that

75 respiration is difficult upon lofty mountains, yet from these precipices, though so high as to produce great tenuity of air, it is very easy to fall; therefore I suspect that, from any height where life can be supported, there may be danger of too quick descent."

80 "Nothing," replied the artist, "will ever be attempted, if all possible objections must be first overcome. If you will favor my project, I will try the first flight at my own hazard. I have considered the structure of all volant animals, and find the folding continuity of the bat's wings most easily
85 accommodated to the human form. Upon this model I shall begin my task to-morrow, and in a year expect to tower into the air beyond the malice and pursuit of man. But I will work only on this condition, that the art shall not be divulged, and that you shall not require me to make wings for
90 any but ourselves."

"Why," said Rasselas, "should you envy others so great an advantage? All skill ought to be exerted for universal good; every man has owed much to others, and ought to repay the kindness that he has received."

95 "If men were all virtuous," returned the artist, "I should with great alacrity teach them all to fly. But what would be the security of the good, if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky? Against an army sailing through the clouds, neither walls, nor mountains, nor seas, could afford
' 00 any security. A flight of northern savages might hover in the wind, and light at once with irresistible violence upon the capital of a fruitful region that was rolling under them. Even this valley, the retreat of princes, the abode of happiness, might be violated by the sudden descent of some of the naked
105 nations that swarm on the coast of the southern sea."

The prince promised secrecy, and waited for the performance, not wholly hopeless of success. He visited the work from time to time, observed its progress, and remarked many

ingenious contrivances to facilitate motion, and to unite levity with strength. The artist was every day more certain 110 that he should leave vultures and eagles behind him, and the contagion of his confidence seized upon the prince.

In a year the wings were finished, and on a morning appointed the maker appeared, furnished for flight, on a little promontory; he waved his pinions awhile to gather air, then 115 leaped from his stand, and in an instant dropped into the lake. His wings, which were of no use in the air, sustained him in the water, and the prince drew him to land, half dead with terror and vexation.

JAMES BOSWELL

First Meeting with Johnson

(From Life of Johnson)

At last, on Monday, the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's backparlor, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass-door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards 5 us, — he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost: "Look, my Lord, it comes!" I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him 10 painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his *Dictionary*, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation; which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr. 15 Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prej-

udice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from." — "From
20 Scotland," cried Davies, roguishly. "Mr. Johnson," said I, "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this a slight pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as a humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however
25 that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression "come from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That,
30 Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: "What do you think of Gar-
35 rick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "Oh, Sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such
40 a trifle to you." "Sir," said he, with a stern look, "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done: and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice
45 of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardor been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly per-
50 severing, so rough a reception might have deterred me for ever from making any further attempts. Fortunately,

however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited; and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation.

Character of Goldsmith

(*From Life of Johnson*)

As Dr. Oliver Goldsmith will frequently appear in this narrative, I shall endeavor to make my readers in some degree acquainted with his singular character. He was a native of Ireland, and a contemporary with Mr. Burke, at Trinity College, Dublin, but did not then give much promise of future 5 celebrity. He, however, observed to Mr. Malone, that "though he made no great figure in mathematics, which was a study in much repute there, he could turn an Ode of Horace into English better than any of them." He afterwards studied physic at Edinburgh, and upon the Conti-10 nent: and I have been informed, was enabled to pursue his travels on foot, partly by demanding at Universities to enter the lists as a disputant, by which, according to the custom of many of them, he was entitled to the premium of a crown, when luckily for him his challenge was not accepted; so 15 that, as I once observed to Dr. Johnson, he *disputed* his passage through Europe. He then came to England, and was employed successively in the capacities of an usher to an academy, a corrector of the press, a reviewer, and a writer for a newspaper. He had sagacity enough to cultivate assid-20 uously the acquaintance of Johnson, and his faculties were gradually enlarged by the contemplation of such a model. To me and many others it appeared that he studiously copied the manner of Johnson, though, indeed, upon a smaller scale.

At this time I think he had published nothing with his 25 name, though it was pretty generally known that *one Dr. Goldsmith* was the author of "An Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe," and of "The Citizen

of the World," a series of letters supposed to be written from
30 London by a Chinese. No man had the art of displaying
with more advantage as a writer, whatever literary acquisitions he made. *Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit*. His mind resembled a fertile but thin soil. There was a quick, but not a strong vegetation, of whatever chanced to be thrown
35 upon it. No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there; but the elegant shrubbery and the fragrant parterre appeared in gay succession. It has been generally circulated and believed that he was a mere fool in conversation; but, in truth, this has been greatly exaggerated.
40 He had, no doubt, a more than common share of that hurry of ideas which we often find in his countrymen, and which sometimes produces a laughable confusion in expressing them. He was very much what the French call *un étourdi*, and from vanity and an eager desire of being conspicuous wherever he
45 was, he frequently talked carelessly without knowledge of the subject, or even without thought. His person was short, his countenance coarse and vulgar, his deportment that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman. Those who were in any way distinguished, excited envy in him to
50 so ridiculous an excess, that the instances of it are hardly credible. When accompanying two beautiful young ladies with their mother on a tour in France, he was seriously angry that more attention was paid to them than to him; and once at the exhibition of the *Fantoccini* in London, when
55 those who sat next him observed with what dexterity a puppet was made to toss a pike, he could not bear that it should have such praise, and exclaimed with some warmth, "Pshaw! I can do it better myself."

He, I am afraid, had no settled system of any sort, so that
60 his conduct must not be strictly scrutinized; but his affections were social and generous, and when he had money he gave it away very liberally. His desire of imaginary con-

sequence predominated over his attention to truth. When he began to rise into notice, he said he had a brother who was Dean of Durham, a fiction so easily detected, that it is 65 wonderful how he should have been so inconsiderate as to hazard it. He boasted to me at this time of the power of his pen in commanding money, which I believe was true in a certain degree, though in the instance he gave he was by no means correct. He told me that he had sold a novel for 70 four hundred pounds. This was his *Vicar of Wakefield*. But Johnson informed me, that he had made the bargain for Goldsmith, and the price was sixty pounds. "And, Sir (said he), a sufficient price too, when it was sold; for then the fame of Goldsmith had not been elevated, as it afterwards 75 was, by his *Traveller*; and the bookseller had such faint hopes of profit by his bargain, that he kept the manuscript by him a long time, and did not publish it till after the *Traveller* had appeared. Then, to be sure, it was accidentally worth more money."

80

Mrs. Piozzi and Sir John Hawkins have strangely misstated the history of Goldsmith's situation and Johnson's friendly interference, when this novel was sold. I shall give it authentically from Johnson's own exact narration:

"I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith 85 that he was in great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, 90 at which he was in violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me 95 that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to

me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and
 100 he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

Johnson's Manner of Talking

(From Life of Johnson)

Let me here apologize for the imperfect manner in which I am obliged to exhibit Johnson's conversation at this period. In the early part of my acquaintance with him, I was so wrapt in admiration of his extraordinary colloquial talents,
 5 and so little accustomed to his peculiar mode of expression, that I found it extremely difficult to recollect and record his conversation with its genuine vigor and vivacity. In progress of time, when my mind was, as it were, *strongly impregnated with the Johnsonian æther*, I could with much more
 10 facility and exactness, carry in my memory and commit to paper the exuberant variety of his wisdom and wit.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

The Village Preacher

(From The Deserted Village)

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain;
 Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
 5 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
 How often have I paused on every charm,
 10 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,

The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade
 For talking age and whispering lovers made !
 How often have I blest the coming day, 15
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
 And all the village train, from labor free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old surveyed ; 20
 And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired ;
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown 25
 By holding out to tire each other down ;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter tittered round the place ;
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove. 30
 These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught even toil to please :
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed :
 These were thy charms — but all these charms are fled.

.
 Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled, 35
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year ; 40
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place ;
 Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize, 45
 More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train;
 He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain:
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
 50 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by the fire, and talked the night away,
 55 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 60 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
 65 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 70 And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

75 At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place;
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 80 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
 Even children followed with endearing wile,
 And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;

Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed :
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given, 85
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head. 90



The Schoolmaster

(*From The Deserted Village*)

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view ; 5
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ; 10
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
The village all declared how much he knew : 15
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge ;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For, even though vanquished, he could argue still ; 20
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

Edmund Burke

(From The Retaliation)

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
 We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much ;
 Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind :
 5 Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
 To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote ;
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining ;
 10 Though equal to all things, for all things unfit ;
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit ;
 For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge disobedient ;
 And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed or in place, sir,
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog

Good people all, of every sort,
 Give ear unto my song ;
 And if you find it wondrous short, —
 It cannot hold you long.

5 In Islington there was a man
 Of whom the world might say,
 That still a godly race he ran, —
 Whene'er he went to pray.

10 A kind and gentle heart he had,
 To comfort friends and foes :
 The naked every day he clad, —
 When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
 As many dogs there be,
 15 Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
 And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
 But when a pique began,
 The dog, to gain his private ends,
 Went mad, and bit the man. 20

Around from all the neighboring streets
 The wondering people ran,
 And swore the dog had lost his wits,
 To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad 25
 To every Christian eye;
 And while they swore the dog was mad,
 They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
 That showed the rogues they lied; 30
 The man recover'd of the bite;
 The dog it was that died.

EDMUND BURKE

The Proper Attitude toward America

(From Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol)

I think I know America. If I do not, my ignorance is incurable, for I have spared no pains to understand it: and I do most solemnly assure those of my constituents who put any sort of confidence in my industry and integrity, that every thing that has been done there has arisen from a total 5 misconception of the object; that our means of originally holding America, that our means of reconciling with it after quarrel, of recovering it after separation, of keeping it after victory, did depend, and must depend in their several stages and periods, upon a total renunciation of that unconditional 10 submission, which has taken such possession of the minds of violent men. The whole of those maxims, upon which

we have made and continued this war, must be abandoned. Nothing indeed (for I would not deceive you) can place us
15 in our former situation. That hope must be laid aside. But there is a difference between bad and the worst of all. Terms relative to the cause of the war ought to be offered by the authority of parliament. An arrangement at home promising some security for them ought to be made. By
20 doing this, without the least impairing of our strength, we add to the credit of our moderation, which, in itself, is always strength more or less.

I know many have been taught to think, that moderation, in a case like this, is a sort of treason; and that all arguments
25 for it are sufficiently answered by railing at rebels and rebellion, and by charging all the present or future miseries, which we may suffer, on the resistance of our brethren. But I would wish them, in this grave matter, and if peace is not wholly removed from their hearts, to consider seriously,
30 first, that to criminate and recriminate never yet was the road to reconciliation, in any difference amongst men. In the next place, it would be right to reflect, that the American English (whom they may abuse, if they think it honourable to revile the absent) can, as things now stand, neither be
35 provoked at our railing, nor bettered by our instruction. All communication is cut off between us, but this we know with certainty, that, though we cannot reclaim them, we may reform ourselves. If measures of peace are necessary, they must begin somewhere; and a conciliatory temper
40 must precede and prepare every plan of reconciliation. Nor do I conceive that we suffer anything by thus regulating our own minds. We are not disarmed by being disencumbered of our passions. Declaiming on rebellion never added a bayonet, or a charge of powder, to your military force; but
45 I am afraid that it has been the means of taking up many muskets against you.

This outrageous language, which has been encouraged and kept alive by every art, has already done incredible mischief. For a long time, even amidst the desolations of war and the insults of hostile laws daily accumulated on 50 one another, the American leaders seem to have had the greatest difficulty in bringing up their people to a declaration of total independence. But the court gazette accomplished what the abettors of independence had attempted in vain. When that disingenuous compilation, and strange 55 medley of railing and flattery, was adduced as a proof of the united sentiments of the people of Great Britain, there was a great change throughout all America. The tide of popular affection, which had still set towards the parent country, begun immediately to turn, and to flow with great 60 rapidity in a contrary course. Far from concealing these wild declarations of enmity, the author of the celebrated pamphlet, which prepared the minds of the people for independence, insists largely on the multitude and the spirit of these addresses; and he draws an argument from them, 65 which (if the fact was as he supposes) must be irresistible. For I never knew a writer on the theory of government so partial to authority as not to allow, that the hostile mind of the rulers to their people did fully justify a change of government; nor can any reason whatever be given, why one 70 people should voluntarily yield any degree of preëminence to another, but on a supposition of great affection and benevolence towards them. Unfortunately your rulers, trusting to other things, took no notice of this great principle of connexion. From the beginning of this affair, they have done 75 all they could to alienate your minds from your own kindred; and if they could excite hatred enough in one of the parties towards the other, they seemed to be of opinion that they had gone half the way towards reconciling the quarrel.

Tribute to the Memory of his Son

(From Letter to a Noble Lord)

Had it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family; I should have left a son, who, in all the points in
5 which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honour, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment, and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shown himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line. His
10 Grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon that provision which belonged more to mine than to me. HE would soon have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrized every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant wasting
15 reservoir of merit in me, or in any ancestry. He had in himself a salient, living spring of generous and manly action. Every day he lived he would have re-purchased the bounty of the Crown, and ten times more, if ten times more he had received. He was made a public creature; and had no
20 enjoyment whatever, but in the performance of some duty. At this exigent moment, the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied.

But a Disposer whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behoves us not at all to dispute, has
25 ordained it in another manner, and (whatever my querulous weakness might suggest) a far better. The storm has gone over me; and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours, I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the
30 earth! There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognize the Divine justice, and in some degree submit to

it. But whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he 35 submitted himself, and repented in dust and ashes. But even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending, and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity, those ill-natured neighbours of his, who visited his dunghill to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery. I am alone. 40 I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my Lord, I greatly deceive myself, if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all is called fame and honour in the world. This is the appetite but of a few. It is a luxury, it is a privilege, it is an indulgence for those who are 45 at their ease. But we are all of us made to shun disgrace, as we are made to shrink from pain, and poverty, and disease. It is an instinct; and under the direction of reason, instinct is always in the right. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me are gone before me. They who 50 should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation (which ever must subsist in memory) that act of piety, which he would have performed to me; I owe it to him to show that he was not descended, as the Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent. 55

WILLIAM COLLINS

Ode

(Written in the beginning of the year 1746)

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

10 By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
 There Honor comes, a pilgrim grey,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
 And Freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there !

Ode to Evening

If ought of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs and dying gales,
 5 O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed :
 Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
 10 With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing,
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,
 As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :
 15 Now teach me, maid composed,
 To breathe some softened strain,
 Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale
 May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
 As, musing slow, I hail
 20 Thy genial loved return !
 For when thy folding-star arising shows
 His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
 The fragrant Hours, and elves
 Who slept in flowers the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge, 25
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
 The pensive Pleasures sweet,
 Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile 30
 Or upland fallows gray
 Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut
 That from the mountain's side 35
 Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
 The gradual dusky veil. 40

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve ;
 While Summer loves to sport
 Beneath thy lingering light ;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ; 45
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train,
 And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan shed,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipped Health, 50
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And hymn thy favorite name !

THOMAS GRAY

Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

5 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

10 Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
15 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
20 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

25 Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor. 30

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Awaits alike the inevitable hour. 35
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise. 40

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre. 45

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
 Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul. 50

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air. 55

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood. 60

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

65 Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
70 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
75 Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
80 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

85 For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
90 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of the unhonored dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, 95
 Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn. 100
 "There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
 "Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn, 105
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
 Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.
 "One morn I missed him on the customary hill,
 Along the heath and near his favorite tree; 110
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;
 "The next with dirges due in sad array
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
 Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay, 115
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

*Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own. 120*
*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
 He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.*

125

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.*

WILLIAM COWPER

On Human Slavery

(From The Task, Book II)

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,
 Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,
 5 Might never reach me more ! My ear is pained,
 My soul is sick with every day's report
 Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
 There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
 It does not feel for man ; the natural bond
 10 Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
 That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
 He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
 Not colored like his own, and, having power
 To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
 15 Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
 Lands intersected by a narrow frith
 Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
 Make enemies of nations who had else
 Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
 20 Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys ;
 And worse than all, and most to be deplored,
 As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
 Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
 With stripes that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
 25 Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
 Then what is man ? And what man seeing this,
 And having human feelings, does not blush

And hang his head, to think himself a man?
 I would not have a slave to till my ground,
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep, 30
 And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
 That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
 No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
 Just estimation prized above all price,
 I had much rather be myself the slave 35
 And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
 We have no slaves at home: then why abroad?
 And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
 That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
 Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs 40
 Receive our air, that moment they are free;
 They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
 That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
 And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
 And let it circulate through every vein 45
 Of all your empire; that where Britain's power
 Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

Sonnet to Mrs. Unwin

Mary! I want a lyre with other strings,
 Such aid from heaven as some have feigned they drew.
 An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new,
 And undebased by praise of meaner things!
 That, ere through age or woe I shed my wings, 5
 I may record thy worth, with honor due,
 In verse as musical as thou art true,
 Verse that immortalizes whom it sings.
 But thou hast little need. There is a book,
 By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light, 10
 On which the eyes of God not rarely look;
 A chronicle of actions just and bright;
 There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,
 And since thou ownest that praise, I spare thee mine.

ROBERT BURNS

To a Mouse

ON TURNING UP HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785

- Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
 Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie !
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty
 Wi' bickerin brattle !
 5 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee
 Wi' murd'rin pattle !
- I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion
 10 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal !
- I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve :
 What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
 15 A daimen icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request ;
 I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
 An' never miss 't !
- Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
 20 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin !
 An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green !
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin
 Baith snell an' keen !
- 25 Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
 An' weary winter comin fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till crash ! the cruel coulter past
 30 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
 Now thou's turned out for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble 35
 An' cranreuch cauld !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
 In proving foresight may be vain :
 The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
 Gang aft a-gley, 40
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain
 For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me !
 The present only toucheth thee :
 But, och ! I backward cast my ee 45
 On prospects drear !
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear !



To a Mountain Daisy

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL, 1786

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem :
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r, 5
 Thou bonie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neibor sweet,
 The bonie lark, companion meet,
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
 Wi' spreckled breast, 10
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling east.

15 Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth ;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm
 Scarce reared above the parent-earth
 Thy tender form.

20 The flaunting flowers our gardens yield
 High shelt'ring woods an' wa's maun shield :
 But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie stibble-field
 Unseen, alane.

25 There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise ;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 30 And low thou lies !

 Such is the fate of artless maid,
 Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade !
 By love's simplicity betrayed
 And guileless trust ;
 35 Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

 Such is the fate of simple bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starred !
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 40 Till billows rage and gales blow hard,
 And overwhelm him o'er !

 Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,

By human pride or cunning driv'n 45
 To misery's brink;
 Till, wrenched of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
 He ruined sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine — no distant date; 50
 Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
 Shall be thy doom.

Tam O' Shanter



A TALE

Of Brownie and of Bogillie full is this buke.

— GAWIN DOUGLAS.

When chapman billies leave the street,
 And drouthy neibors neibors meet,
 As market-days are wearing late,
 An' folk begin to tak the gate;
 While we sit bousing at the nappy, 5
 An' gettin fou and unco happy,
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Where sits our sulky, sullen dame, 10
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter:
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses, 15
 For honest men and bonie lasses.)

O Tam ! had'st thou but been sae wise
 As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice !
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
 20 A bletherin, blusterin, drunken blellum;
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
 That ilka melder wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
 25 That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
 That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
 She prophesied, that, late or soon,
 30 Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon;
 Or caught wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet,
 To think how mony counsels sweet,
 35 How mony lengthened sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises !

But to our tale : — Ae market night,
 Tam had got planted unco right,
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
 40 Wi' reamin swats that drank divinely;
 And at his elbow, Souter Johnie,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy cronie :
 Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.
 45 The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;
 And ay the ale was growing better :
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious
 Wi' secret favors, sweet and precious :
 The souter tauld his queerest stories;
 50 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus :
 The storm without might rair and rustle,
 Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drowned himsel among the nappy :
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure, 55
 The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure ;
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious !

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed ; 60
 Or like the snow falls in the river,
 A moment white — then melts forever ;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place ;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form 65
Evanishing amid the storm.

Nae man can tether time or tide :
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride, —
 That hour, o' night's black arch the keystone,
 That dreary hour Tam mounts his beast in ; 70
 And sic a night he taks the road in,
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 't wad blawn its last ;
 The rattling show'rs rose on the blast ;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed ; 75
 Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed :
 That night, a child might understand,
 The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg, —
 A better never lifted leg, — 80
 Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
 Despising wind and rain and fire ;
 Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares, 85
 Lest bogles catch him unawares.
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

- By this time he was cross the ford,
90 Whare in the snaw the chapman smooored;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn;
95 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hanged hersel.
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
100 Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees
Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze:
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.
- 105 Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae we'll face the devil!
The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,
110 Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
- 115 Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent-new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels
Put life and mettle in their heels:
A winnock bunker in the east,
120 There sat Auld Nick in shape o' beast;
A towsie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge;
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. —

Coffins stood round like open presses, 125
 That shawed the dead in their last dresses;
 And by some devilish cantraip sleight
 Each in its cauld hand held a light,
 By which heroic Tam was able
 To note upon the haly table 130
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;
 A thief, new-cuttet frae a rape —
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
 Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted; 135
 Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft —
 The grey hairs yet stack to the heft; 140
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
 Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glow'r'd, amaz'd and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
 The piper loud and louder blew, 145
 The dancers quick and quicker flew;
 They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies to the wark
 And linket at it in her sark! 150

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,
 A' plump and strapping in their teens!
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen! —

But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie; 155
 There was ae winsome wench and wawlie,
 That night enlisted in the core
 (Lang after kend on Carrick shore:

160 For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 An' perished mony a bonie boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
 And kept the country-side in fear);
 Her cutty sark o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 165 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.
 Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
 That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
 170 Wad ever graced a dance o' witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour,
 Sic flights are far beyond her power;
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
 (A souple jad she was and strang,)

175 And how Tam stood like ane bewitched,
 And thought his very een enriched;
 Even Satan glowered and fidget fu' fain,
 And hotched and blew wi' might and main:
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
 180 Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
 And in an instant all was dark:
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

185 As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plundering herds assail their byke;
 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When, pop! she starts before their nose;
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 190 When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' mony an eldritch skriech and hollo.

Ah, Tam ! ah, Tam ! thou'll get thy fairin !
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin !
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin ! 195
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the key-stane of the brig :
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they dare na cross. 200
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fient a tail she had to shake !
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ; 205
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle —
 Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
 But left behind her ain grey tail :
 The carlin claught her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump. 210

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son, take heed,
 Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear, 215
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's Mare.



Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And auld lang syne ?

CHORUS. — For auld lang syne, my dear, 5
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

10 And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
 And surely I'll be mine !
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

 We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine ;
 15 But we've wandered mony a weary fit
 Sin' auld lang syne.

 We twa hae paidled i' the burn,
 From mornin' sun till dine ;
 But seas between us braid hae roared
 20 Sin' auld lang syne.

 And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,
 And gie's a hand o' thine ;
 And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught
 For auld lang syne.

Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut

O, Willie brewed a peck o' maut,
 An' Rob an' Allan cam to see :
 Three blyther hearts that lee-lang night
 Ye wad na found in Christendie.

5 CHORUS. — We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
 But just a drappie in our ee ;
 The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
 And ay we'll taste the barley bree.

 Here are we met, three merry boys,
 10 Three merry boys, I trow, are we ;
 An' mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony mae we hope to be !

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee ! 15

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loun is he !
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three ! 20

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair. 5

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye. 10

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft, as mild Evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me. 15

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave. 20

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

A Man's a Man for A' That

- Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hings his head, an' a' that?
 The coward slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 5 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Our toils obscure, an' a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
 The man's the gowd for a' that.
- What though on hamely fare we dine,
 10 Wear hodden-gray, an' a' that;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
 15 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.
- Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 20 He's but a coof for a' that:
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 His riband, star, an' a' that,
 The man o' independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.
- 25 A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 30 Their dignities, an' a' that,
 The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
 Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth, 35
 May bear the gree, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brithers be for a' that. 40

The Banks o' Doon

Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair !
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary fu' o' care !
 Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird, 5
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn :
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed — never to return.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine ; 10
 And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ;
 And my fause luvver stole my rose, 15
 But ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Wordsworth's Object in His Poetry

(*From Preface to Lyrical Ballads*)

The first volume of these poems has already been submitted to general perusal. It was published as an experiment, which, I hoped, might be of some use to ascertain how far,

by fitting to meirical arrangement a selection of the real
5 language of men in a state of vivid sensation, that sort of
pleasure and that quantity of pleasure may be imparted,
which a poet may rationally endeavour to impart.

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The principal object, then, proposed in these poems was
to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to
10 relate or describe them, throughout, as far as was possible,
in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the
same time, to throw over them a certain coloring of imagination,
whereby ordinary things should be presented to the
mind in an unusual aspect; and, further, and above all,
15 to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing
in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary
laws of our nature: chiefly, as far as regards the manner in
which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Humble
and rustic life was generally chosen, because, in that condi-
20 tion, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in
which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint,
and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because
in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in
a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more
25 accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated;
because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary
feelings; and from the necessary character of rural occupations,
are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and, lastly,
because in that condition the pas-
30 sions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent
forms of nature. The language, too, of these men
has been adopted (purified indeed from what appear to be
its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike
or disgust) because such men hourly communicate with the
35 best objects from which the best part of language is orig-

inally derived; and because, from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the influence of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. Accordingly such a language, arising out of repeated 40 experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent, and a far more philosophical language, than that which is frequently substituted for it by poets, who think that they are conferring honor upon themselves and their art, in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in 45 arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes, and fickle appetites, of their own creation.

I cannot, however, be insensible to the present outcry against the triviality and meanness, both of thought and language, which some of my contemporaries have occasionally 50 introduced into their metrical compositions; and I acknowledge that this defect, where it exists, is more dishonorable to the writer's own character than false refinement or arbitrary innovation, though I should contend at the same time, that it is far less pernicious in the sum of its consequences. 55 From such verses the poems in these volumes will be found distinguished at least by one mark of difference, that each of them has a worthy *purpose*. Not that I always began to write with a distinct purpose formally conceived; but habits of meditation have, I trust, so prompted and regulated my feelings, that my descriptions of such objects as strongly excite those feelings, will be found to carry along with them a *purpose*. If this opinion is erroneous, I can have little right to the name of a poet. For all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: and though 65 this be true, poems to which any value can be attached were never produced on any variety of subjects but by a man, who, being possessed of more than usual organic sensibility, had also thought long and deeply.

Passages Dealing with Poetry in General

(From the Same)

What is a poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him? — He is a man speaking to men: a man, it is true, endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has
5 a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and
10 passions as manifested in the goings-on of the universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them.

Poetry is the image of man and nature.

The poet writes under one restriction only, namely, the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human being
15 possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer, or a natural philosopher, but as a man.

Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance
20 of all science.

Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge — it is as immortal as the heart of man.

Poets do not write for poets alone, but for men.

An *accurate* taste in poetry and in all the other arts, as
25 Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed, is an *acquired* talent, which can only be produced by thought and a long-continued intercourse with the best models of composition.

{ Expostulation and Reply }

“Why, William, on that old grey stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away?

“Where are your books? — that light bequeathed
To beings else forlorn and blind!
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind.

5

“You look round on your Mother Earth,
As if she for no purpose bore you;
As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you!”

10

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake,
And thus I made reply:

15

“The eye — it cannot choose but see;
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, where’er they be,
Against or with our will.

20

“Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

“Think you, ’mid all this mighty sum
Of things forever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

25

“— Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old grey stone,
And dream my time away.”

30

The Tables Turned

AN EVENING SCENE ON THE SAME SUBJECT

Up! up! my friend, and quit your books;
 Or surely you'll grow double:
 Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks;
 Why all this toil and trouble?

5 The sun, above the mountain's head,
 A freshening lustre mellow
 Through all the long green fields has spread,
 His first sweet evening yellow.

 Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
 10 Come, hear the woodland linnet,
 How sweet his music! on my life
 There's more of wisdom in it.

 And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
 He, too, is no mean preacher:
 15 Come forth into the light of things,
 Let Nature be your teacher.

 She has a world of ready wealth,
 Our minds and hearts to bless —
 Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
 20 Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

 One impulse from a vernal wood
 May teach you more of man,
 Of moral evil and of good,
 Than all the sages can.

25 Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
 Our meddling intellect
 Misshapes the beauteous forms of things: —
 We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art;
 Close up those barren leaves;
 Come forth, and bring with you a heart
 That watches and receives. 30

She Was a Phantom of Delight

She was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight;
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament;
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair; 5
 Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and way-lay. 10

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A spirit, yet a woman too!
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin-liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet 15
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles. 20

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller between life and death;
 The reason firm, the temperate will, 25
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command;
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of angelic light. 30

I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud

I wandered lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host, of golden daffodils;
 5 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 10 Along the margin of a bay :
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced ; but they
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :
 15 A poet could not but be gay
 In such a jocund company :
 I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 20 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude ;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

Character of the Happy Warrior

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
 That every man in arms should wish to be?
 It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
 5 Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought :

Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright :
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn ;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there, 10
But makes his moral being his prime care ;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train !
Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;
In face of these doth exercise a power 15
Which is our human nature's highest dower ;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves,
Of their bad influence, and their good receives ;
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate ; 20
Is placable — because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice ;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more ; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress ; 25
Thence, also more alive to tenderness.
'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends ;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill, 30
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labors good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows ;
Who, if he rise to station of command, 35
Rises by open means ; and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire ;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ; 40
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth or honors, or for worldly state ;

Whom they must follow ; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all :
45 Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
50 Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover ; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired ;
And, through the heat of conflict keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
55 Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need :
He who though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
60 To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;
Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart ; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve ;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love : —
65 'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted high
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity, —
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
70 Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won :
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
75 Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpassed :
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall to sleep without his fame,

And leave a dead unprofitable name, 80
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause.
 This is the happy Warrior; this is he
 That every man in arms should wish to be. 85

Influence of a Mountain-peak

(From The Prelude, Book I)

One summer evening (led by her) I found
 A little boat tied to a willow tree
 Within a rocky cove, its usual home.
 Straight I unloosed her chain, and stepping in
 Pushed from the shore. It was an act of stealth 5
 And troubled pleasure, nor without the voice
 Of mountain-echoes did my boat move on;
 Leaving behind her still, on either side,
 Small circles glittering idly in the moon,
 Until they melted all into one track 10
 Of sparkling light. But now, like one who rows,
 Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point
 With an unswerving line, I fixed my view
 Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,
 The horizon's utmost boundary; far above 15
 Was nothing but the stars and the gray sky.
 She was an elfin pinnace; lustily
 I dipped my oars into the silent lake,
 And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat
 Went heaving through the water like a swan; 20
 When, from behind that craggy steep till then
 The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge,
 As if with voluntary power instinct
 Upreared its head. I struck and struck again,
 And growing still in stature the grim shape 25
 Towered up between me and the stars, and still

For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
 And measured motion like a living thing,
 Strode after me. With trembling oars I turned,
 30 And through the silent water stole my way
 Back to the covert of the willow tree ;
 There in her mooring-place I left my bark, —
 And through the meadows homeward went, in grave
 And serious mood ; but after I had seen
 35 That spectacle, for many days, my brain
 Worked with a dim and undetermined sense
 Of unknown modes of being ; o'er my thoughts
 There hung a darkness, call it solitude
 Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes
 40 Remained, no pleasant images of trees,
 Of sea or sky, no colors of green fields ;
 But huge and mighty forms, that do not live
 Like living men, moved slowly through the mind
 By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.

Composed Upon Westminster Bridge, Sept. 3, 1802

Earth has not anything to show more fair :
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty :
 This city now doth, like a garment, wear
 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill ;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

(5)

10

London, 1802

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour:
 England hath need of thee: she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower 5
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea: 10
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

“Nuns Fret Not”

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room;
 And hermits are contented with their cells;
 And students with their pensive citadels;
 Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
 Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom, 5
 High as the highest peak of Furness-fells,
 Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells:
 In truth, the prison, unto which we doom
 Ourselves, no prison is; and hence for me,
 In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound 10
 Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground;
 Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)
 Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
 Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

“The World is too Much with Us”

The world is too much with us : late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
 Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
 5 This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;
 It moves us not. — Great God ! I'd rather be
 10 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

“Scorn not the Sonnet”

Scorn not the Sonnet ; Critic, you have frowned,
 Mindless of its just honours ; with this key
 Shakspeare unlocked his heart ; the melody
 Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound ;
 5 A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound ;
 With it Camoëns soothed an exile's grief ;
 The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
 Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
 His visionary brow : a glow-worm lamp,
 10 It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
 To struggle through dark ways ; and, when a damp
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
 The Thing became a trumpet ; whence he blew
 Soul-animating strains — alas, too few !

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Chaucer

(From Table Talk)

I take unceasing delight in Chaucer. His manly cheerfulness is especially delicious to me in my old age. How exquisitely tender he is, and yet how perfectly free from the least touch of sickly melancholy or morbid drooping! The sympathy of the poet with the subjects of his poetry is particularly remarkable in Shakspeare and Chaucer; but what the first effects by a strong act of imagination and mental metamorphosis, the last does without any effort, merely by the inborn kindly joyousness of his nature. How well we seem to know Chaucer! How absolutely nothing do we know of Shakspeare!

Othello

(From Table Talk)

Othello must not be conceived as a negro, but a high and chivalrous Moorish chief. Shakspeare learned the spirit of the character from the Spanish poetry, which was prevalent in England in his time. Jealousy does not strike me as the point in his passion; I take it to be rather an agony that the creature whom he had believed angelic, with whom he had garnered up his heart, and whom he could not help still loving, should be proved impure and worthless. It was the struggle *not* to love her. It was a moral indignation and regret that virtue should so fall: — “But yet the *pity* of it, Iago! — O Iago! the pity of it, Iago!” In addition to this, his honor was concerned: Iago would not have succeeded but by hinting that his honor was compromised. There is no ferocity in Othello; his mind is majestic and composed.

- 15 He deliberately determines to die, and speaks his last speech with a view of showing his attachment to the Venetian state, though it had superseded him.

An Observation on Patriotism

(*From Table Talk*)

The free class in a slave state is always, in one sense, the most patriotic class of people in an empire; for their patriotism is not simply the patriotism of other people, but an aggregate of lust of power, and distinction, and supremacy.

On Style

(*From Lectures*)

In order to form a good style, the primary rule and condition is, not to attempt to express ourselves in language before we thoroughly know our own meaning: when a man perfectly understands himself, appropriate diction will generally
5 be at his command either in writing or speaking. In such cases the thoughts and the words are associated. In the next place preciseness in the use of terms is required, and the test is whether you can translate the phrase adequately into simpler terms, regard being had to the feeling of the
10 whole passage. Try this upon Shakspeare or Milton, and see if you can substitute other simpler words in any given passage without a violation of the meaning or tone. The source of bad writing is the desire to be something more than a man of sense, — the straining to be thought a genius;
15 and it is just the same in speech-making. If men would only say what they have to say in plain terms, how much more eloquent they would be! Another rule is to avoid converting mere abstractions into persons. I believe you will very rarely find, in any great writer before the Revolution,

the possessive case of an inanimate noun used in prose instead of the dependent case; as “the watch’s hand,” for “the hand of the watch.” The possessive or Saxon genitive was confined to persons, or at least to animated subjects.

And I cannot conclude this lecture without insisting on the importance of accuracy of style, as being near akin to veracity and truthful habits of mind. He who thinks loosely will write loosely; and, perhaps, there is some moral inconvenience in the common forms of our grammars, which give our children so many obscure terms for material distinctions. Let me also exhort you to careful examination of what you read, if it be worth any perusal at all: such an examination will be a safeguard from fanaticism, the universal origin of which is in the contemplation of phenomena without investigation into their causes.

Kubla Khan: or, a Vision in a Dream

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

5

So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

10

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted

15

By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
 A mighty fountain momentarily was forced :
 20 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
 And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
 It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
 25 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
 Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
 30 Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 Floated midway on the waves ;
 Where was heard the mingled measure
 From the fountain and the caves.
 35 It was a miracle of rare device,
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !

A damsel with a dulcimer
 In a vision once I saw :
 It was an Abyssinian maid,
 40 And on her dulcimer she played,
 Singing of Mount Abora.
 Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song,
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
 45 That with music loud and long,
 I would build that dome in air,
 That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
 And all who heard should see them there, —
 And all should cry, Beware ! Beware ! —
 50 His flashing eyes, his floating hair !

Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

GEORGE NOEL GORDON, LORD BYRON

Lachin y Gair

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses !
In you let the minions of luxury rove ;
Restore me the rocks, where the snowflake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love :
Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains, 5
Round their white summits though elements war ;
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah ! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd ;
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid ; 10
On chieftains long perished my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade ;
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star ;
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story, 15
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

"Shades of the dead ! have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale ?"
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale. 20
Round Loch na Garr while the stormy wind gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car ;
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers ;
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

"Ill-starr'd, though brave, did no visions foreboding 25
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause ?"

- Ah ! were you destined to die at Culloden,
 Victory crown'd not your fall with applause :
 Still were you happy in death's earthly slumber,
 30 You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar;
 The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud number,
 Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.
- Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
 Years must elapse ere I tread you again :
 35 Nature of verdure and flow'rs has bereft you,
 Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
 England ! thy beauties are tame and domestic
 To one who has roamed o'er the mountains afar :
 Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic !
 40 The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr.

Wordsworth

(From English Bards and Scotch Reviewers)

- Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,
 That mild apostate from poetic rule,
 The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay
 As soft as evening in his favourite May,
 5 Who warns his friend "to shake off toil and trouble,
 And quit his books, for fear of growing double";
 Who, both by precept and example, shows
 That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose;
 Convincing all, by demonstration plain,
 10 Poetic souls delight in prose insane;
 And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme
 Contain the essence of the true sublime.
 Thus, when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,
 The idiot mother of "an idiot Boy",
 15 A moon-struck, silly lad, who lost his way,
 And, like his bard, confounded night with day;

So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
 And each adventure so sublimely tells,
 That all who view the "idiot in his glory"
 Conceive the Bard the hero of the story. 20

The Bull-Fight

(*From Childe Harold, Canto I*)

The lists are oped, the spacious area clear'd,
 Thousands on thousands piled are seated round;
 Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
 No vacant space for lated wight is found :
 Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound, 5
 Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye,
 Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound ;
 None through their cold disdain are doom'd to die,
 As moonstruck bards complain, by Love's sad archery.

Hush'd is the din of tongues — on gallant steeds, 10
 With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-poised lance,
 Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
 And lowly bending to the lists advance;
 Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly prance :
 If in the dangerous game they shine to-day, 15
 The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance,
 Best prize of better acts, they bear away,
 And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,
 But all afoot, the light-limb'd Matadore 20
 Stands in the centre, eager to invade
 The lord of lowing herds ; but not before
 The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
 Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed :
 His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more 25
 Can man achieve without the friendly steed —
 Alas ! too oft condemn'd for him to bear and bleed.

- Thrice sounds the clarion ; lo ! the signal falls,
 The den expands, and Expectation mute
 30 Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
 Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
 And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
 The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe :
 Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
 35 His first attack, wide waving to and fro
 His angry tail ; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

- Sudden he stops ; his eye is fixed : away,
 Away, thou heedless boy ! prepare the spear :
 Now is thy time to perish, or display
 40 The skill that yet may check his mad career.
 With well-timed croupe the nimble coursers veer ;
 On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes ;
 Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear ;
 He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes ;
 45 Dart follows dart ; lance, lance ; loud bellowings speak his woes.

- Again he comes ; nor dart nor lance avail,
 Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse ;
 Though man and man's avenging arms assail,
 Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.
 50 One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled corse ;
 Another, hideous sight ! unseam'd appears,
 His gory chest unveils life's panting source ;
 Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears ;
 Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharm'd he bears.
- 55 Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
 Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
 'Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
 And foes disabled in the brutal fray ;
 And now the Matadores around him play,
 60 Shake the red cloak and poise the ready brand .
 Once more through all he bursts his thundering way —

Vain rage ! the mantle quits the conyng hand,
Wraps his fierce eye — 'tis past — he sinks upon the sand !

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies. 65

He stops — he starts — disdaining to decline :

Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,

Without a groan, without a struggle, dies.

The decorated car appears — on high

The corse is piled — sweet sight for vulgar eyes — 70

Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,

Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

Such the ungente sport that oft invites

The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish swain.

Waterloo

(*From Childe Harold, Canto III*)

There was a sound of revelry by night,

And Belgium's capital had gathered then

Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright

The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;

A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when 5

Music arose with its voluptuous swell,

Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,

And all went merry as a marriage bell ;

But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it ? — No ; 'twas but the wind, 10

Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;

On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;

No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet

To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet. —

But hark ! that heavy sound breaks in once more, 15

As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;

And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !

Arm ! arm ! it is ! — it is — the cannon's opening roar !

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
20 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear,
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
25 Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell.
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
30 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
35 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
40 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
45 Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering" rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes;
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
50 Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils

The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves, 55
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave, — alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay, 65
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms — the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay, 70
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse — friend, foe, — in one red burial blent!

To Thomas Moore

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!

Here's a sigh to those who love me, 5
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on; 10
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

15

Were't the last drop in the well,
 As I gasped upon the brink,
 Ere my fainting spirit fell,
 'Tis to thee that I would drink.

20

With that water, as this wine,
 The libation I would pour
 Should be — peace with thine and mine,
 And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

Stanzas

5

When a man hath no freedom to fight for at home,
 Let him combat for that of his neighbours;
 Let him think of the glories of Greece and of Rome,
 And get knock'd on the head for his labours.

To do good to mankind is the chivalrous plan,
 And is always as nobly requited;
 Then battle for freedom whenever you can,
 And, if not shot or hang'd, you'll get knighted.

Epigram

The world is a bundle of hay,
 Mankind are the asses who pull;
 Each tugs it a different way,
 And the greatest of all is John Bull.

On my Thirty-third Birthday, January 22, 1821

Through life's dull road, so dim and dirty,
 I have dragg'd to three-and-thirty.
 What have these years left to me?
 Nothing — except thirty-three.

Stanzas from "Don Juan"

But let me to my story : I must own,
 If I have any fault, it is digression —
 Leaving my people to proceed alone,
 While I soliloquize beyond expression ;
 But these are my addresses from the throne, 5
 Which put off business to the ensuing session,
 Forgetting each omission is a loss to
 The world, not quite so great as Ariosto.

.
 Nothing so difficult as a beginning
 In poesy, unless perhaps the end ; 10
 For oftentimes, when Pegasus seems winning
 The race, he sprains a wing, and down we tend,
 Like Lucifer, when hurled from heaven for sinning ;
 Our sin the same, and hard as his to mend,
 Being pride, which leads the mind to soar too far, 15
 Till our own weakness shows us what we are.

.
 Some have accused me of a strange design
 Against the creed and morals of the land,
 And trace it in this poem every line :
 I don't pretend that I quite understand 20
 My own meaning when I would be *very* fine ;
 But the fact is, that I have nothing planned
 Unless it were to be a moment merry,
 A novel word in my vocabulary.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Ode to the West Wind

I

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

5 Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes : O thou,
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

 The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until
 Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

10 Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
 With living hues and odors plain and hill :

 Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
 Destroyer and preserver ; hear, oh hear !

II

15 Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
 Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

 Angels of rain and lightning : there are spread
 On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
 20 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

 Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height
 The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

 Of the dying year, to which this closing night
 25 Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
 Vaulted with all thy congregated might

 Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
 Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst : oh hear !

III

 Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
 30 The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
 Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams

Beside a pumice isle in Baïæ's bay,
 And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
 Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers 35
 So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
 For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
 The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
 The sapless foliage of the ocean, know 40

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
 And tremble and despoil themselves: oh hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
 If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
 A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share 45

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
 Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
 I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
 As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed 50
 Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
 Oh! lit me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
 I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed 55
 One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
 What if my leaves are falling like its own!
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

60 Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
65 And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
70 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

The Cloud

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
5 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
10 And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
15 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder, —
20 It struggles and howls at fits;

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea ;
 Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills ;
 Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 The Spirit he loves remains ;
 And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead,
As on the jag of a mountain crag, 35
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
It ardors of rest and of love, 40
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden, 45
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear, 50
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent, 55
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,

Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
60 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
65 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
70 Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
75 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
80 Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

To a Skylark

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
5 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest. 10

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun. 15

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight, 20

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there. 25

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed. 30

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody. 35

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,

- Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
- 40 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :
- Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
- 45 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :
- Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its ærial hue
- 50 Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view :
- Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
- 55 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves.
- Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
- 60 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.
- Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
- 65 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine :
- Chorus Hymenæal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
- 70 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain? 75

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety. 80

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream? 85

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought. 90

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near. 95

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground! 100

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 105 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

JOHN KEATS

On First Looking into Chapman's Homer

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 5 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 10 When a new planet swims into his ken;
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise —
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

On the Grasshopper and the Cricket

The Poetry of earth is never dead:
 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
 5 That is the Grasshopper's — he takes the lead
 In summer luxury — he has never done
 With his delights; for when tired out with fun
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
 The poetry of earth is ceasing never;
 10 On a lone winter evening, when the frost

Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
 The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
 And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
 The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

Ode on a Grecian Urn

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
 Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme :
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape 5
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
 What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy? 10

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone :
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave 15
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal — yet, do not grieve;
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
 Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair! 20

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu :
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,
 Forever piping songs forever new ;
 More happy love! more happy, happy love! 25
 Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
 Forever panting, and forever young;
 All breathing human passion far above,

30 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands dressed?
 35 What little town by river or sea shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
 40 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens over-wrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
 45 As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," — that is all
 50 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

The Eve of St. Agnes

St. Agnes' Eve — Ah, bitter chill it was!
 The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
 The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,
 And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
 5 Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
 His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
 Like pious incense from a censer old,
 Seemed taking flight for heaven, without a death,
 Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man; 10
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees :
The sculptured dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
Emprisoned in black, purgatorial rails : 15
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by ; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue 20
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor ;
But no — already had his deathbell rung ;
The joys of all his life were said and sung :
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve :
Another way he went, and soon among 25
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft ;
And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft, 30
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide :
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests :
The carvèd angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests, 35
With hair blown back, and wings put crosswise on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairly
The brain, new stuffed, in youth, with triumphs gay 40
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,

On love, and winged St. Agnes' saintly care,
45 As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
50 If ceremonies due they did aright :
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white ;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

55 Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline :
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard : her maiden eyes divine,
Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by — she heeded not at all : in vain
60 Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired ; not cooled by high disdain,
But she saw not : her heart was elsewhere :
She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
65 Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short :
The hallowed hour was near at hand : she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the thronged resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport ;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
70 Hoodwinked with faery fancy ; all amort,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She lingered still. Meantime, across the moors,
75 Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and implores

All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
 But for one moment in the tedious hours,
 That he might gaze and worship all unseen; 80
 Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss — in sooth such things have been.

He ventures in: let no buzzed whisper tell:
 All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
 Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel:
 For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes, 85
 Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
 Whose very dogs would execrations howl
 Against his lineage: not one breast affords
 Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
 Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul. 90

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
 Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
 To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
 Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
 The sound of merriment and chorus bland: 95
 He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
 And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand,
 Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
 They are all here to-night, the whole bloodthirsty race!

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand; 100
 He had a fever late, and in the fit
 He cursèd thee and thine, both house and land:
 Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
 More tame for his gray hairs — Alas me! flit!
 Flit like a ghost away." — "Ah, Gossip dear, 105
 We're safe enough; here in this armchair sit,
 And tell me how" — "Good Saints! not here, not here;
 Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

He followed through a lowly archèd way,
 Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume; 110

And as she muttered "Well-a-day!"
 He found him in a little moonlight room,
 Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
 "Now tell me where is Madeline," said he.

- 115 "O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
 Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
 When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

- "St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve —
 Yet men will murder upon holy days:
 120 Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
 And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,
 To venture so: it fills me with amaze
 To see thee, Porphyro! — St. Agnes' Eve!
 God's help! my lady fair the conjurer plays
 125 This very night: good angels her deceive!
 But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve."

- Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
 While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
 Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
 130 Who keepeth closed a wond'rous riddle-book,
 As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
 But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
 His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
 Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
 135 And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

- Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
 Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
 Made purple riot: then doth he propose
 A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:
 140 "A cruel man and impious thou art:
 Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and dream
 Alone with her good angels, far apart
 From wicked men like thee. Go, go! — I deem
 Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
 Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find grace
 When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
 If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
 Or look with ruffian passion in her face:
 Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
 Or I will, even in a moment's space,
 Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
 And beard them, though they be more fanged than wolves and bears."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
 A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, church-yard thing, —
 Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
 Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
 Were never missed." — Thus plaining, doth she bring
 A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
 So woeful, and of such deep sorrowing,
 That Angela gives promise she will do
 Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
 Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
 Him in a closet, of such privacy
 That he might see her beauty unespied,
 And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
 While legioned fairies paced the coverlet,
 And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
 Never on such a night have lovers met,
 Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the dame:
 "All cates and dainties shall be storèd there
 Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame
 Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
 For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
 On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
 Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in prayer

The while. Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
 180 Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
 The lover's endless minutes slowly passed;
 The dame returned, and whispered in his ear
 To follow her; with agèd eyes aghast
 185 From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
 Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
 The maiden's chamber, silken, hushed, and chaste;
 Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.
 His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

190 Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade,
 Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
 When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmèd maid,
 Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware:
 With silver taper's light, and pious care,
 195 She turned, and down the agèd gossip led
 To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
 Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
 She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove frayed and fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
 200 Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
 She closed the door, she panted, all akin
 To spirits of the air, and visions wide:
 No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
 But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
 205 Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
 As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
 Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
 All garlanded with carven imag'ries
 210 Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,

As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
 And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings, 215
 A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
 And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
 As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
 Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together pressed, 220
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
 And on her hair a glory, like a saint :
 She seemed a splendid angel, newly dressed,
 Save wings, for heaven : — Porphyro grew faint :
 She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint. 225

Anon his heart revives : her vespers done,
 Of all its wreathèd pearls her hair she frees ;
 Unclasps her warmèd jewels one by one ;
 Loosens her fragrant bodice ; by degrees
 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees : 230
 Half-hidden, like a mermaid in seaweed,
 Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
 In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
 But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest, 235
 In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
 Until the poppièd warmth of sleep oppressed
 Her soothèd limbs, and soul fatigued away ;
 Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day ;
 Blissfully havened both from joy and pain ; 240
 Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray ;
 Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
 As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
 Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress, 245
 And listened to her breathing, if it chanced
 To wake into a slumberous tenderness :

Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breathed himself : then from the closet crept,
250 Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hushed carpet, silent, stepped,
And 'tween the curtains peeped, where, lo ! — how fast she slept.

Then by the bedside, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
255 A table, and, half anguished, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet : —
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet !
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
260 Affray his ears, though but in dying tone : —
The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanchèd linen, smooth, and lavendered,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
265 Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd ;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon ;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez ; and spicèd dainties, every one,
270 From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

These delicacies he heaped with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathèd silver : sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
275 Filling the chilly room with perfume light. —
“And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake !
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite :
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache.”

280 Thus whispering, his warm, unnervèd arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream

By the dusk curtains : — 'twas a midnight charm
 Impossible to melt as icèd stream :
 The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam ;
 Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies : 285
 It seemed he never, never could redeem
 From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes ;
 So mused awhile, entoièd in woofèd phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute, —
 Tumultuous, — and, in chords that tenderest be, 290
 He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,
 In Provence called, "La belle dame sans merci,"
 Close to her ear touching the melody ; —
 Wherewith disturbed she uttered a soft moan :
 He ceased — she panted quick — and suddenly 295
 Her blue affrayèd eyes wide open shone :
 Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
 Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep :
 There was a painful change, that nigh expelled 300
 The blisses of her dream so pure and deep,
 At which fair Madeline began to weep,
 And moan forth witless words with many a sigh ;
 While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep ;
 Who knelt, with joinèd hands and piteous eye, 305
 Fearing to move or speak, she looked so dreamingly.

"Ah, Porphyro !" said she, "but even now
 Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
 Made tunable with every sweetest vow ;
 And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear : 310
 How changed thou art ! how pallid, chill, and drear !
 Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
 Those looks immortal, those complainings dear !
 Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
 For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go." 315

- Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
 At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
 Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
 Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose ;
 320 Into her dream he melted, as the rose
 Blendeth its odor with the violet, —
 Solution sweet : meantime the frost-wind blows
 Like Love's alarum, pattering the sharp sleet
 Against the window-panes ; St. Agnes' moon hath set.
- 325 'Tis dark : quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet :
 "This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline !"
 'Tis dark : the icèd gusts still rave and beat :
 "No dream, alas ! alas ! and woe is mine !
 Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine. —
 330 Cruel ! what traitor could thee hither bring ?
 I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
 Though thou forsakest a deceivèd thing ; —
 A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing."
- 335 "My Madeline ! sweet dreamer ! lovely bride !
 Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest ?
 Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil dyed ?
 Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
 After so many hours of toil and quest,
 A famished pilgrim, — saved by miracle.
 340 Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
 Saving of thy sweet self ; if thou think'st well
 To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.
- "Hark ! 'tis an elfin-storm from faery land,
 Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed :
 345 Arise — arise ! the morning is at hand ; —
 The bloated wassailers will never heed : —
 Let us away, my love, with happy speed ;
 There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see, —
 Drowned all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead :

Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be, 350
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears —
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found. — 355
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-dropped lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor. 360

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
Like phantoms, to the iron porch they glide;
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side:
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide, 365
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide: —
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones; —
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago 370
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old 375
Died palsy-twitched, with meagre face deform;
The Beadsman, after thousand avès told,
For aye unsought for slept among his ashes cold.

CHARLES LAMB

A Dissertation upon Roast Pig

(From Essays of Elia)

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Chofang, literally the Cook's Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following.

The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one

of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? — not from the burnt cottage — he had smelt that smell before — indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the 35 negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He 40 burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — *crackling!* Again he felt 45 and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to 50 tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as 55 thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat 60 him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

“You graceless whelp, what have you got there devour-

65 ing? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what — what have you got there, I say?"

70 "O, father, the pig, the pig, do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since 75 morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste — O Lord," — with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

80 Ho-ti trembled every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its 85 flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

90 Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's 95 cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in

a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent 100 to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town.

Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman 105 of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face 110 of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given, — to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present — without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty. 115

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, 120 and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long 125 time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming 130 a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century

or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and
135 seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind. —

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially
140 in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate — *princeps obsoniorum*.

I speak not of your grown porkers — things between pig
145 and pork — those hobbydehoys — but a young and tender suckling — under a moon old — guiltless as yet of the sty — with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest — his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and
150 a grumble — the mild forerunner, or *præludium*, of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled — but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of
155 the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called — the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance — with the adhesive oleaginous — O call it not fat — but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it
160 — the tender blossoming of fat — fat cropped in the bud — taken in the shoot — in the first innocence — the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food — the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna — or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other,
165 that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him, while he is doing — it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! — Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender 170 age, he hath wept out his pretty eyes — radiant jellies — shooting stars —

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! — wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer 175 swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal — wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation — from these sins he is happily snatched away —

“Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care” —

180

his memory is odoriferous — no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon — no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages — he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure — and for 185 such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of Savors. Pine-apple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent — a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause — too ravishing for mortal taste, she 190 woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her — like lovers' kisses, she biteth — she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish — but she stoppeth at the palate — she meddleth not with the appetite — and the coarsest hunger might barter her con- 195 sistently for a mutton chop.

Pig — let me speak his praise — is no less provocative of the appetite, than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the

ensorious palate. The strong man may batten on him,
200 and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwisted, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is — good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his
205 little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbors' fare.

I am one of those, who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take
210 as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as
215 freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavors, to extra-domiciliate, or send out
220 of the house, slightly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what) a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate — it argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school.
225 My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a gray-headed old beggar saluted
230 me (I have no doubt at this time of day that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity,

school-boy-like, I made him a present of — the whole cake ! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction ; but before I had 235 got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger, that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew ; and then I thought of the pleas- 240 ure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I — I myself, and not another — would eat her nice cake — and what should I say to her the next time I saw her — how naughty I was to part with her pretty present — and the odor of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure 245 and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last — and I blamed my impertinent spirit of alms-giving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness, and above all I 250 wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old gray impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipped to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete 255 custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have toward intenerating and dulcifying a substance, naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we 260 should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto —

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with 265 much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, sup-

posing that the flavor of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible
 270 suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of
 275 mild sage. But, banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are — but consider, he is a weakling
 280 — a flower.

Dream-Children; A Reverie

(*From Essays of Elia*)

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept
 5 about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene — so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country — of the tragic incidents
 10 which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a
 15 foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it.

Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by every body, though she was 20 not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining 25 county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were 30 set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed."

35

And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighborhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman: so good indeed that she 40 knew all the Psaltery by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer — here Alice's little right foot 45 played an involuntary movement, till upon my looking grave, it desisted — the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because 50

she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down
55 the great staircase near where she slept, but she said "those innocents would do her no harm;" and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she — and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all
60 his eyebrows and tried to look courageous.

Then I told how good she was to all her grand-children, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors
65 of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed
70 out — sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me — and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now
75 and then, — and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at — or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me —
80 or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth — or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the

water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent 85 friskings, — I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavors of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, 90 and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant.

Then in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to 95 love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it 100 carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out — and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries — and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome. 105 to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy — for he was a good bit older than me — many a mile when I could not walk for pain; — and how in after life he became lame-footed too, 110 and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while 115 ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry

or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have
120 done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew
not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness,
and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again,
to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather
than not have him again, and was as uneasy
125 without him, as he their poor uncle must have been when the
doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and
asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for
uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on
about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about
130 their pretty dead mother.

Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes,
sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair
Alice W——n; and, as much as children could understand,
I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial
135 meant in maidens — when suddenly, turning to Alice, the
soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a
reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of
them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was;
and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually
140 grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding till
nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the
utmost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed
upon me the effects of speech; “We are not of Alice, nor of
thee, nor are we children at all. The children of
145 Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing,
and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must
wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before
we have existence, and a name” — and immediately awaking,
I found myself quietly seated in my
150 bachelor armchair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful
Bridget unchanged by my side — but John L. (or James Elia)
was gone for ever.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

A Meeting with Lamb

(From London Reminiscences)

I was to come so early as to drink tea with Lamb; and the hour was seven. He lived in the Temple; and I, who was not then, as afterwards I became, a student and member of "the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple," did not know much of the localities. However, I found out his abode, 5 not greatly beyond my time: nobody had been asked to meet me, — which a little surprised me, but I was glad of it: for, besides Lamb, there was present his sister, Miss Lamb, of whom, and whose talents and sweetness of disposition, I had heard. I turned the conversation, upon the 10 first opening which offered, to the subject of Coleridge; and many of my questions were answered satisfactorily, because seriously, by Miss Lamb. But Lamb took a pleasure in baffling me, or in throwing ridicule upon the subject.

Out of this grew the matter of our affray. We were speak- 15 ing of "The Ancient Mariner." Now, to explain what followed, and a little to excuse myself, I must beg the reader to understand that I was under twenty years of age, and that my admiration for Coleridge (as, in perhaps a still greater degree, for Wordsworth) was literally in no respect short of a 20 religious feeling: it had, indeed, all the sanctity of religion, and all the tenderness of a human veneration. Then, also, to imagine the strength which it would derive from circumstances that do not exist now, but did then, let the reader further suppose a case — not such as he may have known 25 since that era about Sir Walter Scotts and Lord Byrons, where every man you could possibly fall foul of, early or late, night or day, summer or winter, was in perfect readiness to feel and express his sympathy with the admirer — but when no man, beyond one or two in each ten thousand, had so 30

much as heard of either Coleridge or Wordsworth, and that one, or those two, knew them only to scorn them, trample on them, spit upon them. Men so abject in public estimation, I maintain, as that Coleridge and that Wordsworth, 31, had not existed before, have not existed since, will not exist again.

We have heard in old times of donkeys insulting effete or dying lions by kicking them; but in the case of Coleridge and Wordsworth it was effete donkeys that kicked living 40 lions. They, Coleridge and Wordsworth, were the Pariahs of literature in those days: as much scorned wherever they were known; but escaping that scorn only because they were as little known as Pariahs, and even more obscure.

Well, after this bravura, by way of conveying my sense 45 of the real position then occupied by these two authors — a position which thirty and odd years have altered, by a revolution more astonishing and total than ever before happened in literature or in life — let the reader figure to himself the sensitive horror with which a young person, carrying his 50 devotion about with him, of necessity, as the profoundest of secrets, like a primitive Christian amongst a nation of Pagans, or a Roman Catholic convert amongst the bloody idolaters of Japan — in Oxford, above all places, hoping for no sympathy, and feeling a daily grief, almost a shame, 55 in harboring this devotion to that which, nevertheless, had done more for the expansion and sustenance of his own inner mind than all literature besides — let the reader figure, I say, to himself, the shock with which such a person must recoil from hearing the very friend and associate of these 60 authors utter what seemed at that time a burning ridicule of all which belonged to them — their books, their thoughts, their places, their persons. This had gone on for some time before we came upon the ground of “The Ancient Mariner”; I had been grieved, perplexed, astonished; and how else

could I have felt reasonably, knowing of Lamb's propensity 65
to mystify a stranger; he, on the other hand, knowing
nothing of the depth of my feelings on these subjects, and
that they were not so much mere literary preferences as
something that went deeper than life or household affec-
tions? 70

At length, when he had given utterance to some ferocious
canon of judgment, which seemed to question the entire
value of the poem, I said, perspiring (I dare say) in this
detestable crisis — "But, Mr. Lamb, good heavens! how is
it possible you can allow yourself in such opinions? What 75
instance could you bring from the poem that would bear
you out in these insinuations?" "Instances?" said Lamb:
"oh, I'll instance you, if you come to that. Instance, in-
deed! Pray, what do you say to this —

"The many men so beautiful,
And they all dead did lie'?"

80

So beautiful, indeed! Beautiful! Just think of such a gang
of Wapping vagabonds, all covered with pitch, and chewing
tobacco; and the old gentleman himself — what do you call
him? — the bright-eyed fellow?" What more might follow 85
I never heard; for, at this point, in a perfect rapture of
horror, I raised my hands — both hands — to both ears;
and, without stopping to think or to apologize, I endeavoured
to restore equanimity to my disturbed sensibilities by shut-
ting out all further knowledge of Lamb's impieties. 90

At length he seemed to have finished; so I, on my part,
thought I might venture to take off the embargo: and in
fact he *had* ceased: but no sooner did he find me restored to
my hearing than he said with a most sarcastic smile — which
he could assume upon occasion — "If you please, sir, we'll 95
say grace before we begin." I know not whether Lamb were
really piqued or not at the mode by which I had expressed

my disturbance: Miss Lamb certainly was not; her goodness led her to pardon me, and to treat me — in whatever light
 100 she might really view my almost involuntary rudeness — as the party who had suffered wrong; and, for the rest of the evening, she was so pointedly kind and conciliatory in her manner that I felt greatly ashamed of my boyish failure in self-command. Yet, after all, Lamb necessarily appeared
 105 so much worse, in my eyes, as a traitor is worse than an open enemy.

Lamb, after this one visit — not knowing at that time any particular reason for continuing to seek his acquaintance — I did not trouble with my calls for some years. At
 110 length, however, about the year 1808, and for the six or seven following years, in my evening visits to Coleridge, I used to meet him again; not often, but sufficiently to correct the altogether very false impression I had received of his character and manners.

Apostrophe to Opium

(*From Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*)

Oh! just, subtle, and mighty opium! that to the hearts of poor and rich alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for “the pangs that tempt the spirit to rebel,” bringest an assuaging balm; eloquent opium! that with thy potent
 5 rhetoric stealest away the purposes of wrath; and to the guilty man for one night givest back the hopes of his youth, and hands washed pure from blood; and to the proud man a brief oblivion for

“Wrongs unredress’d and insults unavenged;”

10 that summonest to the chancery of dreams, for the triumphs of suffering innocence, false witnesses; and confoundest perjury; and dost reverse the sentences of unrighteous judges: — thou buildest upon the bosom of darkness, out of

the fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples beyond the art of Phidias and Praxiteles — beyond the splendour 15 of Babylon and Hekatompylos: and “from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,” callest into sunny light the faces of long-buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances, cleansed from the “dishonours of the grave.” Thou only givest these gifts to man; and thou hast the keys of Para-20 dise, oh, just, subtle, and mighty opium!

Incident of the Malay

(From the Confessions)

I remember, about this time, a little incident, which I mention, because, trifling as it was, the reader will soon meet it again in my dreams, which it influenced more fearfully than could be imagined. One day a Malay knocked at my door. What business a Malay could have to transact 5 amongst English mountains, I cannot conjecture: but possibly he was on his road to a seaport about forty miles distant.

The servant who opened the door to him was a young girl born and bred amongst the mountains, who had never seen an Asiatic dress of any sort: his turban, therefore, con- 10 founded her not a little; and, as it turned out that his attainments in English were exactly of the same extent as hers in the Malay, there seemed to be an impassable gulf fixed between all communication of ideas, if either party had happened to possess any. In this dilemma, the girl, recol- 15 lecting the reputed learning of her master, and doubtless giving me credit for a knowledge of all the languages of the earth, besides, perhaps, a few of the lunar ones, came and gave me to understand that there was a sort of demon below, whom she clearly imagined that my art could exorcise from 20 the house. I did not immediately go down: but, when I did, the group which presented itself, arranged as it was by

accident, though not very elaborate, took hold of my fancy and my eye in a way that none of the statuesque attitudes
25 exhibited in the ballets at the Opera-house, though so ostentatiously complex, had ever done.

In a cottage kitchen, but panelled on the wall with dark wood that from age and rubbing resembled oak, and looking more like a rustic hall of entrance than a kitchen, stood the
30 Malay — his turban and loose trousers of dingy white relieved upon the dark panelling: he had placed himself nearer to the girl than she seemed to relish; though her native spirit of mountain intrepidity contended with the feeling of simple awe which her countenance expressed as she gazed upon the tiger-
35 cat before her. And a more striking picture there could not be imagined, than the beautiful English face of the girl, and its exquisite fairness, together with her erect and independent attitude, contrasted with the sallow and bilious skin of the Malay, enamelled or veneered with mahogany, by marine
40 air, his small, fierce restless eyes, thin lips, slavish gestures and adorations. Half-hidden by the ferocious looking Malay was a little child from a neighboring cottage who had crept in after him, and was now in the act of reverting its head, and gazing upwards at the turban and the fiery eyes beneath
45 it, whilst with one hand he caught at the dress of the young woman for protection. My knowledge of the Oriental tongues is not remarkably extensive, being indeed confined to two words — the Arabic word for barley, and the Turkish for opium (*majoon*), which I have learnt from Anastasius.
50 And, as I had neither a Malay dictionary, nor even Adelung's "*Mithridates*," which might have helped me to a few words, I addressed him in some lines from the *Iliad*; considering that, of such languages as I possessed, Greek, in point of longitude, came geographically nearest to an Oriental
55 one.

He worshipped me in a most devout manner, and replied in

what I suppose was Malay. In this way I saved my reputation with my neighbors: for the Malay had no means of betraying the secret. He lay down upon the floor for about an hour, and then pursued his journey. On his departure, 60 I presented him with a piece of opium. To him, as an Orientalist, I concluded that opium must be familiar: and the expression of his face convinced me that it was.

Nevertheless, I was struck with some little consternation when I saw him suddenly raise his hand to his mouth, 65 and, in the schoolboy phrase, bolt the whole, divided into three pieces, at one mouthful. The quantity was enough to kill three dragoons and their horses; and I felt some alarm for the poor creature; but what could be done? I had given him the opium in compassion for his solitary life, 70 on recollecting that if he had travelled on foot from London it must be nearly three weeks since he could have exchanged a thought with any human being. I could not think of violating the laws of hospitality by having him seized and drenched with an emetic, and thus frightening him into a 75 notion that we were going to sacrifice him to some English idol. No: there was clearly no help for it: — he took his leave: and for some days I felt anxious: but as I never heard of any Malay being found dead, I became convinced that he was used to opium: and that I must have done 80 him the service I designed, by giving him one night of respite from the pains of wandering.

This incident I have digressed to mention, because this Malay, partly from the picturesque exhibition he assisted to frame, partly from the anxiety I connected with his image 85 for some days, fastened afterwards upon my dreams, and brought other Malays with him worse than himself, that ran “a-muck” at me, and led me into a world of troubles.

From Pleasure to Pain

(From the Confessions)

But now farewell — a long farewell to happiness — winter or summer! farewell to smiles and laughter! farewell to peace of mind! farewell to hope and to tranquil dreams, and to the blessed consolations of sleep! for more than
 5 three years and a half I am summoned away from these: I am now arrived at an Iliad of woes: for I have now to record

THE PAINS OF OPIUM

“—— as when some great painter dips
 His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.”

Shelley's Revolt of Islam.

A Digression on Reading Aloud

(From the Confessions)

I shall now enter *in medias res*, and shall anticipate, from a time when my opium pains might be said to be at their *acme*, an account of their palsyng effects on the intellectual faculties.

5 My studies have now been long interrupted. I cannot read to myself with any pleasure, hardly with a moment's endurance. Yet I read aloud sometimes for the pleasure of others; because reading is an *accomplishment* as a superficial and ornamental attainment, almost the only one I possess:
 10 and formerly, if I had any vanity at all connected with any endowment or attainment of mine, it was with this; for I had observed that no accomplishment was so rare. Players are the worst readers of all: John Kemble reads vilely and Mrs. Siddons, who is so celebrated, can read nothing
 15 well but dramatic compositions: Milton she cannot read sufferably. People in general either read poetry without any

passion at all, or else overstep the modesty of nature, and read not like scholars. Of late, if I have felt moved by anything in books, it has been by the grand lamentations of Samson Agonistes, or the great harmonies of the Satanic 20 speeches in "Paradise Regained," when read aloud by myself. A young lady sometimes comes and drinks tea with us: at her request and M[argaret]'s I now and then read Wordsworth's poems to them. (Wordsworth, by and by, is the only poet I ever met who could read his own verses: 25 often indeed he reads admirably.)

SIR WALTER SCOTT

First Meeting of Edgar and Lucy

(*From The Bride of Lammermoor, Chap. V*)

Lucy had scarcely replied to her father in the words we have mentioned, and he was just about to rebuke her supposed timidity, when a bull, stimulated either by the scarlet colour of Miss Ashton's mantle, or by one of those fits of capricious ferocity to which their dispositions are liable, 5 detached himself suddenly from the group which was feeding at the upper extremity of a grassy glade, that seemed to lose itself among the crossing and entangled boughs. The animal approached the intruders on his pasture ground, at first slowly, pawing the ground with his hoof, bellowing from 10 time to time, and tearing up the sand with his horns, as if to lash himself up to rage and violence.

The Lord Keeper, who observed the animal's demeanour, was aware that he was about to become mischievous, and, drawing his daughter's arm under his own, began to walk 15 fast along the avenue, in hopes to get out of his sight and his reach. This was the most injudicious course he could have adopted, for, encouraged by the appearance of flight, the bull began to pursue them at full speed. Assailed by a

20 danger so imminent, firmer courage than that of the Lord Keeper might have given way. But paternal tenderness, "love strong as death," sustained him. He continued to support and drag onward his daughter, until, her fears altogether depriving her of the power of flight, she sunk down
25 by his side ; and when he could no longer assist her to escape, he turned round and placed himself betwixt her and the raging animal, which advancing in full career, its brutal fury enhanced by the rapidity of the pursuit, was now within a few yards of them. The Lord Keeper had no weapons ;
30 his age and gravity dispensed even with the usual appendage of a walking sword, — could such appendage have availed him anything.

It seemed inevitable that the father or daughter, or both, should have fallen victims to the impending danger, when a
35 shot from the neighbouring thicket arrested the progress of the animal. He was so truly struck between the junction of the spine with the skull, that the wound, which in any other part of his body might scarce have impeded his career, proved instantly fatal. Stumbling forward with a hideous bellow,
40 the progressive force of his previous motion, rather than any operation of his limbs, carried him up to within three yards of the astonished Lord Keeper, where he rolled on the ground, his limbs darkened with the black death-sweat, and quivering with the last convulsions of muscular motion.

45 Lucy lay senseless on the ground, insensible of the wonderful deliverance which she had experienced. Her father was almost equally stupefied, so rapid and unexpected had been the transition from the horrid death which seemed inevitable, to perfect security. He gazed on the animal, terrible even
50 in death, with a species of mute and confused astonishment, which did not permit him distinctly to understand what had taken place ; and so inaccurate was his consciousness of what had passed, that he might have supposed the bull had been

arrested in its career by a thunderbolt, had he not observed among the branches of the thicket the figure of a man, with 55 a short gun or musquetoon in his hand.

This instantly recalled him to a sense of their situation — a glance at his daughter reminded him of the necessity of procuring her assistance. He called to the man, whom he concluded to be one of his foresters, to give immediate 60 attention to Miss Ashton, while he himself hastened to call assistance. The huntsman approached them accordingly, and the Lord Keeper saw he was a stranger, but was too much agitated to make any farther remarks. In a few hurried words, he directed the shooter, as stronger and more active 65 than himself, to carry the young lady to a neighbouring fountain, while he went back to Alice's hut to procure more aid.

The man to whose timely interference they had been so much indebted, did not seem inclined to leave his good work 70 half finished. He raised Lucy from the ground in his arms, and conveying her through the glades of the forest by paths with which he seemed well acquainted, stopped not until he laid her in safety by the side of a plentiful and pellucid fountain, which had been once covered in, screened, and 75 decorated with architectural ornaments of a Gothic character. But now the vault which had covered it being broken down and riven, and the Gothic font ruined and demolished, the stream burst forth from the recess of the earth in open day, and winded its way among the broken sculpture and 80 moss-grown stones which lay in confusion around its source.

[Three paragraphs omitted here tell a "legendary tale" of the meeting by this fountain of a Ravenswood long since dead, and a beautiful nymph. They met once a week, and the nymph insisted that they must part with the ringing 85 of the vesper bell. Once the bell was delayed, the nymph plunged into the fountain, and was seen no more. The

spot was thereafter regarded as fatal to the Ravenswood family.]

90 It was on this ominous spot that Lucy Ashton first drew breath after her long and almost deadly swoon. Beautiful and pale as the fabulous Naiad in the last agony of separation from her lover, she was seated so as to rest with her back against a part of the ruined wall, while her mantle, dripping
95 with the water which her protector had used profusely to recall her senses, clung to her slender and beautifully proportioned form.

The first moment of recollection brought to her mind the danger which had overpowered her senses — the next called
100 to remembrance that of her father. She looked around — he was nowhere to be seen — “My father — my father!” was all that she could ejaculate.

“Sir William is safe,” answered the voice of a stranger — “perfectly safe, and will be with you instantly.”

105 “Are you sure of that?” exclaimed Lucy — “the bull was close by us — do not stop me — I must go to seek my father!”

And she arose with that purpose; but her strength was so much exhausted, that, far from possessing the power to
110 execute her purpose, she must have fallen against the stone on which she had leant, probably not without sustaining serious injury.

The stranger was so near to her, that, without actually suffering her to fall, he could not avoid catching her in his
115 arms, which, however, he did with a momentary reluctance, when youth interposes to prevent beauty from danger. It seemed as if her weight, slight as it was, proved too heavy for her young and athletic assistant, for, without feeling the temptation of detaining her in his arms even for a single
120 instant, he again placed her on the stone from which she had risen, and retreating a few steps, repeated hastily, “Sir

William Ashton is perfectly safe, and will be here instantly. Do not make yourself anxious on his account — Fate has singularly preserved him. You, madam, are exhausted, and must not think of rising until you have some assistance more 125 suitable than mine.”

Lucy, whose senses were by this time more effectually collected, was naturally led to look at the stranger with attention. There was nothing in his appearance which should have rendered him unwilling to offer his arm to a young 130 lady who required support, or which could have induced her to refuse his assistance; and she could not help thinking, even in that moment, that he seemed cold and reluctant to offer it. A shooting-dress of dark cloth intimated the rank of the wearer, though concealed in part by a large and loose 135 cloak of a dark brown colour. A Montero cap and a black feather drooped over the wearer's brow, and partly concealed his features, which, so far as seen, were dark, regular, and full of majestic, though somewhat sullen, expression. Some secret sorrow, or the brooding spirit of some moody passion, 140 had quenched the light and ingenuous vivacity of youth in a countenance singularly fitted to display both; and it was not easy to gaze on the stranger without a secret impression either of pity or awe, or at least of doubt and curiosity allied to both. 145

The impression which we have necessarily been long in describing, Lucy felt in the glance of a moment, and had no sooner encountered the keen black eyes of the stranger, than her own were bent on the ground with a mixture of bashful embarrassment and fear. Yet there was a necessity to speak, 150 or at least she thought so, and in a fluttered accent she began to mention her wonderful escape, in which she was sure that the stranger must, under Heaven, have been her father's protector, and her own.

He seemed to shrink from her expressions of gratitude, 155

while he replied abruptly, "I leave you, madam," — the deep melody of his voice rendered powerful, but not harsh, by something like a severity of tone — "I leave you to the protection of those to whom it is possible you may have this
160 day been a guardian angel."

Lucy was surprised at the ambiguity of his language, and, with a feeling of artless and unaffected gratitude, began to deprecate the idea of having intended to give her deliverer any offence, as if such a thing had been possible. "I have
165 been unfortunate," she said, "in endeavouring to express my thanks — I am sure it must be so, though I cannot recollect what I said — but would you but stay till my father — till the Lord Keeper comes — would you only permit him to pay you his thanks, and to enquire your name?"

170 "My name is unnecessary," answered the stranger; "your father — I would rather say Sir William Ashton — will learn it soon enough, for all the pleasure it is likely to afford him."

"You mistake him," said Lucy earnestly; "he will be
175 grateful for my sake and for his own. You do not know my father, or you are deceiving me with a story of his safety, when he has already fallen a victim to the fury of that animal."

When she had caught this idea, she started from the
180 ground, and endeavoured to press towards the avenue in which the accident had taken place, while the stranger, though he seemed to hesitate between the desire to assist and the wish to leave her, was obliged, in common humanity, to oppose her both by entreaty and action.

185 "On the word of a gentleman, madam, I tell you the truth — your father is in perfect safety; you will expose yourself to injury if you venture back where the herd of wild cattle grazed. — If you will go" — for, having once adopted the idea that her father was still in danger, she pressed forward

in spite of him — “If you *will* go, accept my arm, though I 190
am not perhaps the person who can with most propriety offer
you support.”

But, without heeding this intimation, Lucy took him at
his word. “O if you be a man,” she said, — “If you be a
gentleman, assist me to find my father! You shall not 195
leave me — you must go with me — he is dying perhaps while
we are talking here!”

Then, without listening to excuse or apology, and holding
fast by the stranger’s arm, though unconscious of any thing
save the support which it gave, and without which she 200
could not have moved, mixed with a vague feeling of pre-
venting his escape from her, she was urging, and almost
dragging him forward, when Sir William Ashton came up,
followed by the female attendant of blind Alice, and by two
wood-cutters, whom he had summoned from their occupa- 205
tion to his assistance. His joy at seeing his daughter safe,
overcame the surprise with which he would at another time
have beheld her hanging as familiarly on the arm of a stranger,
as she might have done upon his own.

“Lucy, my dear Lucy, are you safe? — are you well?” 210
were the only words that broke from him as he embraced her
in ecstasy.

“I am well, sir, thank God! and still more that I see you
so; — but this gentleman,” she said, quitting his arm, and
shrinking from him, “What must he think of me?” and her 215
eloquent blood, flushing over neck and brow, spoke how
much she was ashamed of the freedom with which she had
craved, and even compelled his assistance.

“This gentleman,” said Sir William Ashton, “will, I trust,
not regret the trouble we have given him, when I assure him 220
of the gratitude of the Lord Keeper for the greatest service
which one man ever rendered to another — for the life of
my child — for my own life, which he has saved by his

bravery and presence of mind. He will, I am sure, permit us
225 to request" —

"Request nothing of *me*, my lord," said the stranger, in a stern and peremptory tone; "I am the Master of Ravenswood."

There was a dead pause of surprise, not unmixed with less
230 pleasant feelings. The Master wrapt himself in his cloak, made a haughty inclination towards Lucy, muttering a few words of courtesy, as indistinctly heard as they seemed to be reluctantly uttered, and, turning from them, was immediately lost in the thicket.

Soldier, Rest !

(*From The Lady of the Lake, Canto I*)

Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking ;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
5 In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
10 Dream of fighting fields no more ;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,
15 Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
20 Booming from the sedgy shallow.

Ruder sounds shall none be near,
 Guards nor warders challenge here,
 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
 Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done ; 25

While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
 Dream not, with the rising sun,

Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
 Sleep ! the deer is in his den ;

Sleep ! thy hounds are by thee lying : 30

Sleep ! nor dream in yonder glen

How thy gallant steed lay dying.

Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done ;

Think not of the rising sun,

For at dawning to assail ye 35

Here no bugles sound reveillé.

Here's a Health to King Charles

(From Woodstock, Chap. XX)

Bring the bowl which you boast,

Fill it up to the brim ;

'Tis to him we love most,

And to all who love him.

Brave gallants, stand up, 5

And avaunt ye, base carles !

Were there death in the cup,

Here's a health to King Charles !

Though he wanders through dangers,

Unaided, unknown, 10

Dependent on strangers,

Estranged from his own ;

Though 'tis under our breath,

Amidst forfeits and perils,

Here's to honour and faith, 15

And a health to King Charles !

20 Let such honours abound
 As the time can afford,
 The knee on the ground,
 And the hand on the sword;
 But the time shall come round
 When, 'mid Lords, Dukes, and Earls,
 The loud trumpet shall sound,
 Here's a health to King Charles!

The Escape of Marmion

(From *Marmion*, Canto VI)

XIII

Not far advanced was morning day,
 When Marmion did his troop array
 To Surrey's camp to ride;
 He had safe-conduct for his band
 5 Beneath the royal seal and hand,
 And Douglas gave a guide;
 The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
 Would Clara on her palfrey place,
 And whisper'd in an under tone,
 10 "Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown." —
 The train from out the castle drew,
 But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu: —
 "Though something I might plain," he said,
 "Of cold respect to stranger guest,
 15 Sent hither by your King's behest,
 While in Tantallon's towers I staid;
 Part we in friendship from your land,
 And, noble Earl, receive my hand." —
 But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
 20 Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
 "My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
 Be open, at my Sovereign's will,
 To each one whom he lists, howe'er
 Unmeet to be the owner's peer.

My castles are my King's alone, 25
 From turret to foundation-stone —
 The hand of Douglas is his own;
 And never shall in friendly grasp
 The hand of such as Marmion clasp." —

XIV

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire, 30
 And shook his very frame for ire,
 And — "This to me!" he said, —
 "An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
 Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
 To cleave the Douglas' head! 35
 And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
 He, who does England's message here,
 Although the meanest in her state,
 May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
 And, Douglas, more I tell thee here, 40
 Even in thy pitch of pride,
 Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
 (Nay, never look upon your lord,
 And lay your hands upon your sword,)
 I tell thee, thou'rt defied! 45
 And if thou said'st, I am not peer
 To any lord in Scotland here,
 Lowland or Highland, far or near,
 Lord Angus, thou hast lied!" —
 On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage 50
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
 Fierce he broke forth, — "And darest thou then
 To beard the lion in his den,
 The Douglas in his hall?
 And hopest thou hence unscathed to go? — 55
 No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
 Up drawbridge, grooms — what. Warder, ho!
 Let the portcullis fall." —

60 Lord Marmion turn'd, — well was his need,
And dash'd the rowel in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung :
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars descending, razed his plume.

XV

65 The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise ;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim :
And when Lord Marmion reach'd his band,
70 He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
"Horse ! horse !" the Douglas cried, "and chase !"
But soon he rein'd his fury's pace :
75 "A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.
A letter forged ! Saint Jude to speed !
Did ever knight so foul a deed !
At first in heart it liked me ill,
80 When the King praised his clerkly skill.
Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line :
So swore I, and I swear it still,
Let my boy-bishop fret his fill. —
85 Saint Mary mend my fiery mood !
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.
"Tis pity of him too," he cried :
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,
90 I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

JANE AUSTEN

Elizabeth has a Distinguished Visitor*(From Pride and Prejudice, Chap. LVI)*

One morning, about a week after Bingley's engagement with Jane had been formed, as he and the females of the family were sitting together in the dining-room, their attention was suddenly drawn to the window, by the sound of a carriage; and they perceived a chaise-and-four driving 5 up the lawn. It was too early in the morning for visitors, and besides, the equipage did not answer to that of any of their neighbours. The horses were post; and neither the carriage nor the livery of the servant who preceded it, were familiar to them. As it was certain, however, that somebody 10 was coming, Bingley instantly prevailed on Miss Bennet to avoid the confinement of such an intrusion, and walk away with him into the shrubbery. They both set off, and the conjectures of the remaining three continued, though with little satisfaction, till the door was thrown open, and their 15 visitor entered. It was Lady Catherine de Bourgh.

They were of course all intending to be surprised; but their astonishment was beyond their expectation; and on the part of Mrs. Bennet and Kitty, though she was perfectly unknown to them, even inferior to what Elizabeth felt. 20

She entered the room with an air more than usually ungracious, made no other reply to Elizabeth's salutation than a slight inclination of the head, and sat down without saying a word. Elizabeth had mentioned her name to her mother on her ladyship's entrance, though no request of introduction 25 had been made.

Mrs. Bennet, all amazement, though flattered by having a guest of such high importance, received her with the utmost politeness. After sitting for a moment in silence, she said, very stiffly to Elizabeth —

"I hope you are well, Miss Bennet. That lady, I suppose, is your mother?"

Elizabeth replied very concisely that she was.

"And *that*, I suppose, is one of your sisters?"

35 "Yes, madam," said Mrs. Bennet, delighted to speak to a Lady Catherine. "She is my youngest girl but one, my youngest of all is lately married; and my eldest is somewhere about the ground, walking with a young man, who, I believe, will soon become a part of the family."

40 "You have a very small park here," returned Lady Catherine, after a short silence.

"It is nothing in comparison of Rosings, my lady, I dare say; but, I assure you, it is much larger than Sir William Lucas's."

"This must be a most inconvenient sitting-room for the
45 evening in summer: the windows are full west."

Mrs. Bennet assured her that they never sat there after dinner, and then added —

"May I take the liberty of asking your ladyship whether you left Mr. and Mrs. Collins well?"

50 "Yes, very well. I saw them the night before last."

Elizabeth now expected that she would produce a letter for her from Charlotte, as it seemed the only probable motive for her calling. But no letter appeared, and she was completely puzzled.

55 Mrs. Bennet, with great civility, begged her ladyship to take some refreshment; but Lady Catherine very resolutely, and not very politely, declined eating anything; and then rising up, said to Elizabeth —

"Miss Bennet, there seemed to be a prettyish kind of a
60 little wilderness on one side of your lawn. I should be glad to take a turn in it, if you will favour me with your company."

"Go, my dear," cried her mother, "and shew her ladyship about the different walks. I think she will be pleased with the hermitage."

Elizabeth obeyed, and, running into her own room for her 65 parasol, attended her noble guest downstairs. As they passed through the hall, Lady Catherine opened the doors into the dining-parlour and drawing-room, and pronouncing them, after a short survey, to be decent-looking rooms, walked on.

Her carriage remained at the door, and Elizabeth saw 70 that her waiting-woman was in it. They proceeded in silence along the gravel-walk that led to the copse; Elizabeth was determined to make no effort for conversation with a woman who was now more than usually insolent and disagreeable.

"How could I ever think her like her nephew?" said she, 75 as she looked in her face.

As soon as they entered the copse, Lady Catherine began in the following manner:—

"You can be at no loss, Miss Bennet, to understand the reason of my journey hither. Your own heart, your own 80 conscience, must tell you why I come."

Elizabeth looked with unaffected astonishment.

"Indeed, you are mistaken, madam. I have not been at all able to account for the honour of seeing you here."

"Miss Bennet," replied her ladyship, in an angry tone, 85 "you ought to know that I am not to be trifled with. But, however insincere *you* may choose to be, you shall not find *me* so. My character has ever been celebrated for its sincerity and frankness, and in a cause of such moment as this I shall certainly not depart from it. A report of a most 90 alarming nature reached me two days ago. I was told that not only your sister was on the point of being most advantageously married, but that *you*, that Miss Elizabeth Bennet, would, in all likelihood, be soon afterwards united to my nephew — my own nephew — Mr. Darcy. Though I 95 *know* it must be a scandalous falsehood — though I would not injure him so much as to suppose the truth of it possible, I instantly resolved on setting off for this place, that I might make my sentiments known to you."

100 "If you believed it impossible to be true," said Elizabeth, colouring with astonishment and disdain, "I wonder you took the trouble of coming so far. What could your ladyship propose by it?"

"At once to insist upon having such a report universally
105 contradicted."

"Your coming to Longbourn, to see me and my family," said Elizabeth coolly, "will be rather a confirmation of it; if, indeed, such a report is in existence."

"If! do you, then, pretend to be ignorant of it? Has it
110 not been industriously circulated by yourselves? Do you not know that such a report is spread abroad?"

"I never heard that it was."

"And can you likewise declare, that there is no *foundation* for it?"

115 "I do not pretend to possess equal frankness with your ladyship. *You* may ask questions, which *I* shall not choose to answer."

"This is not to be borne! Miss Bennet, I insist on being satisfied. Has he, has my nephew, made you an offer of
120 marriage?"

"Your ladyship has declared it to be impossible."

"It ought to be so; it must be so, while he retains the use of his reason. But *your* arts and allurements may, in a moment of infatuation, have made him forget what he owes
125 to himself and to all his family. You may have drawn him in."

"If I have, I shall be the last person to confess it."

"Miss Bennet, do you know who I am? I have not been accustomed to such language as this. I am almost the nearest
130 relation he has in the world, and am entitled to know all his dearest concerns."

"But you are not entitled to know *mine*; nor will such behaviour as this ever induce me to be explicit."

"Let me be rightly understood. This match, to which you have the presumption to aspire, can never take place. No, 135 never. Mr. Darcy is engaged to *my daughter*. Now, what have you to say?"

"Only this: that if he is so, you can have no reason to suppose he will make an offer to me."

Lady Catherine hesitated for a moment, and then 140 replied —

"The engagement between them is of a peculiar kind. From their infancy, they have been intended for each other. It was the favourite wish of *his* mother, as well as of hers. While in their cradles, we planned the union: and now, at 145 the moment when the wishes of both sisters would be accomplished in their marriage, to be prevented by a young woman of inferior birth, of no importance in the world, and wholly unallied to the family! Do you pay no regard to the wishes of his friends — to his tacit engagement with 150 Miss de Bourgh? Are you lost to every feeling of propriety and delicacy? Have you not heard me say that from his earliest hours he was destined for his cousin?"

"Yes, and I had heard it before. But what is that to me? If there is no other objection to my marrying your nephew, 155 I shall certainly not be kept from it by knowing that his mother and aunt wished him to marry Miss de Bourgh. You both did as much as you could, in planning the marriage; its completion depended on others. If Mr. Darcy is neither by honour nor inclination confined to his cousin, why is 160 not he to make another choice? and if I am that choice, why may I not accept him?"

"Because honour, decorum, prudence — nay, interest, forbid it. Yes, Miss Bennet, interest; for do not expect to be noticed by his family or friends if you wilfully act against 165 the inclinations of all. You will be censured, slighted, and despised by every one connected with him. Your alliance

will be a disgrace; your name will never even be mentioned by any of us."

170 "These are heavy misfortunes," replied Elizabeth. "But the wife of Mr. Darcy must have such extraordinary sources of happiness necessarily attached to her situation, that she could, upon the whole, have no cause to repine."

"Obstinate, headstrong girl! I am ashamed of you! Is
175 this your gratitude for my attentions to you last spring? Is nothing due to me on that score?"

"Let us sit down. You are to understand, Miss Bennet, that I came here with the determined resolution of carrying my purpose; nor will I be dissuaded from it. I have not
180 been used to submit to any person's whims. I have not been in the habit of brooking disappointment."

"*That* will make your ladyship's situation at present more pitiable; but it will have no effect on *me*."

"I will not be interrupted! Hear me in silence. My
185 daughter and my nephew are formed for each other. They are descended, on the maternal side, from the same noble line; and, on the fathers', from respectable, honourable, and ancient, though untitled families. Their fortune on both sides is splendid. They are destined for each other by the
190 voice of every member of their respective houses; and what is to divide them? The upstart pretensions of a young woman without family, connections, or fortune. Is this to be endured? But it must not, shall not be! If you were sensible of your own good, you would not wish to quit the
195 sphere in which you have been brought up."

"In marrying your nephew I should not consider myself as quitting that sphere. He is a gentleman; I am a gentleman's daughter: so far we are equal."

"True. You *are* a gentleman's daughter. But who was
200 your mother? Who are your uncles and aunts? Do not imagine me ignorant of their condition."

"Whatever my connections may be," said Elizabeth, "if your nephew does not object to them, they can be nothing to you."

"Tell me, once for all, are you engaged to him?" 205

Though Elizabeth would not, for the mere purpose of obliging Lady Catherine, have answered this question, she could not but say, after a moment's deliberation, "I am not."

Lady Catherine seemed pleased.

"And will you promise me never to enter into such an engagement?" 210

"I will make no promise of the kind."

"Miss Bennet, I am shocked and astonished. I expected to find a more reasonable young woman. But do not deceive yourself into a belief that I will ever recede. I shall 215 not go away till you have given me the assurance I require."

"And I certainly *never* shall give it. I am not to be intimidated into anything so wholly unreasonable. Your ladyship wants Mr. Darcy to marry your daughter; but would my giving you the wished-for promise make *their* 220 marriage at all more probable? Supposing him to be attached to me, would *my* refusing to accept his hand make him wish to bestow it on his cousin? Allow me to say, Lady Catherine, that the arguments with which you have supported this extraordinary application have been as 225 frivolous as the application was ill-judged. You have widely mistaken my character, if you think I can be worked on by such persuasions as these. How far your nephew might approve of your interference in *his* affairs I cannot tell; but you have certainly no right to concern yourself 230 in mine. I must beg, therefore, to be importuned no further on the subject."

"Not so hasty, if you please. I have by no means done. To all the objections I have already urged, I have still another to add. I am no stranger to the particulars of your 235

youngest sister's infamous elopement. I know it all; that the young man's marrying her was a patched-up business, at the expense of your father and uncle. And is *such* a girl to be my nephew's sister? Is *her* husband, who is the
240 son of his late father's steward, to be his brother? Heaven and earth — of what are you thinking? Are the shades of Pemberley to be thus polluted?"

"You can *now* have nothing farther to say," she resentfully answered. "You have insulted me in every possible method.
245 I must beg to return to the house."

And she rose as she spoke. Lady Catherine rose also, and they turned back. Her ladyship was highly incensed.

"You have no regard, then, for the honour and credit of my nephew! Unfeeling, selfish girl! Do you not consider
250 that a connection with you must disgrace him in the eyes of everybody?"

"Lady Catherine, I have nothing further to say. You know my sentiments."

"You are, then, resolved to have him?"
255 "I have said no such thing. I am only resolved to act in that manner which will, in my own opinion, constitute my happiness, without reference to *you*, or to any person so wholly unconnected with me."

"It is well. You refuse, then, to oblige me. You refuse
260 to obey the claims of duty, honour, and gratitude. You are determined to ruin him in the opinion of all his friends, and make him the contempt of the world."

"Neither duty, nor honour, nor gratitude," replied Elizabeth, "has any possible claim on me in the present instance.
265 No principle of either would be violated by my marriage with Mr. Darcy. And with regard to the resentment of his family or the indignation of the world, if the former *were* excited by his marrying me, it would not give me one moment's concern — and the world in general would have
270 too much sense to join in the scorn."

“And this is your real opinion ! This is your final resolve ! Very well. I shall now know how to act. Do not imagine, Miss Bennet, that your ambition will ever be gratified. I came to try you. I hoped to find you reasonable ; but, depend upon it, I will carry my point.”

275

In this manner Lady Catherine talked on, till they were at the door of the carriage, when, turning hastily round, she added —

“I take no leave of you, Miss Bennet. I send no compliments to your mother. You deserve no such attention. 280 I am seriously displeased.”

Elizabeth made no answer, and, without attempting to persuade her ladyship to return into the house, walked quietly into it herself.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

James Boswell

(*From essay on Boswell's Life of Johnson*)

That such a man should have written one of the best books in the world is strange enough. But this is not all. Many persons who have conducted themselves foolishly in active life, and whose conversation has indicated no superior powers of mind, have left us valuable works. Goldsmith was very 5 justly described by one of his contemporaries as an inspired idiot, and by another as a being,

“Who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll.”

La Fontaine was in society a mere simpleton. His blunders would not come in amiss among the stories of Hierocles. But 10 these men attained literary eminence in spite of their weaknesses. Boswell attained it by reason of his weaknesses. If he had not been a great fool, he would never have been a great writer. Without all the qualities which made him the jest

15 and the torment of those among whom he lived, without the officiousness, the inquisitiveness, the effrontery, the toad-eating, the insensibility to all reproof, he never could have produced so excellent a book. He was a slave proud of his servitude, a Paul Pry, convinced that his own curiosity
20 and garrulity were virtues, an unsafe companion who never scrupled to repay the most liberal hospitality by the basest violation of confidence, a man without delicacy, without shame, without sense enough to know when he was hurting the feelings of others or when he was exposing himself to derision;
25 and because he was all this, he has, in an important department of literature, immeasurably surpassed such writers as Tacitus, Clarendon, Alfieri, and his own idol Johnson.

Of the talents which ordinarily raise men to eminence as writers, Boswell had absolutely none. There is not in all
30 his books a single remark of his own on literature, politics, religion, or society, which is not either commonplace or absurd. His dissertations on hereditary gentility, on the slave-trade, and on the entailing of landed estates, may serve as examples. To say that these passages are sophistical
35 would be to pay them an extravagant compliment. They have no pretence to argument, or even to meaning. He has reported innumerable observations made by himself in the course of conversation. Of those observations we do not remember one which is above the intellectual capacity of a
40 boy of fifteen. He has printed many of his own letters, and in these letters he is always ranting or twaddling. Logic, eloquence, wit, taste, all those things which are generally considered as making a book valuable, were utterly wanting to him. He had, indeed, a quick observation and a retentive
45 memory. These qualities, if he had been a man of sense and
• virtue, would scarcely of themselves have sufficed to make him conspicuous; but because he was a dunce, a parasite, and a coxcomb, they have made him immortal.

Scene at the Trial of Warren Hastings

(From essay on Warren Hastings)

On the 13th of February, 1788, the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewelry and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but, perhaps, there never 5 was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, and imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot, and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are 10 developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our constitu- 15 tion were laid, or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, 20 on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with 25 acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had 30 confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage

which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The
35 peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three fourths of the
40 Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior Baron present led the way, George Eliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk,
45 Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet.

The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has
50 rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-
55 haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all
60 the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by
65 side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the

age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted 70 a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There too was 75 she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock-80 hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone around Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

London Coffee-Houses

(*From History of England, Chap. III*)

The coffee-house must not be dismissed with a cursory mention. It might, indeed, at that time have been not improperly called a most important political institution. No Parliament had sat for years. The municipal council of the city had ceased to speak the sense of the citizens. Public 5 meetings, harangues, resolutions, and the rest of the modern machinery of agitation had not yet come into fashion. Nothing resembling the modern newspaper existed. In such circumstances the coffee-houses were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself. 10

The first of these establishments had been set up, in the

time of the Commonwealth, by a Turkey merchant, who had acquired among the Mahometans a taste for their favourite beverage. The convenience of being able to make appointments in any part of the town, and of being able to pass evenings socially at a very small charge, was so great that the fashion spread fast. Every man of the upper or middle class went daily to his coffee-house to learn the news and discuss it. Every coffee-house had one or more orators to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration, and who soon became, what the journalists of our time have been called, a fourth Estate of the realm. The court had long seen with uneasiness the growth of this new power in the state.

An attempt had been made, during Danby's administration, to close the coffee-houses. But men of all parties missed their usual places of resort so much that there was a universal outcry. The government did not venture, in opposition to a feeling so strong and general, to enforce a regulation of which the legality might well be questioned. Since that time ten years had elapsed, and during those years the number and influence of the coffee-houses had been constantly increasing. Foreigners remarked that the coffee-house was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities; that the coffee-house was the Londoner's home, and that those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Nobody was excluded from these places who laid down his penny at the bar.

Yet every rank and profession, and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own headquarters. There were houses near Saint James's Park where fops congregated, their heads and shoulders covered with black or flaxen wigs, not less ample than those which are worn by

the Chancellor and by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The wig came from Paris ; and so did the rest of the fine gentleman's ornaments, his embroidered coat, his fringed gloves, and the tassels which upheld his pantaloons. The conversation was in that dialect which, long after it had 50 ceased to be spoken in fashionable circles, continued, in the mouth of Lord Foppington, to excite the mirth of theatres. The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer's shop. Tobacco in any other form than that of richly scented snuff was held in abomination. If any clown, ignorant of the usages of the 55 house, called for a pipe, the sneers of the whole assembly and the short answers of the waiters soon convinced him that he had better go somewhere else.

Nor, indeed, would he have had far to go. For, in general, the coffee-rooms reeked with tobacco like a guard-60 room ; and strangers sometimes expressed their surprise that so many people should leave their own firesides to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's. That celebrated house situated between Covent Garden and Bow Street, 65 was sacred to polite letters. There the talk was about poetical justice and the unities of place and time. There was a faction for Perrault and the moderns, a faction for Boileau and the ancients. One group debated whether *Paradise Lost* ought not to have been in rhyme. To another 70 an envious poetaster demonstrated that *Venice Preserved* ought to have been hooted from the stage. Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen. There were Earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert Templars, sheepish lads from the Universities, translators 75 and index-makers in ragged coats of frieze. The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sat. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook by the fire ; in summer it stood in the balcony. To bow to the Laureate,

80 and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy or of Bossu's treatise on epic poetry, was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff-box was an honour sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast.

There were coffee-houses where the first medical men might
85 be consulted. Dr. John Radcliffe, who, in the year 1685, rose to the largest practice in London, came daily, at the hour when the Exchange was full, from his house in Bow Street, then a fashionable part of the capital, to Garraway's, and was to be found, surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries, at a particular table. There were Puritan coffee-houses where no oath was heard, and where lank-haired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses; Jew coffee-houses where dark-eyed money changers from Venice and from Amsterdam greeted each other; and popish
95 coffee-houses where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned, over their cups, another great fire, and cast silver bullets to shoot the King.

The Battle of Ivry

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance;
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of
France!

5 And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy;
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war!
10 Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;

With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears;
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land; 15
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we look'd on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre. 20

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He look'd upon his people, and a tear was in his eye!
He look'd upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smil'd on us, as roll'd from wing to wing, 25
Down all our line, in deafening shout: "God save our lord, the
King!"

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre." 30

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din,
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery duke is pricking fast across St. Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France, 35
Charge for the golden lilies, — upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre. 40

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned his
rein;

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.

- 45 And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
 "Remember Saint Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
50 As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;
And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white.

- 55 Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His Church
such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of
war,

- 60 Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's
souls.

- 65 Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night;
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the
slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are;

- 70 And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

THOMAS CARLYLE

James Boswell

(From essay on Boswell's Life of Johnson)

We have next a word to say of James Boswell. Boswell has already been much commented upon; but rather in the way of censure and vituperation than of true recognition. He was a man that brought himself much before the world; confessed that he eagerly coveted fame, or, if that were not possible, notoriety; of which latter as he gained far more than seemed his due, the public were incited, not only by their natural love of scandal, but by a special ground of envy, to say whatever ill of him could be said. Out of the fifteen millions that then lived, and had bed and board, in 10 the British Islands, this man has provided us a greater *pleasure* than any other individual at whose cost we now enjoy ourselves; perhaps has done us a greater *service* than can be specially attributed to more than two or three: yet, ungrateful that we are, no written or spoken eulogy of James 15 Boswell anywhere exists; his recompense in solid pudding (so far as copyright went) was not excessive; and as for the empty praise, it has altogether been denied him. Men are unwise than children; they do *not* know the hand that feeds them. 20

Boswell was a person whose mean or bad qualities lay open to the general eye; visible, palpable to the dullest. His good qualities, again, belonged not to the Time he lived in; were far from common then; indeed, in such a degree, were almost unexampled; not recognizable therefore by every 25 one; nay, apt even (so strange had they grown) to be confounded with the very vices they lay contiguous to, and had sprung out of. That he was a wine-bibber and gross liver; gluttonously fond of whatever would yield him a little solacement, were it only of a stomachic character, is undeniable 30

enough. That he was vain, heedless, a babbler; had much of the sycophant, alternating with the braggadocio, curiously spiced too with an all-pervading dash of the coxcomb; that he gloried much when the Tailor, by a court-suit, had
 35 made a new man of him; that he appeared at the Shakespeare Jubilee with a riband, imprinted "CORSIKA BOSWELL," round his hat; and in short, if you will, lived no day of his life without doing and saying more than one pretentious ineptitude: all this unhappily is evident as the sun at noon.
 40 The very look of Boswell seems to have signified so much. In that cocked nose, cocked partly in triumph over his weaker fellow-creatures, partly to snuff-up the smell of coming pleasure, and scent it from afar; in those bag-cheeks, hanging like half-filled wine-skins, still able to contain more; in that
 45 coarsely protruded shelf-mouth, that fat dewlapped chin; in all this, who sees not sensuality, pretension, boisterous imbecility enough; much that could not have been ornamental in the temper of a great man's overfed great man (what the Scotch name *flunky*), though it had been more
 50 natural there? The under part of Boswell's face is of a low, almost brutish character.

Unfortunately, on the other hand, what great and genuine good lay in him was nowise so self-evident. That Boswell was a hunter after spiritual Notabilities, that he loved such,
 55 and longed, and even crept and crawled, to be near them; that he first (in old Touchwood Auchinleck's phraseology) "took on with Paoli"; and then being off with "the Corsican lanlouper," took on with a schoolmaster, "ane that keeped a schule, and ca'd it an academy": that he did all this, and
 60 could not help doing it, we account a very singular merit. The man, once for all, had an "open sense," an open loving heart, which so few have: where Excellence existed, he was compelled to acknowledge it; was drawn towards it, and (let the old sulphur-brand of a Laird say what he liked)

could not but walk with it, — if not as superior, if not as 65 equal, then as inferior and lackey; better so than not at all.

If we reflect now that this love of Excellence had not only such an evil *nature* to triumph over; but also what an *education* and social position withstood it and weighed it down, its innate strength, victorious over all these things, may aston- 70 ish us. Consider what an inward impulse there must have been, how many mountains of impediment hurled aside, before the Scottish Laird could, as humble servant, embrace the knees (the bosom was not permitted him) of the English Dominie! “Your Scottish Laird,” says an English naturalist 75 of these days, “may be defined as the hungriest and vainest of all bipeds yet known.” Boswell too was a Tory; of quite peculiarly feudal, genealogical, pragmatistical temper; had been nurtured in an atmosphere of Heraldry, at the feet of a very Gamaliel in that kind; within bare walls, adorned 80 only with pedigrees; amid serving-men in threadbare livery: all things teaching him, from birth upwards, to remember that a Laird was a Laird. Perhaps there was a special vanity in his very blood: old Auchinleck had, if not the gay, tail-spreading, peacock vanity of his son, no little of the 85 slow-stalking, contentious, hissing vanity of the gander; a still more fatal species. Scottish Advocates will yet tell you how the ancient man, having chanced to be the first sheriff appointed (after the abolition of “hereditary jurisdiction”) by royal authority, was wont, in dull-snuffing, 90 pompous tone, to preface many a deliverance from the bench with these words: “I, the first King’s Sheriff in Scotland, —”

And now behold the worthy Bozzy, so prepossessed and held back by nature and by art, fly nevertheless like iron to its magnet, whither his better genius called! You may 95 surround the iron and the magnet with what enclosures and encumbrances you please, — with wood, with rubbish, with brass: it matters not, the two fell each other, they struggle

restlessly towards each other, they *will* be together. The
 100 iron may be a Scottish squirelet, full of gulosity and "gig-
 manity;"¹ the magnet an English plebeian, and moving rag-
 and-dust mountain, coarse, proud, irascible, imperious:
 nevertheless, behold how they embrace, and inseparably
 cleave to one another! It is one of the strangest phenomena
 105 of the past century, that at a time when the old reverent
 feeling of Discipleship (such as brought men from far coun-
 tries, with rich gifts and prostrate soul, to the feet of the
 Prophets) had passed utterly away from men's practical
 experience, and was no longer surmised to exist (as it does),
 110 perennial, indestructible, in man's inmost heart, — James
 Boswell should have been the individual, of all others,
 predestined to recall it, in such singular guise, to the wonder-
 ing, and, for a long while, laughing and unrecognizing world.

It has been commonly said, "The man's vulgar vanity was
 115 all that attached him to Johnson; he delighted to be seen
 near him, to be thought connected with him." Now let it
 be at once granted that no consideration springing out of
 vulgar vanity could well be absent from the mind of James
 Boswell, in this his intercourse with Johnson, or in any con-
 120 siderable transaction of his life. At the same time, ask your-
 self: Whether such vanity, and nothing else, actuated him
 therein; whether this was the true essence and moving prin-
 ciple of the phenomenon, or not rather its outward vesture,
 and the accidental environment (and defacement) in which
 125 it came to light? The man was, by nature and habit, vain;
 a sycophant-coxcomb, be it granted: but had there been
 nothing more than vanity in him, was Samuel Johnson the
 man of men to whom he must attach himself?

¹ Q. "What do you mean by 'respectable'? — A. He always kept a gig." (*Thurtell's Trial*.) — "Thus," it has been said, "does society naturally divide itself into four classes: Noblemen, Gentlemen, Gigmens, and Men." [*Carlyle's note*.]

At the date when Johnson was a poor rusty-coated "scholar," dwelling in Temple-lane, and indeed throughout 130 their whole intercourse afterwards, were there not chancellors and prime ministers enough; graceful gentle men, the glass of fashion; honor-giving noblemen; dinner-giving rich men; renowned fire-eaters, swordsmen, gownsmen; Quacks and Realities of all hues, — any one of whom bulked much larger 135 in the world's eye than Johnson ever did? To any one of whom by half that submissiveness and assiduity, our Bozzy might have recommended himself; and sat there, the envy of surrounding lickspittles; pocketing now solid emolument, swallowing now well-cooked viands and wines of rich vintage; 140 in each case, also, shone-on by some glittering reflex of Renown or Notoriety, so as to be the observed of innumerable observers. To no one of whom, however, though otherwise a most diligent solicitor and purveyor, did he so attach himself: such vulgar courtierships were his paid drudgery, or 145 leisure amusement; the worship of Johnson was his grand, ideal, voluntary business. Does not the frothy-hearted, yet enthusiastic man, doffing his Advocate's-wig, regularly take post, and hurry up to London, for the sake of his Sage chiefly; as to a Feast of Tabernacles, the Sabbath of his 150 whole year? The plate-licker and wine-bibber dives into Bolt Court, to sip muddy coffee with a cynical old man, and a sour-tempered blind old woman (feeling the cups, whether they are full, with her finger); and patiently endures contradictions without end; too happy so he may but be allowed 155 to listen and live. Nay, it does not appear that vulgar vanity could ever have been much flattered by Boswell's relation to Johnson.

Mr. Croker says, Johnson was to the last little regarded by the great world; from which, for a vulgar vanity, all 160 honor, as from its fountain, descends. Bozzy, even among Johnson's friends and special admirers, seems rather to have

been laughed at than envied: his officious, whisking, consequential ways, the daily reproofs and rebuffs he underwent, 165 could gain from the world no golden, but only leaden opinions. His devout Discipleship seemed nothing more than a mean Spanielship, in the general eye. His mighty "constellation," or sun, round whom he, as satellite, observantly gyrated, was, for the mass of men, but a huge ill-snuffed tallow-light, 170 and he a weak night-moth, circling foolishly, dangerously about it, not knowing what he wanted. If he enjoyed Highland dinners and toasts, as henchman to a new sort of chieftain, Henry Erskine, in the domestic "Outer-House," could hand him a shilling "for the sight of his Bear." 175 Doubtless the man was laughed at, and often heard himself laughed at for his Johnsonism. To be envied is the grand and sole aim of vulgar vanity; to be filled with good things is that of sensuality: for Johnson perhaps no man living *envied* poor Bozzy; and of good things (except himself paid 180 for them) there was no vestige in that acquaintanceship. Had nothing other or better than vanity and sensuality been there, Johnson and Boswell had never come together, or had soon and finally separated again.

Robert Burns

(From *Heroes and Hero-Worship*: "The Hero as Man of Letters")

Once more we have to say here, that the chief quality of Burns is the *sincerity* of him. So in his Poetry, so in his Life. The Song he sings is not of fantasticalities; it is of a thing felt, really there; the prime merit of this, as of all in 5 him, and of his Life generally, is truth. The Life of Burns is what we may call a great tragic sincerity. A sort of savage sincerity, — not cruel, far from that; but wild, wrestling naked with the truth of things. In that sense, there is something of the savage in all great men.

Hero-worship, — Odin, Burns? Well; these Men of 10
Letters too were not without a kind of Hero-worship: but
what a strange condition has that got into now! The
waiters and ostlers of Scotch inns, prying about the door,
eager to catch any word that fell from Burns, were doing
unconscious reverence to the Heroic. Johnson had his Bos- 15
well for worshiper. Rousseau had worshipers enough;
princes calling on him in his mean garret; the great, the
beautiful, doing reverence to the poor moonstruck man.
For himself a most portentous contradiction; the two ends
of his life not to be brought into harmony. He sits at the 20
tables of grandees; and has to copy music for his own living.
He cannot even get his music copied. “By dint of dining
out,” says he, “I run the risk of dying by starvation at
home.” For his worshipers too a most questionable thing!
If doing Hero-worship well or badly be the test of vital well- 25
being or illbeing to a generation, can we say that *these*
generations are very first-rate? — And yet our heroic Men of
Letters do teach, govern, are kings, priests, or what you like
to call them; intrinsically there is no preventing it by any
means whatever. The world *has* to obey him who thinks 30
and sees in the world. The world can alter the manner
of that; can either have it as blessed continuous summer
sunshine, or as unblest black thunder and tornado, — with
unspeakable difference of profit for the world! The manner
of it is very alterable; the matter and fact of it is not alter- 35
able by any power under the sky. Light; or, failing that,
lightning: the world can take its choice. Not whether we
call an Odin god, prophet, priest, or what we call him; but
whether we believe the word he tells us: there it all lies.
If it be a true word, we shall have to believe it; believing it, 40
we shall have to do it. What *name* or welcome we give him
or it, is a point that concerns ourselves mainly. *It*, the
new Truth, new deeper revealing of the Secret of this Uni-

verse, is verily of the nature of a message from on high;
45 and must and will have itself obeyed. —

My last remark is on that notablest phasis of Burns's history, — his visit to Edinburgh. Often it seems to me as if his demeanor there were the highest proof he gave of what a fund of worth and genuine manhood was in him. If we
50 think of it, few heavier burdens could be laid on the strength of a man. So sudden; all common *Lionism*, which ruins innumerable men, was as nothing to this. It is as if Napoleon had been made a King of, not gradually, but at once from the Artillery Lieutenantcy in the Regiment La Fère. Burns,
55 still only in his twenty-seventh year, is no longer even a plowman; he is flying to the West Indies to escape disgrace and a jail. This month he is a ruined peasant, his wages seven pounds a year, and these gone from him: next month he is in the blaze of rank and beauty, handing down jeweled
60 Duchesses to dinner; the cynosure of all eyes! Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity.

I admire much the way in which Burns met all this.
65 Perhaps no man one could point out was ever so sorely tried, and so little forgot himself. Tranquil, unastonished; not abashed, not inflated, neither awkwardness nor affectation: he feels that *he* there is the man Robert Burns; that the “rank is but the guinea-stamp;” that the celebrity is but
70 the candle-light which will show *what* man, not in the least make him a better or other man! Alas, it may readily, unless he look to it, make him a *worse* man; a wretched inflated windbag, — inflated till he *burst*, and become a *dead* lion; for whom, as some one has said, “there is no resurrection
75 of the body”; worse than a living dog! — Burns is admirable here.

And yet, alas, as I have observed elsewhere, these Lion-

hunters were the ruin and death of Burns. It was they that rendered it impossible for him to live! They gathered round him in his Farm; hindered his industry; no place was remote 80 enough from them. He could not get his *Lionism* forgotten, honestly as he was disposed to do so. He falls into discontents, into miseries, faults; the world getting ever more desolate for him; health, character, peace of mind all gone; —solitary enough now. It is tragical to think of! These 85 men came but to *see* him; it was out of no sympathy with him, nor no hatred to him. They came to get a little amusement: they got their amusement; — and the Hero's life went for it!

A Definition of History

(*From essay on History*)

Under a limited, and the only practicable shape, History proper, that part of History which treats of remarkable action, has, in all modern as well as ancient times, ranked among the highest arts; and perhaps never stood higher than in these times of ours. For whereas, of old, the charm of History 5 lay chiefly in gratifying our common appetite for the wonderful, for the unknown, and her office was but as that of a Minstrel and Storyteller, she has now farther become a Schoolmistress, and professes to instruct in gratifying. Whether, with the stateliness of that venerable character, 10 she may not have taken up something of its austerity and frigidity; whether, in the logical terseness of a Hume or Robertson, the graceful ease and gay pictorial heartiness of a Herodotus or Froissart may not be wanting, is not the question for us here. Enough that all learners, all inquiring 15 minds of every order, are gathered round her footstool, and reverently pondering her lessons, as the true basis of Wisdom. Poetry, Divinity, Politics, Physics, have each

their adherents and adversaries; each little guild supporting a defensive and offensive war for its own special domain; while the domain of History is as a Free Emporium, where all these belligerents peaceably meet and furnish themselves; and Sentimentalist and Utilitarian, Sceptic and Theologian, with one voice advise us: Examine History, for it is "Philosophy teaching by Experience."

Far be it from us to disparage such teaching, the very attempt at which must be precious. Neither shall we too rigidly inquire: How much it has hitherto profited? Whether most of what little practical wisdom men have, has come from study of professed History, or from other less boasted sources; whereby, as matters now stand, a Marlborough may become great in the world's business, with no History save what he derives from Shakspear's Plays? Nay, whether in that same teaching by Experience, historical Philosophy has yet properly deciphered the first element of all science in this kind: What the aim and significance of that wondrous changeful Life it investigates and paints may be? Whence the course of man's destinies in this Earth originated, and whither they are tending? Or, indeed, if they have any course and tendency, are really guided forward by an unseen mysterious Wisdom, or only circle in blind mazes without recognisable guidance? Which questions, altogether fundamental, one might think, in any Philosophy of History, have, since the era when Monkish Annalists were wont to answer them by the long-ago extinguished light of their Missal and Breviary, been by most philosophical Historians only glanced at dubiously and from afar; by many, not so much as glanced at.

The truth is, two difficulties, never wholly surmountable, lie in the way. Before Philosophy can teach by Experience, the Philosophy has to be in readiness, the Experience must be gathered and intelligibly recorded. Now, overlooking

the former consideration, and with regard only to the latter, let any one who has examined the current of human affairs, and how intricate, perplexed, unfathomable, even when 55 seen into with our own eyes, are their thousandfold blending movements, say whether the true representing of it is easy or impossible. Social Life is the aggregate of all the individual men's Lives who constitute society; *History is the essence of innumerable Biographies*. But if one Biography, 60 nay, our own Biography, study and recapitulate it as we may, remains in so many points unintelligible to us, how much more must these million; the very facts of which, to say nothing of the purport of them, we know not, and cannot know!

65

CHARLES DICKENS

Preface to "Oliver Twist"

Once upon a time it was held to be a coarse and shocking circumstance, that some of the characters in these pages are chosen from the most criminal and degraded of London's population.

As I saw no reason, when I wrote this book, why the 5 dregs of life (so long as their speech did not offend the ear) should not serve the purpose of a moral, as well as its froth and cream, I made bold to believe that this same Once upon a time would not prove to be All-time or even a long time. I saw many strong reasons for pursuing my course. I had 10 read of thieves by scores; seductive fellows (amiable for the most part), faultless in dress, plump in pocket, choice in horse-flesh, bold in bearing, fortunate in gallantry, great at a song, a bottle, pack of cards or dice-box, and fit companions for the bravest. But I had never met (except in 15 *Hogarth*) with the miserable reality. It appeared to me that to draw a knot of such associates in crime as really

did exist; to paint them in all their deformity, in all their wretchedness, in all the squalid misery of their lives; to show
20 them as they really were, for ever skulking uneasily through the dirtiest paths of life, with the great black ghastly gallows closing up their prospect, turn them where they might; it appeared to me that to do this, would be to attempt a something which was needed, and which would be a service
25 to society. And I did it as I best could.

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What manner of life is that which is described in these pages, as the everyday existence of a Thief? What charms has it for the young and ill-disposed, what allurements for the most jolter-headed of juveniles? Here are no canter-
30 ings on moonlit heaths, no merrymakings in the snuggest of all possible caverns, none of the attractions of dress, no embroidery, no lace, no jack-boots, no crimson coats and ruffles, none of the dash and freedom with which "the road" has been time out of mind invested. The cold wet shelter-
35 less midnight streets of London; the foul and frowsy dens, where vice is closely packed and lacks the room to turn; the haunts of hunger and disease; the shabby rags that scarcely hold together; where are the attractions of these things?

40 There are people, however, of so refined and delicate a nature, that they cannot bear the contemplation of such horrors. Not that they turn instinctively from crime; but that criminal characters, to suit them, must be, like their meat, in delicate disguise. A Massaroni in green velvet
45 is an enchanting creature; but a Sikes in fustian is insupportable. A Mrs. Massaroni, being a lady in short petticoats and a fancy dress, is a thing to imitate in tableaux and have in lithograph on pretty songs; but a Nancy, being a creature in a cotton gown and cheap shawl, is not

to be thought of. It is wonderful how Virtue turns from 50 dirty stockings; and how Vice, married to ribbons and a little gay attire, changes her name, as wedded ladies do, and becomes Romance.

But as the stern truth, even in the dress of this (in novels) much exalted race, was a part of the purpose of this book, 55 I did not, for these readers, abate one hole in the Dodger's coat, or one scrap of curl-paper in Nancy's dishevelled hair. I had no faith in the delicacy which could not bear to look upon them. I had no desire to make proselytes among such people. I had no respect for their opinion, good or 60 bad; did not covet their approval; and did not write for their amusement.

It has been observed of Nancy that her devotion to the brutal house-breaker does not seem natural. And it has been objected to Sikes in the same breath — with some in- 65 consistency, as I venture to think — that he is surely overdrawn, because in him there would appear to be none of those redeeming traits which are objected to as unnatural in his mistress. Of the latter objection I will merely remark, that I fear there are in the world some insensible and callous 70 natures, that do become utterly and incurably bad. Whether this be so or not, of one thing I am certain: that there are such men as Sikes, who, being closely followed through the same space of time and through the same current of circumstances, would not give, by the action of a 75 moment, the faintest indication of a better nature. Whether every gentler human feeling is dead within such bosoms, or the proper chord to strike has rusted and is hard to find, I do not pretend to know; but that the fact is as I state it, I am sure.

80

It is useless to discuss whether the conduct and character of the girl seems natural or unnatural, probable or improbable, right or wrong. IT IS TRUE. Every man who has

watched these melancholy shades of life, must know it to
85 be so. From the first introduction of that poor wretch, to
her laying her bloodstained head upon the robber's breast,
there is not a word exaggerated or overwrought. It is em-
phatically God's truth, for it is the truth He leaves in such
depraved and miserable breasts; the hope yet lingering
90 there; the last fair drop of water at the bottom of the weed-
choked well. It involves the best and worst shades of our
nature; much of its ugliest hues, and something of its most
beautiful; it is a contradiction, an anomaly, an apparent
impossibility; but it is a truth. I am glad to have had
95 it doubted, for in that circumstance I should find a sufficient
assurance (if I wanted any) that it needed to be told.

In the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty, it was
publicly declared in London by an amazing Alderman,
that Jacob's Island did not exist, and never had existed.
100 Jacob's Island continues to exist (like an ill-bred place as
it is) in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-
seven, though improved and much changed.

Mr. Micawber

(From David Copperfield, Chaps. XI, XII)

The counting-house clock was at half-past twelve, and
there was general preparation for going to dinner, when
Mr. Quinion tapped at the counting-house window, and
beckoned to me to go in. I went in, and found there a
5 stoutish, middle-aged person, in a brown surtout and black
tights and shoes, with no more hair upon his head (which
was a large one and very shining) than there is upon an egg,
and with a very extensive face, which he turned full upon
me. His clothes were shabby, but he had an imposing
10 shirt-collar on. He carried a jaunty sort of stick, with a
large pair of rusty tassels to it; and a quizzing-glass hung

outside his coat, — for ornament, I afterwards found, as he very seldom looked through it, and couldn't see anything when he did.

"This," said Mr. Quinion, in allusion to myself, "is he." 15

"This," said the stranger, with a certain condescending roll in his voice, and a certain indescribable air of doing something genteel, which impressed me very much, "is Master Copperfield. I hope I see you well, sir?"

I said I was very well, and hoped he was. I was sufficiently ill at ease, Heaven knows; but it was not in my nature to complain much at that time of my life, so I said I was very well, and hoped he was. 20

"I am," said the stranger, "thank Heaven, quite well. I have received a letter from Mr. Murdstone, in which he mentions that he would desire me to receive into an apartment in the rear of my house, which is at present unoccupied — and is, in short, to be let as a — in short," said the stranger, with a smile, and in a burst of confidence, "as a bedroom — the young beginner whom I have now the pleasure to —" and the stranger waved his hand, and settled his chin in his shirt-collar. 30

"This is Mr. Micawber," said Mr. Quinion to me.

"Ahem!" said the stranger, "that is my name."

"Mr. Micawber," said Mr. Quinion, "is known to Mr. Murdstone. He takes orders for us on commission, when he can get any. He has been written to by Mr. Murdstone, on the subject of your lodgings, and he will receive you as a lodger." 35

"My address," said Mr. Micawber, "is Windsor Terrace, 40 City Road. I — in short," said Mr. Micawber, with the same genteel air, and in another burst of confidence — "I live there."

I made him a bow.

"Under the impression," said Mr. Micawber, "that your 45

peregrinations in this metropolis have not as yet been extensive, and that you might have some difficulty in penetrating the arcana of the Modern Babylon in the direction of the City Road — in short,” said Mr. Micawber, in another
50 burst of confidence, “that you might lose yourself — I shall be happy to call this evening, and install you in the knowledge of the nearest way.”

I thanked him with all my heart, for it was friendly in him to offer to take that trouble.

55 “At what hour,” said Mr. Micawber, “shall I —”

“At about eight,” said Mr. Quinion.

“At about eight,” said Mr. Micawber. “I beg to wish you good day, Mr. Quinion. I will intrude no longer.”

So he put on his hat, and went out with his cane under
60 his arm: very upright, and humming a tune when he was clear of the counting-house.

Mr. Micawber's difficulties were an addition to the distressed state of my mind. In my forlorn state I became quite attached to the family, and used to walk about, busy
65 with Mrs. Micawber's calculations of ways and means, and heavy with the weight of Mr. Micawber's debts. On a Saturday night, which was my grand treat, — partly because it was a great thing to walk home with six or seven shillings in my pocket, looking into the shops and thinking what such
70 a sum would buy, and partly because I went home early, — Mrs. Micawber would make the most heart-rending confidences to me; also on a Sunday morning, when I mixed the portion of tea or coffee I had bought over-night, in a little shaving-pot, and sat late at my breakfast. It was
75 nothing at all unusual for Mr. Micawber to sob violently at the beginning of one of these Saturday night conversations, and sing about Jack's delight being his lovely Nan,

towards the end of it. I have known him come home to supper with a flood of tears, and a declaration that nothing was now left but a jail; and go to bed making a calculation of the expense of putting bow-windows to the house, "in case anything turned up," which was his favourite expression. And Mrs. Micawber was just the same.

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"I shall never, Master Copperfield," said Mrs. Micawber, "revert to the period when Mr. Micawber was in difficulties, 85 without thinking of you. Your conduct has always been of the most delicate and obliging description. You have never been a lodger. You have been a friend."

"My dear," said Mr. Micawber; "Copperfield," for so he had been accustomed to call me of late, "has a heart 90 to feel for the distresses of his fellow-creatures when they are behind a cloud, and a head to plan, and a hand to — in short, a general ability to dispose of such available property as could be made away with."

I expressed my sense of this commendation, and said I 95 was very sorry we were going to lose one another.

"My dear young friend," said Mr. Micawber, "I am older than you; a man of some experience in life, and — and of some experience, in short, in difficulties, generally speaking. At present, and until something turns up (which I am, I 100 may say, hourly expecting), I have nothing to bestow but advice. Still my advice is so far worth taking that — in short, that I have never taken it myself, and am the " — here Mr. Micawber, who had been beaming and smiling, all over his head and face, up to the present moment, checked 105 himself and frowned — "the miserable wretch you behold."

"My dear Micawber!" urged his wife.

"I say," returned Mr. Micawber, quite forgetting himself, and smiling again, "the miserable wretch you behold. My

110 advice is, never do to-morrow what you can do to-day.
Procrastination is the thief of time. Collar him!"

"My poor papa's maxim," Mrs. Micawber observed.

"My dear," said Mr. Micawber, "your papa was very well in his way, and Heaven forbid that I should disparage
115 him. Take him for all in all, we ne'er shall — in short, make the acquaintance, probably, of anybody else possessing at his time of life, the same legs for gaiters, and able to read the same description of print, without spectacles. But he applied that maxim to our marriage, my dear; and
120 that was so far prematurely entered into, in consequence, that I never recovered the expense."

Mr. Micawber looked aside at Mrs. Micawber, and added: "Not that I am sorry for it. Quite the contrary, my love." After which he was grave for a minute or so.

125 "My other piece of advice, Copperfield," said Mr. Micawber, "you know. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery. The blossom is
130 blighted, the leaf is withered, the God of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and — in short, you are for ever floored. As I am!"

To make his example the more impressive, Mr. Micawber drank a glass of punch with an air of great enjoyment and
135 satisfaction, and whistled the College Hornpipe.

I did not fail to assure him that I would store these precepts in my mind, though indeed I had no need to do so, for, at the time, they affected me visibly. Next morning I met the whole family at the coach-office, and saw them, with
140 a desolate heart, take their places outside, at the back.

"Master Copperfield," said Mrs. Micawber, "God bless you! I never can forget all that, you know, and I never would if I could."

“Copperfield,” said Mr. Micawber, “farewell! Every happiness and prosperity! If, in the progress of revolving 145 years, I could persuade myself that my blighted destiny had been a warning to you, I should feel that I had not occupied another man’s place in existence altogether in vain. In case of anything turning up (of which I am rather confident), I shall be extremely happy if it should be in my power 150 to improve your prospects.”

Uriah Heep

(*From David Copperfield, Chaps. XV, XVI*)

When the pony-chaise stopped at the door, and my eyes were intent upon the house, I saw a cadaverous face appear at a small window on the ground floor (in a little round tower that formed one side of the house), and quickly disappear. The low arched door then opened, and the face came out. 5 It was quite as cadaverous as it had looked in the window, though in the grain of it there was that tinge of red which is sometimes to be observed in the skins of red-haired people. It belonged to a red-haired person — a youth of fifteen, as I take it now, but looking much older — whose hair was 10 cropped as close as the closest stubble; who had hardly any eyebrows, and no eye-lashes, and eyes of a red-brown, so unsheltered and unshaded, that I remember wondering how he went to sleep. He was high-shouldered and bony: dressed in decent black, with a white wisp of a neckcloth: 15 buttoned up to the throat; and had a long, lank, skeleton hand, which particularly attracted my attention, as he stood at the pony’s head, rubbing his chin with it, and looking up at us in the chaise.

“Is Mr. Wickfield at home, Uriah Heep?” said my aunt. 20

“Mr. Wickfield’s at home, ma’am,” said Uriah Heep.

"if you'll please to walk in there:" pointing with his long hand to the room he meant.

We got out; and leaving him to hold the pony, went into a 25 long low parlour looking towards the street, from the window of which I caught a glimpse, as I went in, of Uriah Heep breathing into the pony's nostrils, and immediately covering them with his hand, as if he were putting some spell upon him.

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As I came back, I saw Uriah Heep shutting up the office; 30 and, feeling friendly towards everybody, went in and spoke to him, and at parting, gave him my hand. But oh, what a clammy hand his was! as ghostly to the touch as to the sight! I rubbed mine afterwards, to warm it, *and to rub his off*.

It was such an uncomfortable hand, that, when I went 35 to my room, it was still cold and wet upon my memory. Leaning out of window, and seeing one of the faces on the beam-ends looking at me sideways, I fancied it was Uriah Heep got up there somehow, and shut him out in a hurry.

.

Seeing a light in the little round office, and immediately 40 feeling myself attracted towards Uriah Heep, who had a sort of fascination for me, I went in there instead. I found Uriah reading a great fat book, with such demonstrative attention, that his lank forefinger followed up every line as he read, and made clammy tracks along the page (or so I 45 fully believed) like a snail.

"You are working late to-night, Uriah," says I.

"Yes, Master Copperfield," says Uriah.

As I was getting on the stool opposite, to talk to him more conveniently, I observed that he had not such a thing 50 as a smile about him, and that he could only widen his mouth and make two hard creases down his cheeks, one on each side, to stand for one.

"I am not doing office-work, Master Copperfield," said Uriah.

"What work, then?" I asked.

55

"I am improving my legal knowledge, Master Copperfield," said Uriah. "I am going through Tidd's Practice. Oh, what a writer Mr. Tidd is, Master Copperfield!"

My stool was such a tower of observation, that as I watched him reading on again, after this rapturous exclamation, and following up the lines with his forefinger, I observed that his nostrils, which were thin and pointed, with sharp dints in them, had a singular and most uncomfortable way of expanding and contracting themselves; that they seemed to twinkle instead of his eyes, which hardly ever twinkled at all. 65

"I suppose you are quite a great lawyer?" I said, after looking at him for some time.

"Me, Master Copperfield?" said Uriah. "Oh, no! I'm a very umble person."

It was no fancy of mine about his hands, I observed; 70 for he frequently ground the palms against each other as if to squeeze them dry and warm, besides often wiping them, in a stealthy way, on his pocket-handkerchief.

"I am well aware that I am the umblest person going," said Uriah Heep, modestly; "let the other be where he may. 75 My mother is likewise a very umble person. We live in a numble abode, Master Copperfield, but have much to be thankful for. My father's former calling was umble. He was a sexton."

"What is he now?" I asked.

80

"He is a partaker of glory at present, Master Copperfield," said Uriah Heep. "But we have much to be thankful for. How much have I to be thankful for in living with Mr. Wickfield!"

I asked Uriah if he had been with Mr. Wickfield long? 85

"I have been with him going on four year, Master Copper-

field," said Uriah: shutting up his book, after carefully marking the place where he had left off. "Since a year after my father's death. How much have I to be thankful 90 for, in that! How much have I to be thankful for, in Mr. Wickfield's kind intention to give me my articles, which would otherwise not lay within the umble means of mother and self!"

"Then, when your articulated time is over, you'll be a regular 95 lawyer, I suppose?" said I.

"With the blessing of Providence, Master Copperfield," returned Uriah.

"Perhaps you'll be a partner in Mr. Wickfield's business, one of these days," I said, to make myself agreeable; "and 100 it will be Wickfield and Heep, or Heep late Wickfield."

"Oh, no, Master Copperfield," returned Uriah, shaking his head, "I am much too umble for that!"

He certainly did look uncommonly like the carved face on the beam outside my window, as he sat, in his humility, 105 eyeing me sideways, with his mouth widened, and the creases in his cheeks.

"Mr. Wickfield is a most excellent man, Master Copperfield," said Uriah. "If you have known him long, you know it, I am sure, much better than I can inform you."

110 I replied that I was certain he was; but that I had not known him long myself, though he was a friend of my aunt's.

"Oh, indeed, Master Copperfield," said Uriah. "Your aunt is a sweet lady, Master Copperfield!"

He had a way of writhing when he wanted to express 115 enthusiasm, which was very ugly; and which diverted my attention from the compliment he had paid my relation, to the snaky twistings of his throat and body.

"A sweet lady, Master Copperfield!" said Uriah Heep.

"She has a great admiration for Miss Agnes, Master Copper- 120 field, I believe?"

I said "Yes," boldly; not that I knew anything about it, Heaven forgive me!

"I hope you have, too, Master Copperfield," said Uriah. "But I am sure you must have."

"Everybody must have," I returned. 125

"Oh, thank you, Master Copperfield," said Uriah Heep, "for that remark! It is so true! Umble as I am, I know it is *so* true! Oh, thank you, Master Copperfield!"

He writhed himself quite off his stool in the excitement of his feelings, and, being off, began to make arrangements 130 for going home.

"Mother will be expecting me," he said, referring to a pale, inexpressive-faced watch in his pocket, "and getting uneasy; for though we are very umble, Master Copperfield, we are much attached to one another. If you would come 135 and see us, any afternoon, and take a cup of tea at our lowly dwelling, mother would be as proud of your company as I should be."

I said I should be glad to come.

"Thank you, Master Copperfield," returned Uriah, put- 140 ting his book away upon the shelf. — "I suppose you stop here, some time, Master Copperfield?"

I said I was going to be brought up there, I believed, as long as I remained at school.

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed Uriah. "I should think *you* 145 would come into the business at last, Master Copperfield!"

I protested that I had no views of that sort, and that no such scheme was entertained in my behalf by anybody; but Uriah insisted on blandly replying to all my assurances, "Oh, yes, Master Copperfield, I should think you would, 150 indeed!" and, "Oh, indeed, Master Copperfield, I should think you would, certainly!" over and over again. Being, at last, ready to leave the office for the night, he asked me if it would suit my convenience to have the light put out;

155 and on my answering "Yes," instantly extinguished it. After shaking hands with me — his hand felt like a fish, in the dark — he opened the door into the street a very little, and crept out, and shut it, leaving me to grope my way back into the house: which cost me some trouble and a fall over
160 his stool. This was the proximate cause, I suppose, of my dreaming about him, for what appeared to me to be half the night.

GEORGE ELIOT

Maggie Behaves Worse than she Expected

(From The Mill on the Floss, Book I, Chap. X)

The startling object which thus made an epoch for uncle Pullet was no other than little Lucy, with one side of her person, from her small foot to her bonnet-crown, wet and discoloured with mud, holding out two tiny blackened
5 hands, and making a very piteous face. To account for this unprecedented apparition in aunt Pullet's parlour, we must return to the moment when the three children went to play out of doors, and the small demons who had taken possession of Maggie's soul at an early period of the day
10 had returned in all the greater force after a temporary absence. All the disagreeable recollections of the morning were thick upon her, when Tom, whose displeasure towards her had been considerably refreshed by her foolish trick of causing him to upset his cowslip wine, said, "Here, Lucy,
15 you come along with me," and walked off to the area where the toads were, as if there were not Maggie in existence. Seeing this, Maggie lingered at a distance, looking like a small Medusa with her snakes cropped. Lucy was naturally pleased that cousin Tom was so good to her, and it was very
20 amusing to see him tickling a fat toad with a piece of string

when the toad was safe down the area, with an iron grating over him. Still Lucy wished Maggie to enjoy the spectacle also, especially as she would doubtless find a name for the toad; and say what had been his past history; for Lucy had a delighted semi-belief in Maggie's stories about the 25 live things they came upon by accident — how Mrs. Earwig had a wash at home, and one of her children had fallen into the hot copper, for which reason she was running so fast to fetch the doctor. Tom had a profound contempt for this nonsense of Maggie's, smashing the earwig at once 30 as a superfluous yet easy means of proving the entire unreality of such a story; but Lucy, for the life of her, could not help fancying there was something in it, and at all events thought it was very pretty make-believe. So now the desire to know the history of a very portly toad, added to her 35 habitual affectionateness, made her run back to Maggie and say, "Oh, there is such a big, funny toad, Maggie! Do come and see."

Maggie said nothing, but turned away from her with a deeper frown. As long as Tom seemed to prefer Lucy to 40 her, Lucy made part of his unkindness. Maggie would have thought a little while ago that she could never be cross with pretty little Lucy, any more than she could be cruel to a little white mouse; but then, Tom had always been quite indifferent to Lucy before, and it had been left to Maggie 45 to pet and make much of her. As it was, she was actually beginning to think that she should like to make Lucy cry, by slapping or pinching her, especially as it might vex Tom, whom it was of no use to slap, even if she dared, because he didn't mind it. And if Lucy hadn't been there, Maggie 50 was sure he would have got friends with her sooner.

Tickling a fat toad who is not highly sensitive is an amusement that it is possible to exhaust, and Tom by and by began to look round for some other mode of passing the time.

55 But in so prim a garden, where they were not to go off the paved walks, there was not a great choice of sport. The only great pleasure such a restriction allowed was the pleasure of breaking it, and Tom began to meditate an insurrectionary visit to the pond, about a field's length beyond the garden.

60 "I say, Lucy," he began, nodding his head up and down with great significance, as he coiled up his string again, "what do you think I mean to do?"

"What, Tom?" said Lucy, with curiosity.

"I mean to go to the pond, and look at the pike. You
65 may go with me if you like," said the young sultan.

"Oh, Tom, *dare* you?" said Lucy. "Aunt said we mustn't go out of the garden."

"Oh, I shall go out at the other end of the garden," said Tom. "Nobody 'ull see us. Besides, I don't care if they
70 do — I'll run off home."

"But I couldn't run," said Lucy, who had never before been exposed to such severe temptation.

"Oh, never mind — they won't be cross with *you*," said Tom. "You say I took you."

75 Tom walked along, and Lucy trotted by his side, timidly enjoying the rare treat of doing something naughty — excited also by the mention of that celebrity, the pike, about which she was quite uncertain whether it was a fish or a fowl. Maggie saw them leaving the garden, and could not resist
80 the impulse to follow. Anger and jealousy can no more bear to lose sight of their objects than love, and that Tom and Lucy should do or see anything of which she was ignorant would have been an intolerable idea to Maggie. So she kept a few yards behind them, unobserved by Tom,
85 who was presently absorbed in watching for the pike — a highly interesting monster; he was said to be so very old, so very large, and to have such a remarkable appetite. The pike, like other celebrities, did not show when he was watched

for, but Tom caught sight of something in rapid movement in the water, which attracted him to another spot on the 90 brink of the pond.

"Here, Lucy!" he said in a loud whisper, "come here! take care! keep on the grass — don't step where the cows have been!" he added, pointing to a peninsula of dry grass, with trodden mud on each side of it; for Tom's contempt-95 uous conception of a girl included the attribute of being unfit to walk in dirty places.

Lucy came carefully as she was bidden, and bent down to look at what seemed a golden arrow-head darting through the water. It was a water-snake, Tom told her, and Lucy 100 at last could see the serpentine wave of its body, very much wondering that a snake could swim. Maggie had drawn nearer and nearer — she *must* see it too, though it was bitter to her like everything else, since Tom did not care about her seeing it. At last, she was close by Lucy, and Tom, 105 who had been aware of her approach, but would not notice it till he was obliged, turned round and said —

"Now, get away, Maggie. There's no room for you on the grass here. Nobody asked *you* to come."

There were passions at war in Maggie at that moment 110 to have made a tragedy, if tragedies were made by passion only, but the essential *τι μέγεθος* which was present in the passion was wanting to the action; the utmost Maggie could do, with a fierce thrust of her small brown arm, was to push poor little pink-and-white Lucy into the cow-trodden 115 mud.

Then Tom could not restrain himself, and gave Maggie two smart slaps on the arm as he ran to pick up Lucy, who lay crying helplessly. Maggie retreated to the roots of a tree a few yards off, and looked on impenitently. Usually 120 her repentance came quickly after one rash deed, but now Tom and Lucy had made her so miserable, she was glad to

spoil their happiness — glad to make everybody uncomfortable. Why should she be sorry? Tom was very slow to
125 forgive *her*, however sorry she might have been.

“I shall tell mother, you know, Miss Mag,” said Tom, loudly and emphatically, as soon as Lucy was up and ready to walk away. It was not Tom’s practice to “tell,” but here justice clearly demanded that Maggie should be visited
130 with the utmost punishment: not that Tom had learnt to put his views in that abstract form; he never mentioned “justice,” and had no idea that his desire to punish might be called by that fine name. Lucy was too entirely absorbed by the evil that had befallen her — the spoiling of her pretty
135 best clothes, and the discomfort of being wet and dirty — to think much of the cause, which was entirely mysterious to her. She could never have guessed what she had done to make Maggie angry with her; but she felt that Maggie was very unkind and disagreeable, and made no magnanimous
140 entreaties to Tom that he would not “tell,” only running along by his side and crying piteously, while Maggie sat on the roots of the tree and looked after them with her small Medusa face.

“Sally,” said Tom, when they reached the kitchen door,
145 and Sally looked at them in speechless amaze, with a piece of bread-and-butter in her mouth and a toasting-fork in her hand — “Sally, tell mother it was Maggie pushed Lucy into the mud.”

“But Lors ha’ massy, how did you get near such mud as
150 that?” said Sally, making a wry face, as she stooped down and examined the *corpus delicti*.

Tom’s imagination had not been rapid and capacious enough to include this question among the foreseen consequences, but it was no sooner put than he foresaw whither
155 it tended, and that Maggie would not be considered the only culprit in the case. He walked quietly away from the

kitchen door, leaving Sally to that pleasure of guessing which active minds notoriously prefer to ready-made knowledge.

Sally, as you are aware, lost no time in presenting Lucy 160 at the parlour door, for to have so dirty an object introduced into the house at Garum Firs was too great a weight to be sustained by a single mind.

"Goodness gracious!" aunt Pullet exclaimed, after pre-luding by an inarticulate scream; "keep her at the door, 165 Sally! Don't bring her off the oilcloth, whatever you do."

"Why she's tumbled into some nasty mud," said Mrs. Tulliver, going up to Lucy to examine into the amount of damage to clothes for which she felt herself responsible to her sister Deane.

170

"If you please, 'um, it was Miss Maggie as pushed her in," said Sally; "Master Tom's been and said so, and they must ha' been to the pond, for it's only there they could ha' got into such dirt."

"There it is, Bessy; it's what I've been telling you," 175 said Mrs. Pullet, in a tone of prophetic sadness; "it's your children — there's no knowing what they'll come to."

Mrs. Tulliver was mute, feeling herself a truly wretched mother. As usual, the thought pressed upon her that people would think that she had done something wicked to deserve 180 her maternal troubles, while Mrs. Pullet began to give elaborate directions to Sally how to guard the premises from serious injury in the course of removing the dirt. Mean-time tea was to be brought in by the cook, and the two naughty children were to have theirs in an ignominious 185 manner in the kitchen. Mrs. Tulliver went out to speak to these naughty children, supposing them to be close at hand; but it was not until after some search that she found Tom leaning with rather a hardened careless air against the white paling of the poultry-yard, and lowering his piece of 190

string on the other side as a means of exasperating the turkey-cock.

"Tom, you naughty boy, where's your sister?" said Mrs. Tulliver in a distressed voice.

195 "I don't know," said Tom; his eagerness for justice on Maggie had diminished since he had seen clearly that it could hardly be brought about without the injustice of some blame on his own conduct.

"Why, where did you leave her?" said his mother, looking
200 round.

"Sitting under the tree, against the pond," said Tom, apparently indifferent to everything but the string and the turkey-cock.

"Then go and fetch her in this minute, you naughty boy.
205 And how could you think o' going to the pond, and taking your sister where there was dirt? You know she'll do mischief, if there's mischief to be done."

It was Mrs. Tulliver's way, if she blamed Tom, to refer his misdemeanour, somehow or other, to Maggie.

210 The idea of Maggie sitting alone by the pond roused an habitual fear in Mrs. Tulliver's mind, and she mounted the horse-block to satisfy herself by a sight of that fatal child, while Tom walked — not very quickly — on his way towards her.

215 "They're such children for the water, mine are," she said aloud, without reflecting that there was no one to hear her; "they'll be brought in dead and drowned some day. I wish that river was far enough."

But when she not only failed to discern Maggie, but
220 presently saw Tom returning from the pool alone, this hovering fear entered and took complete possession of her, and she hurried to meet him.

"Maggie's nowhere about the pond, mother," said Tom; "she's gone away."

You may conceive the terrified search for Maggie, and the 225 difficulty of convincing her mother that she was not in the pond. Mrs. Pullet observed that the child might come to a worse end if she lived — there was no knowing; and Mr. Pullet, confused and overwhelmed by this revolutionary aspect of things — the tea deferred and the poultry alarmed 230 by the unusual running to and fro — took up his spud as an instrument of search, and reached down a key to unlock the goose-pen, as a likely place for Maggie to lie concealed in.

Tom, after a while, started the idea that Maggie was gone 235 home (without thinking it necessary to state that it was what he should have done himself under the circumstances), and the suggestion was seized as a comfort by his mother.

“Sister, for goodness’ sake, let ’em put the horse in the carriage and take me home — we shall perhaps find her on 240 the road. Lucy can’t walk in her dirty clothes,” she said, looking at that innocent victim, who was wrapped up in a shawl, and sitting with naked feet on the sofa.

Aunt Pullet was quite willing to take the shortest means of restoring her premises to order and quiet, and it was not 245 long before Mrs. Tulliver was in the chaise, looking anxiously at the most distant point before her. What the father would say if Maggie was lost? was a question that predominated over every other.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Mrs. Crawley, the Colonel, and Little Rawdy

(*From Vanity Fair, Chap. XXXVII*)

About the little Rawdon, if nothing has been said all this while, it is because he is hidden upstairs in a garret somewhere or has crawled below into the kitchen for com-

panionship. His mother scarcely ever took notice of him.
5 He passed the days with his French *bonne* as long as that domestic remained in Mr. Crawley's family, and when the Frenchwoman went away, the little fellow, howling in the loneliness of the night, had compassion taken on him by the housemaid, who took him out of his solitary nursery
10 into her bed in the garret hard by, and comforted him.

Rebecca, my Lord Steyne, and one or two more were in the drawing-room taking tea after the Opera, when this shouting was heard overhead. "It's my cherub crying for his nurse," she said. She did not offer to move to go
15 and see the child. "Don't agitate your feelings by going to look for him," said Lord Steyne, sardonically. "Bah!" replied the other, with a sort of blush, "he'll cry himself to sleep;" and they fell to talking about the Opera.

Rawdon had stolen off though, to look after his son and
20 heir; and came back to the company when he found that honest Dolly was consoling the child. The Colonel's dressing-room was in those upper regions. He used to see the boy there in private. They had interviews together every morning when he shaved; Rawdon minor sitting on a box
25 by his father's side, and watching the operation with never-ceasing pleasure. He and the sire were great friends. The father would bring him sweetmeats from the dessert, and hide them in a certain old epaulet box, where the child went to see them, and laughed with joy on discovering the treasure;
30 laughed, but not too loud; for mamma was below asleep and must not be disturbed. She did not go to rest till very late, and seldom rose till after noon.

Rawdon bought the boy plenty of picture-books, and crammed his nursery with toys. Its walls were covered
35 with pictures pasted up by the father's own hand, and purchased by him for ready-money. When he was off duty with Mrs. Rawdon in the Park, he would sit up here,

passing hours with the boy; who rode on his chest, who pulled his great mustachios as if they were driving-reins, and spent days with him in indefatigable gambols. The 40 room was a low room, and once, when the child was not five years old, his father, who was tossing him wildly up in his arms, hit the poor little chap's skull so violently against the ceiling that he almost dropped the child, so terrified was he at the disaster. Rawdon minor had made up his 45 face for a tremendous howl — the severity of the blow indeed authorised that indulgence; but just as he was going to begin, the father interposed.

"For God's sake, Rawdy, don't wake mamma," he cried. And the child looking in a very hard and piteous way at 50 his father, bit his lips, clenched his hands, and didn't cry a bit. Rawdon told that story at the clubs, at the mess, to everybody in town. "By Gad, sir," he explained to the public in general, "what a good plucked one that boy of mine is — what a trump he is! I half sent his head through the 55 ceiling, by Gad, and he wouldn't cry for fear of disturbing his mother."

Sometimes — once or twice in a week — that lady visited the upper regions in which the child lived. She came like a vivified figure out of the *Magasin des Modes* — blandly 60 smiling in the most beautiful new clothes and little gloves and boots. Wonderful scarfs, laces, and jewels glittered about her. She had always a new bonnet on, and flowers bloomed perpetually in it; or else magnificent curling ostrich feathers, soft and snowy as camellias. She nodded twice 65 or thrice patronisingly to the little boy, who looked up from his dinner or from the pictures of soldiers he was painting. When she left the room, an odour of rose, or some other magical fragrance, lingered about the nursery. She was an unearthly being in his eyes, superior to his father — to 70 all the world: to be worshipped and admired at a distance.

To drive with that lady in the carriage was an awful rite; he sat up in the back seat, and did not dare to speak; he gazed with all his eyes at the beautifully dressed princess
75 opposite to him. Gentlemen on splendid prancing horses came up, and smiled and talked with her. How her eyes beamed on all of them! Her hand used to quiver and wave gracefully as they passed. When he went out with her he had his new red dress on. His old brown holland was good
80 enough when he stayed at home. Sometimes when she was away, and Dolly his maid was making the bed, he came into his mother's room. It was as the abode of a fairy to him — a mystic chamber of splendour and delights. There in the wardrobe hung those wonderful robes — pink and blue,
85 and many-tinted. There was the jewel-case, silver-clasped; and the wondrous bronze hand on the dressing-table, glistening all over with a hundred rings. There was the cheval-glass, that miracle of art, in which he could just see his own wondering head, and the reflection of Dolly (queerly distorted
90 and as if up in the ceiling), plumping and patting the pillows of the bed. Oh, thou poor lonely little benighted boy! Mother is the name for God in the lips and hearts of little children; and here was one who was worshipping a stone!

95 Now Rawdon Crawley, rascal as the Colonel was, had certain manly tendencies of affection in his heart, and could love a child and a woman still. For Rawdon minor he had a great secret tenderness then, which did not escape Rebecca, though she did not talk about it to her husband.
100 It did not annoy her; she was too good-natured. It only increased her scorn for him. He felt somehow ashamed at this paternal softness, and hid it from his wife — only indulging it when alone with the boy.

He used to take him out of mornings, when they would
105 go to the stables together, and to the Park. Little Lord

Southdown, the best-natured of men, who would make you a present of the hat from his head, and whose main occupation in life was to buy nicknacks that he might give them away afterwards, bought the little chap a penny not much bigger than a large rat, the donor said, and on this little black 110 Shetland pigmy young Rawdon's great father was pleased to mount the boy, and to walk by his side in the Park. It pleased him to see his old quarters, and his old fellow-guardsmen at Knightsbridge: he had begun to think of his bachelorhood with something like regret. The old troopers were 115 glad to recognize their ancient officer, and dandle the little Colonel. Colonel Crawley found dining at mess and with his brother-officers very pleasant. "Hang it, I ain't clever enough for her — I know it. She won't miss me," he used to say; and he was right, his wife did not miss him. 120

Rebecca was fond of her husband. She was always perfectly good-humored and kind to him. She did not even show her scorn much for him; perhaps she liked him the better for being a fool. He was her upper servant and *maitre d'hotel*. He went on her errands; obeyed her orders without 125 question; drove in the carriage in the ring with her without repining; took her to the Opera-box; solaced himself at his club during the performance, and came punctually back to fetch her when due. He would have liked her to be a little fonder of the boy; but even to that he reconciled 130 himself. "Hang it, you know, she's so clever," he said, "and I'm not literary and that, you know." For, as we have said before, it requires no great wisdom to be able to win at cards and billiards, and Rawdon made no pretensions to any other sort of skill. 135

Washington Irving

(From Roundabout Papers: "Nil Nisi Bonum")

Almost the last words which Sir Walter spoke to Lockhart, his biographer, were, "Be a good man, my dear!" and with the last flicker of breath on his dying lips, he sighed a farewell to his family, and passed away blessing them.

5 Two men, famous, admired, beloved, have just left us, the Goldsmith and the Gibbon of our time.¹ Ere a few weeks are over, many a critic's pen will be at work, reviewing their lives and passing judgment on their work. This is no review, or history, or criticism: only a word in testimony of respect

10 and regard from a man of letters, who owes to his own professional labour the honour of becoming acquainted with these two eminent literary men.

One was the first ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old. He was born almost with the

15 republic; the *pater patriae* had laid his hand on the child's head. He bore Washington's name; he came amongst us bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless, smiling goodwill. His new country (which some people here might be disposed to regard rather superciliously) could send

20 us, as he showed in his own person, a gentleman, who, though himself born in no very high sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet; and, socially, the equal of the most refined Europeans. If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully re-

25 membered? If he ate our salt, did he not pay us with a thankful heart? Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's generous and untiring regard for us disseminated in his own?

¹ Washington Irving died November 28, 1859; Lord Macaulay died December 28, 1859. [Thackeray's note.]

His books are read by millions¹ of his countrymen, whom he has taught to love England, and why to love her. It would 30 have been easy to speak otherwise than he did; to inflame national rancours, which, at the time that he first became known as a public writer, war had just renewed; to cry down the old civilization at the expense of the new; to point out our faults, arrogance, short-comings, and give the re-35 public to infer how much she was the parent state's superior.

There are writers enough in the United States, honest and otherwise, who preach that kind of doctrine. But the good Irving, the peaceful, the friendly, had no place for bitterness in his heart, and no scheme but kindness. Received in 40 England with extraordinary tenderness and friendship (Scott, Southey, Byron, a hundred others have borne witness to their liking for him), he was a messenger of goodwill and peace between his country and ours. "See, friends!" he seems to say, "these English are not so wicked, rapacious, 45 callous, proud, as you have been taught to believe them. I went amongst them a humble man; won my way by my pen; and, when known, found every hand held out to me with kindness and welcome. Scott is a great man, you acknowledge. Did not Scott's King of England give a gold 50 medal to him, and another to me, your countryman, and a stranger?"

Tradition in the United States still fondly retains the history of the feasts and rejoicings which awaited Irving on his return to his native country from Europe. He 55 had a national welcome; he stammered in his speeches, hid himself in confusion, and the people loved him all the better. He had worthily represented America in Europe. In that young community a man who brings home with him abundant European testimonials is still treated with re-60

¹ See his *Life* in the most remarkable *Dictionary of Authors*, published lately at Philadelphia, by Mr. Allibone. [Thackeray's note.]

spect (I have found American writers, of wide-world reputation, strangely solicitous about the opinion of quite obscure British critics, and elated or depressed by their judgments); and Irving went home medalled by the King, diplomatized
35 by the University, crowned and honoured and admired. He had not in any way intrigued for his honours, he had fairly won them; and, in Irving's instance, as in others, the old country was glad and eager to pay them.

In America the love and regard for Irving was a national
70 sentiment. Party wars are perpetually raging there, and are carried on by the press with a rancour and fierceness against individuals which exceed British, almost Irish, virulence. It seemed to me, during a year's travel in the country, as if no one ever aimed a blow at Irving. All men
75 held their hands from that harmless friendly peacemaker. I had the good fortune to see him at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington,¹ and remarked how in every place he was honoured and welcome. Every large city has its "Irving House." The country takes pride in the
80 fame of its men of letters. The gate of his own charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson River was for ever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut out no one.² I had seen many pictures of his house, and read

¹ At Washington, Mr. Irving came to a lecture given by the writer, which Mr. Fillmore and General Pierce, the President and President Elect, were also kind enough to attend together. "Two Kings of Brentford smelling at one rose," says Irving, looking up with his good-humoured smile. [Thackeray's note.]

² Mr. Irving described to me, with that humour and good humour which he always kept, how, amongst other visitors, a member of the British press who had carried his distinguished pen to America (where he employed it in vilifying his own country) came to Sunnyside, introduced himself to Irving, partook of his wine and luncheon, and in two days described Mr. Irving, his house, his nieces, his meal, and his manner of dozing afterwards, in a New York paper. On another occasion, Irving said, laughing, "Two persons came to me, and one held me in conversation whilst the other miscreant took my portrait!" [Thackeray's note.]

descriptions of it, in both of which it was treated with a not unusual American exaggeration. It was a pretty little cabin 85 of a place; the gentleman of the press who took notes of the place, whilst his kind old host was sleeping, might have visited the whole house in a couple of minutes.

And how came it that this house was so small, when Mr. Irving's books were sold by hundreds of thousands, nay, 90 millions, when his profits were known to be large, and the habits of life of the good old bachelor were notoriously modest and simple? He had loved once in his life. The lady he loved died, and he, whom all the world loved, never sought to replace her. I can't say how much the thought of that 95 fidelity has touched me. Does not the very cheerfulness of his after life add to the pathos of that untold story? To grieve always was not in his nature; or, when he had his sorrow, to bring all the world in to condole with him and bemoan it. Deep and quiet he lays the love of his heart, 100 and buries it; and grass and flowers grow over the scarred ground in due time.

Irving had such a small house and such narrow rooms, because there was a great number of people to occupy them. He could only afford to keep one old horse (which, lazy and 105 aged as it was, managed once or twice to run away with that careless old horseman). He could only afford to give plain sherry to that amiable British paragraph-monger from New York, who saw the patriarch asleep over his modest, blameless cup, and fetched the public into his private cham- 110 ber to look at him. Irving could only live very modestly, because the wifeless, childless man had a number of children to whom he was as a father. He had as many as nine nieces, I am told — I saw two of these ladies at his house — with all of whom the dear old man had shared the produce of his 115 labour and genius.

"Be a good man, my dear." One can't but think of these

last words of the veteran Chief of Letters, who had tasted and tested the value of worldly success, admiration, prosperity. Was Irving not good, and of his works, was not his life the best part? In his family, gentle, generous, good-humoured, affectionate, self-denying: in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never obsequious to the great (or, worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are forced to be in his and other countries); eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable to the young members of his calling; in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings delicately honest and grateful, one of the most charming masters of our lighter language; the constant friend to us and our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of goodness, probity, and pure life; — I don't know what sort of testimonial will be raised to him in his own country, where generous and enthusiastic acknowledgment of American merit is never wanting; but Irving was in our service as well as theirs; and as they have placed a stone at Greenwich yonder in memory of that gallant young Bellot, who shared the perils and fate of some of our Arctic seamen, I would like to hear of some memorial raised by English writers and friends of letters in affectionate remembrance of the dear and good Washington Irving.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

The Method of Scientific Investigation

(*From Darwiniana*: "The Causes of the Phenomena of Organic Nature," III)

The method of scientific investigation is nothing but the expression of the necessary mode of working of the human mind. It is simply the mode at which all phenomena are

reasoned about, rendered precise and exact. There is no more difference, but there is just the same kind of difference, 5 between the mental operations of a man of science and those of an ordinary person, as there is between the operations and methods of a baker or of a butcher weighing out his goods in common scales, and the operations of a chemist in performing a difficult and complex analysis by means of 10 his balance and finely graduated weights. It is not that the action of the scales in the one case, and the balance in the other, differ in the principles of their construction or manner of working; but the beam of one is set on an infinitely finer axis than the other, and of course turns by the addition 15 of a much smaller weight.

You will understand this better, perhaps, if I give you some familiar example. You have all heard it repeated, I dare say, that men of science work by means of induction and deduction, and that by the help of these operations, they, 20 in a sort of sense, wring from Nature certain other things, which are called natural laws, and causes, and that out of these, by some cunning skill of their own, they build up hypotheses and theories. And it is imagined by many, that the operations of the common mind can be by no means 25 compared with these processes, and that they have to be acquired by a sort of special apprenticeship to the craft. To hear all these large words, you would think that the mind of a man of science must be constituted differently from that of his fellow men; but if you will not be frightened by terms, 30 you will discover that you are quite wrong, and that all these terrible apparatus are being used by yourselves every day and every hour of your lives.

There is a well-known incident in one of Molière's plays, where the author makes the hero express unbounded delight 35 on being told that he had been talking prose during the whole of his life. In the same way, I trust, that you will take com-

fort, and be delighted with yourselves, on the discovery that you have been acting on the principles of inductive
40 and deductive philosophy during the same period. Probably there is not one here who has not in the course of the day had occasion to set in motion a complex train of reasoning, of the very same kind, though differing of course in degree, as that which a scientific man goes through in tracing
45 the causes of natural phenomena.

A very trivial circumstance will serve to exemplify this. Suppose you go into a fruiterer's shop, wanting an apple, — you take up one, and, on biting it, you find it is sour; you look at it, and see that it is hard and green. You take
50 up another one, and that too is hard, green, and sour. The shopman offers you a third; but, before biting it, you examine it, and find that it is hard and green, and you immediately say that you will not have it, as it must be sour, like those that you have already tried.

55 Nothing can be more simple than that, you think; but if you will take the trouble to analyse and trace out into its logical elements what has been done by the mind, you will be greatly surprised. In the first place you have performed the operation of induction. You found that, in two ex-
60 periences, hardness and greenness in apples went together with sourness. It was so in the first case, and it was confirmed by the second. True, it is a very small basis, but still it is enough to make an induction from; you generalize the facts, and you expect to find sourness in apples where
65 you get hardness and greenness. You found upon that a general law that all hard and green apples are sour; and that, so far as it goes, is a perfect induction. Well, having got your natural law in this way, when you are offered another apple which you find is hard and green, you say, "All hard
70 and green apples are sour; this apple is hard and green, therefore this apple is sour." That train of reasoning is

what logicians call a syllogism, and has all its various parts and terms, — its major premiss, its minor premiss, and its conclusion. And, by the help of further reasoning, which if drawn out, would have to be exhibited in two or three 75 other syllogisms, you arrive at your final determination, “I will not have that apple.” So that, you see, you have, in the first place, established a law by induction, and upon that you have founded a deduction, and reasoned out the special particular case.

80

Well now, suppose, having got your conclusion of the law, that at some time afterwards, you are discussing the qualities of apples with a friend: you will say to him, “It is a very curious thing, — but I find that all hard and green apples are sour!” Your friend says to you, “But how do you know 85 that?” You at once reply, “Oh, because I have tried them over and over again, and have always found them to be so.” Well, if we were talking science instead of common sense, we should call that an experimental verification. And, if still opposed, you go further, and say, “I have heard from the 90 people in Somersetshire and Devonshire, where a large number of apples are grown, that they have observed the same thing. It is also found to be the case in Normandy, and in North America. In short, I find it to be the universal experience of mankind wherever attention has been directed to the sub-95 ject.” Whereupon, your friend, unless he is a very unreasonable man, agrees with you, and is convinced that you are quite right in the conclusion you have drawn. He believes, although perhaps he does not know he believes it, that the more extensive verifications are, — that the 100 more frequently experiments have been made, and results of the same kind arrived at, — that the more varied the conditions under which the same results are attained, the more certain is the ultimate conclusion, and he disputes the question no further. He sees that the experiment has 105

been tried under all sorts of conditions, as to time, place, and people, with the same result; and he says with you, therefore, that the law you have laid down must be a good one, and he must believe it.

110 In science we do the same thing;—the philosopher exercises precisely the same faculties, though in a much more delicate manner. In scientific inquiry it becomes a matter of duty to expose a supposed law to every possible kind of verification, and to take care, moreover, that this
115 is done intentionally, and not left to a mere accident, as in the case of the apples. And in science, as in common life, our confidence in a law is in exact proportion to the absence of variation in the result of our experimental verifications. For instance, if you let go your grasp of an article you may
120 have in your hand, it will immediately fall to the ground. That is a very common verification of one of the best established laws of nature—that of gravitation. The method by which men of science establish the existence of that law is exactly the same as that by which we have established
125 the trivial proposition about the sourness of hard and green apples. But we believe it in such an extensive, thorough, and unhesitating manner because the universal experience of mankind verifies it, and we can verify it ourselves at any time; and that is the strongest possible foundation on which
130 any natural law can rest.

So much, then, by way of proof that the method of establishing laws in science is exactly the same as that pursued in common life. Let us now turn to another matter (though really it is but another phase of the same question), and that
135 is, the method by which, from the relations of certain phenomena, we prove that some stand in the position of causes towards the others.

I want to put the case clearly before you, and I will therefore show you what I mean by another familiar example.

I will suppose that one of you, on coming down in the morning 140 to the parlor of your house, finds that a tea-pot and some spoons which had been left in the room on the previous evening are gone, — the window is open, and you observe the mark of a dirty hand on the window-frame, and perhaps, in addition to that, you notice the impress of a hob-nailed 145 shoe on the gravel outside. All these phenomena have struck your attention instantly, and before two seconds have passed you say, "Oh, somebody has broken open the window, entered the room, and run off with the spoons and the tea-pot!" That speech is out of your mouth in a moment. 150 And you will probably add, "I know there has; I am quite sure of it!" You mean to say exactly what you know; but in reality you are giving expression to what is, in all essential particulars, an hypothesis. You do not *know* it at all; it is nothing but an hypothesis rapidly framed in 155 your own mind. And it is an hypothesis founded on a long train of inductions and deductions.

What are those inductions and deductions, and how have you got at this hypothesis? You have observed in the first place, that the window is open, but by a train of reason- 160 ing involving many inductions and deductions, you have probably arrived long before at the general law — and a very good one it is — that windows do not open of themselves; and you therefore conclude that something has opened the window. A second general law that you have arrived 165 at in the same way is, that tea-pots and spoons do not go out of a window spontaneously, and you are satisfied that, as they are not now where you left them, they have been removed. In the third place, you look at the marks on the window-sill, and the shoe-marks outside, and you say that 170 in all previous experience the former kind of a mark has never been produced by anything else but the hand of a human being; and the same experience shows that no other

animal but man at present wears shoes with hob-nails in
175 them such as would produce the marks in the gravel. I
do not know, even if we could discover any of those "missing
links" that are talked about, that they would help us to
any other conclusion! At any rate the law which states
our present experience is strong enough for my present
180 purpose.

You next reach the conclusion that, as these kind of
marks have not been left by any other animal than man,
or are liable to be formed in any other way than a man's
hand and shoe, the marks in question have been formed
185 by a man in that way. You have, further, a general law,
founded on observation and experience, and that, too, is,
I am sorry to say, a very universal and unimpeachable one,
— that some men are thieves; and you assume at once
from all these premisses — and that is what constitutes
190 your hypothesis — that the man who made the marks
outside and on the window-sill, opened the window, got
into the room, and stole your tea-pot and spoons. You
have now arrived at a *vera causa*; — you have assumed a
cause which, it is plain, is competent to produce all the phe-
195 nomena you have observed. You can explain all these
phenomena only by the hypothesis of a thief. But that is
a hypothetical conclusion, of the justice of which you have
no absolute proof at all; it is only rendered highly probable
by a series of inductive and deductive reasonings.

200 I suppose your first action, assuming that you are a man
of ordinary common sense, and that you have established
this hypothesis to your own satisfaction, will very likely
be to go off for the police, and set them on the track of the
burglar, with the view to the recovery of your property.
205 But just as you are starting with this object, some person
comes in, and on learning what you are about, says, "My
good friend, you are going on a great deal too fast. How

do you know that the man who really made the marks took the spoons? It might have been a monkey that took them, and the man may have merely looked in afterwards." 216 You would probably reply, "Well, that is all very well, but you see it is contrary to all experience of the way tea-pots and spoons are abstracted; so that, at any rate, your hypothesis is less probable than mine." While you are talking the thing over in this way, another friend arrives, one of the 215 good kind of people that I was talking of a little while ago. And he might say, "Oh, my dear sir, you are certainly going on a great deal too fast. You are most presumptuous. You admit that all these occurrences took place when you were fast asleep, at a time when you could not possibly have 220 known anything about what was taking place. How do you know that the laws of Nature are not suspended during the night? It may be that there has been some kind of supernatural interference in this case." In point of fact, he declares that your hypothesis is one of which you cannot 225 at all demonstrate the truth, and that you are by no means sure that the laws of Nature are the same when you are asleep as when you are awake.

Well, now, you cannot at the moment answer that kind of reasoning. You feel that your worthy friend has you 230 somewhat at a disadvantage. You will feel perfectly convinced in your own mind, however, that you are quite right, and you say to him, "My good friend, I can only be guided by the natural probabilities of the case, and if you will be kind enough to stand aside and permit me to pass, I will 235 go and fetch the police." Well, we will suppose that your journey is successful, and that by good luck you meet with a policeman; that eventually the burglar is found with your property on his person, and the marks correspond to his hand and to his boots. Probably any jury would consider 240 those facts a very good experimental verification of your

hypothesis, touching the cause of the abnormal phenomena observed in your parlor, and would act accordingly.

Now, in this supposititious case, I have taken phenomena
245 of a very common kind, in order that you might see what are the different steps in an ordinary process of reasoning, if you will only take the trouble to analyse it carefully. All the operations I have described, you will see, are involved in the mind of any man of sense in leading him to a con-
250 clusion as to the course he should take in order to make good a robbery and punish the offender. I say that you are led, in that case to your conclusion by exactly the same train of reasoning as that which a man of science pursues when he is endeavouring to discover the origin and laws of
255 the most occult phenomena. The process is, and always must be, the same; and precisely the same mode of reasoning was employed by Newton and Laplace in their endeavours to discover and define the causes of the movements of the heavenly bodies, as you, with your own common sense,
260 would employ to detect a burglar. The only difference is, that the nature of the inquiry being more abstruse, every step has to be most carefully watched, so that there may not be a single crack or flaw in your hypothesis. A flaw or crack in many of the hypotheses of daily life may be of
265 little or no moment as affecting the general correctness of the conclusions at which we may arrive; but, in a scientific inquiry, a fallacy, great or small, is always of importance, and is sure to be in the long run constantly productive of mischievous if not fatal results.

270 Do not allow yourselves to be misled by the common notion that an hypothesis is untrustworthy simply because it is an hypothesis. It is often urged, in respect to some scientific conclusion, that, after all, it is only an hypothesis. But what more have we to guide us in nine-tenths of the
275 most important affairs of daily life than hypotheses, and

often very ill-based ones? So that in science, where the evidence of an hypothesis is subjected to the most rigid examination, we may rightly pursue the same course. You may have hypotheses, and hypotheses. A man may say, if he likes, that the moon is made of green cheese: that is 280 an hypothesis. But another man, who has devoted a great deal of time and attention to the subject, and availed himself of the most powerful telescopes and the results of the observations of others, declares that in his opinion it is probably composed of materials very similar to those of which our own 285 earth is made up: and that is also only an hypothesis.

But I need not tell you that there is an enormous difference in the value of the two hypotheses. That one which is based on sound scientific knowledge is sure to have a corresponding value; and that which is a mere hasty random 290 guess is likely to have but little value. Every great step in our progress in discovering causes has been made in exactly the same way as that which I have detailed to you. A person observing the occurrence of certain facts and phenomena asks, naturally enough, what process, what 295 kind of operation known to occur in Nature applied to the particular case, will unravel and explain the mystery? Hence you have the scientific hypothesis; and its value will be proportionate to the care and completeness with which its basis had been tested and verified. It is in these 300 matters as in the commonest affairs of practical life: the guess of the fool will be folly, while the guess of the wise man will contain wisdom. In all cases, you see that the value of the result depends on the patience and faithfulness with which the investigator applies to his hypothesis every 305 possible kind of verification.

JOHN RUSKIN

On Some Lines of "Lycidas"

(From Sesame and Lilies)

You can easily ascertain the meanings through which the English word has passed; and those which in a good writer's work it must still bear. And now, merely for example's sake, I will, with your permission, read a few lines of a true book with you, carefully; and see what will come out of them. I will take a book perfectly known to you all; no English words are more familiar to us, yet nothing perhaps has been less read with sincerity. I will take these few following lines of Lycidas.

- 10 "Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake :
- 15 'How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold !
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
- 20 And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else, the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs !
What recks it them ? What need they ? They are sped ;
- 25 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread ;
- 30 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.' "

Let us think over this passage, and examine its words.

First, is it not singular to find Milton assigning to St. Peter, not only his full episcopal function, but the very types of it which Protestants usually refuse most passionately? 35 His "mitred" locks! Milton was no Bishop-lover; how comes St. Peter to be "mitred?" "Two massy keys he bore." Is this, then, the power of the keys claimed by the Bishops of Rome, and is it acknowledged here by Milton only in a poetical licence, for the sake of its picturesqueness, 40 that he may get the gleam of the golden keys to help his effect? Do not think it. Great men do not play stage tricks with doctrines of life and death: only little men do that. Milton means what he says; and means it with his might too — is going to put the whole strength of his spirit 45 presently into the saying of it. For though not a lover of false bishops, he *was* a lover of true ones; and the Lake-pilot is here, in his thoughts, the type and head of true episcopal power. For Milton reads that text, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven" quite honestly. 50

Puritan though he be, he would not blot it out of the book because there have been bad bishops; nay, in order to understand him, we must understand that verse first; it will not do to eye it askance, or whisper it under our breath, as if it were a weapon of an adverse sect. It is a solemn, univer- 55 sal assertion, deeply to be kept in mind by all sects. But perhaps we shall be better able to reason on it if we go on a little farther, and come back to it. For clearly, this marked insistence on the power of the true episcopate is to make us feel more weightily what is to be charged against the false 60 claimants of episcopate; or generally, against false claimants of power and rank in the body of the clergy; they who, "for their bellies' sake, creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold."

Do not think Milton uses those three words to fill up his verse, as a loose writer would. He needs all the three; 65

specially those three, and no more than those — “creep,” and
 “intrude,” and “climb;” no other words would or could
 serve the turn, and no more could be added. For they
 exhaustively comprehend the three classes, correspondent to
 70 the three characters, of men who dishonestly seek ecclesiastical
 power. First, those who “*creep*” into the fold; who do
 not care for office, nor name, but for secret influence, and do
 all things occultly and cunningly, consenting to any servility
 of office or conduct, so only that they may intimately discern,
 75 and unawares direct, the minds of men. Then those who
 “intrude” (thrust, that is) themselves into the fold, who by
 natural insolence of heart, and stout eloquence of tongue,
 and fearlessly perseverant self-assertion, obtain hearing and
 authority with the common crowd. Lastly, those who
 80 “climb,” who, by labour and learning, both stout and sound,
 but selfishly exerted in the cause of their own ambition, gain
 high dignities and authorities, and become “lords over the
 heritage,” though not “ensamples to the flock.”

Now go on: —

85 “Of other care they little reckoning make,
 Than how to scramble at the shearer’s feast.
 Blind mouths —”

I pause again, for this is a strange expression; a broken metaphor, one might think, careless and unscholarly.

90 Not so: its very audacity and pithiness are intended to
 make us look close at the phrase and remember it. Those
 two monosyllables express the precisely accurate contraries
 of right character, in the two great offices of the Church —
 those of bishop and pastor.

25 A Bishop means a person who sees.

A Pastor means one who feeds.

The most unbishoply character a man can have is therefore to be Blind.

The most unpastoral is, instead of feeding, to want to be fed, — to be a Mouth.

100

Take the two reverses together, and you have “blind mouths.” We may advisably follow out this idea a little. Nearly all the evils in the Church have arisen from bishops desiring *power* more than *light*. They want authority, not outlook. Whereas their real office is not to rule; though it may be vigorously to exhort and rebuke; it is the king’s office to rule; the bishop’s office is to *oversee* the flock; to number it, sheep by sheep; to be ready always to give full account of it. Now it is clear he cannot give account of the souls, if he has not so much as numbered the bodies of his flock.

The first thing, therefore, that a bishop has to do is at least to put himself in a position in which, at any moment, he can obtain the history from childhood of every living soul in his diocese, and of its present state. Down in that back street, Bill, and Nancy, knocking each other’s teeth out? — Does the bishop know all about it? Has he his eye upon them? Has he *had* his eye upon them? Can he circumstantially explain to us how Bill got into the habit of beating Nancy about the head? If he cannot, he is no bishop though he had a mitre as high as Salisbury steeple; he is no bishop, — he has sought to be at the helm instead of the masthead; he has no sight of things. “Nay,” you say, it is not his duty to look after Bill in the back street. What! the fat sheep that have full fleeces — you think it is only those he should look after, while (go back to your Milton) “the hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, besides what the grim wolf, with privy paw” (bishops knowing nothing about it) “daily devours apace, and nothing said?”

“But that’s not our idea of a bishop.” Perhaps not; but it was St. Paul’s; and it was Milton’s. They may be right, or we may be; but we must not think we are reading

either one or the other by putting our meaning into their words.

135 I go on.

“But, swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw.”

This is to meet the vulgar answer that “if the poor are not looked after in their bodies, they are in their souls; they have spiritual food.”

140 And Milton says, “They have no such thing as spiritual food; they are only swollen with wind.” At first you may think that is a coarse type, and an obscure one. But again, it is a quite literally accurate one. Take up your Latin and Greek dictionaries, and find out the meaning of “spirit.”

145 It is only a contraction of the Latin word “breath,” and an indistinct translation of the Greek word for “wind.” The same word is used in writing, “The wind bloweth where it listeth;” and in writing, “So is every one that is born of the Spirit;” born of the *breath*, that is; for it means the breath
150 of God, in soul and body.

We have the true sense of it in our words “inspiration” and “expire.” Now, there are two kinds of breath with which the flock may be filled; God’s breath, and man’s. The breath of God is health, and life, and peace to them,
155 as the air of heaven is to the flocks on the hills; but man’s breath — the word which *he* calls spiritual, — is disease and contagion to them, as the fog of the fen. They rot inwardly with it; they are puffed up by it, as a dead body by the vapours of its own decomposition. This is literally true
160 of all false religious teaching; the first, and last, and fatalest sign of it is that “puffing up.” Your converted children, who teach their parents; your converted convicts, who teach honest men; your converted dunces, who, having lived in cretinous stupefaction half their lives, suddenly awaking
165 to the fact of there being a God, fancy themselves therefore

His peculiar people and messengers; **your** sectarians of every species, small and great, Catholic or Protestant, of high church or low, in so far as they think themselves exclusively in the right and others wrong; and pre-eminently, in every sect, those who hold that men can be saved by thinking 170 rightly instead of doing rightly, by word instead of act, and wish instead of work: — these are the true fog children — clouds, these, without water; bodies, these, of putrescent vapour and skin, without blood or flesh: blown bag-pipes for the fiends to pipe with — corrupt, and corrupting, — 175 “Swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw.”

Lastly, let us return to the lines respecting the power of the keys, for now we can understand them. Note the difference between Milton and Dante in their interpretation of this power: for once, the latter is weaker in thought; he sup- 180 poses *both* the keys to be of the gate of heaven; one is of gold, the other of silver: they are given by St. Peter to the sentinel angel; and it is not easy to determine the meaning either of the substances of the three steps of the gate, or of the two keys. But Milton makes one, of gold, the key of 185 heaven; the other, of iron, the key of the prison, in which the wicked teachers are to be bound who “have taken away the key of knowledge, yet entered not in themselves.”

We have seen that the duties of bishop and pastor are to see, and feed; and, of all who do so, it is said, “He that 190 watereth, shall be watered also himself.” But the reverse is truth also. He that watereth not, shall be *withered* himself, and he that seeth not, shall himself be shut out of sight, — shut into the perpetual prison-house. And that prison opens here, as well as hereafter: he who is to be bound in heaven 195 must first be bound on earth. That command to the strong angels, of which the rock-apostle is the image, “Take him, and bind him hand and foot, and cast him out,” issues, in its measure, against the teacher, for every help withheld, and for

200 every truth refused, and for every falsehood enforced; so that he is more strictly fettered the more he fetters, and farther outcast, as he more and more misleads, till at last the bars of the iron cage close upon him, and as "the golden opes, the iron shuts amain."

205 We have got something out of the lines, I think, and much more is yet to be found in them; but we have done enough by way of example of the kind of word-by-word examination of your author which is rightly called "reading;" watching every accent and expression, and putting ourselves
210 always in the author's place, annihilating our own personality, and seeking to enter into his, so as to be able assuredly to say, "Thus Milton thought," not "Thus I thought, in mis-reading Milton." And by this process you will gradually come to attach less weight to your own "Thus I thought" at
215 other times. You will begin to perceive that what *you* thought was a matter of no serious importance; — that your thoughts on any subject are not perhaps the clearest and wisest that could be arrived at thereupon: — in fact, that unless you are a very singular person, you cannot be said to
220 have any "thoughts" at all; that you have no materials for them, in any serious matter; ¹ — no right to "think," but only to try to learn more of the facts.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

A Definition of Culture

(*From Culture and Anarchy: Chap. I, "Sweetness and Light"*)

The disparagers of culture make its motive curiosity; sometimes, indeed, they make its motive mere exclusiveness and vanity. The culture which is supposed to plume itself

¹ Modern "Education" for the most part signifies giving people the faculty of thinking wrong on every conceivable subject of importance to them. [Ruskin's note.]

on a smattering of Greek and Latin is a culture which is begotten by nothing so intellectual as curiosity; it is valued either out of sheer vanity and ignorance or else as an engine of social and class distinction, separating its holder, like a badge or title, from other people who have not got it. No serious man would call this *culture*, or attach any value to it, as culture, at all. To find the real ground for the very different estimate which serious people will set upon culture, we must find some motive for culture in the terms of which may lie a real ambiguity; and such a motive the word *curiosity* gives us.

I have before now pointed out that we English do not, like the foreigners, use this word in a good sense as well as in a bad sense. With us the word is always used in a somewhat disapproving sense. A liberal and intelligent eagerness about the things of the mind may be meant by a foreigner when he speaks of curiosity, but with us the word always conveys a certain notion of frivolous and unedifying activity. In the *Quarterly Review*, some little time ago, was an estimate of the celebrated French critic, M. Sainte-Beuve, and a very inadequate estimate it in my judgment was. And its inadequacy consisted in this; that in our English way it left out of sight the double sense really involved in the word *curiosity*, thinking enough was said to stamp M. Sainte-Beuve with blame if it was said that he was impelled in his operations as a critic by curiosity, and omitting either to perceive that M. Sainte-Beuve himself, and many other people with him, would consider that this was praiseworthy and not blameworthy, or to point out why it ought really to be accounted worthy of blame and not of praise. For as there is a curiosity about intellectual matters which is futile, and merely a disease, so there is certainly a curiosity, — a desire after the things of the mind simply for their own sakes and for the pleasure of seeing them as they are, — which is,

in an intelligent being, natural and laudable. Nay, and the very desire to see things as they are implies a balance and
40 regulation of mind which is not often attained without fruitful effort, and which is the very opposite of the blind and diseased impulse of mind which is what we mean to blame when we blame curiosity. Montesquieu says: "The first motive which ought to impel us to study is the desire to
45 augment the excellence of our nature, and to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent." This is the true ground to assign for the genuine scientific passion, however manifested, and for culture, viewed simply as a fruit of this passion; and it is a worthy ground, even though we let the
50 term curiosity stand to describe it.

But there is of culture another view, in which not solely the scientific passion, the sheer desire to see things as they are, natural and proper in an intelligent being, appears as the ground of it. There is a view in which all the love of
55 our neighbour, the impulses towards action, help, and beneficence, the desire for removing human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing human misery, the noble aspiration to leave the world better and happier than we found it, — motives eminently such as are called social, —
60 come in as part of the grounds of culture, and the main and preëminent part. Culture is then properly described not as having its origin in curiosity, but as having its origin in the love of perfection; it is *a study of perfection*. It moves by the force, not merely or primarily of the scientific passion
65 for pure knowledge, but also for the moral and social passion for doing good. As, in the first view of it, we took for its worthy motto Montesquieu's words: "To render an intelligent being yet more intelligent!" so, in the second view of it, there is no better motto which it can have than these
70 words of Bishop Wilson: "To make reason and the will of God prevail!"

Estimate of Emerson

(From Discourses in America: "Emerson")

Forty years ago, when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, voices were in the air there which haunt my memory still. Happy the man who in that susceptible season of youth hears such voices! they are a possession to him for ever. No such voices as those which we heard in our youth at 5 Oxford are sounding there now. Oxford has more criticism now, more knowledge, more light; but such voices as those of our youth it has no longer. The name of Cardinal Newman is a great name to the imagination still; his genius and his style are still things of power. But he has 10 adopted, for the doubts and difficulties which beset men's minds to-day, a solution which, to speak frankly, is impossible. Forty years ago he was in the very prime of life; he was close at hand to us at Oxford; he was preaching in St. Mary's pulpit every Sunday; he seemed about to transform 15 and to renew what was for us the most national and natural institution in the world, the Church of England. Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of 20 voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music, — subtle, sweet, mournful! I seem to hear him still. Or, if we followed him back to his seclusion at Littlemore, that dreary village by the London road, who could resist him there either, welcoming back to the 25 severe joys of church-fellowship, and of daily worship and prayer, the firstlings of a generation which had well-nigh forgotten them?

But there were other voices sounding in our ear besides Newman's. There was the puissant voice of Carlyle; then 30 fresh, comparatively sound, and reaching our heart with

true, pathetic eloquence. A greater voice still, — the greatest voice of the century, — came to us in those youthful years through Carlyle: the voice of Goethe. The large, liberal view of human life in *Wilhelm Meister*, how novel it was to the Englishman in those days! and it was salutary, too, and educative for him, doubtless, as well as novel.

And besides those voices, there came to us in that old Oxford time a voice also from this side of the Atlantic, — a clear and pure voice, which for my ear, at any rate, brought a strain as new, and moving, and unforgettable, as the strain of Newman, or Carlyle, or Goethe. Mr. Lowell has well described the apparition of Emerson to your young generation here, in that distant time of which I am speaking, and of his workings upon them. He was your Newman, your man of soul and genius visible to you in the flesh, speaking to your bodily ears, a present object for your heart and imagination. That is surely the most potent of all influences! nothing can come up to it. To us at Oxford Emerson was but a voice speaking from three thousand miles away. But so well he spoke, that from that time forth Boston Bay and Concord were names invested to my ear with a sentiment akin to that which invests for me the names of Oxford and of Weimar; and snatches of Emerson's strain fixed themselves as imperishably in my mind as any of the eloquent words which I have been just now quoting. "Then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of art, poetry, and science as they have died already in a thousand thousand men." "What Plato has thought, he may think; what a saint has felt, he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man, he can understand." "Trust thyself! every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the Divine Providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connexion of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the

genius of their age; betraying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest spirit the same transcendent destiny; and not pinched in a corner, not cowards 70 fleeing before a revolution, but redeemers and benefactors, pious aspirants to be noble clay plastic under the Almighty effort, let us advance and advance on chaos and the dark!" These lofty sentences of Emerson, and a hundred others of like strain, I have never lost out of my memory; I never 75 *can* lose them.

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We have not in Emerson a great poet, a great writer, a great philosophy-maker. His relation to us is not that of one of those personages; yet it is a relation of, I think, even superior importance. His relation to us is more like 80 that of the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Marcus Aurelius is not a great writer, a great philosophy-maker; he is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. Emerson is the same. He is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. All the points in think- 85 ing which are necessary for this purpose he takes, but he does not combine them into a system, or present them as a regular philosophy. Combined in a system by a man with the requisite talent for this kind of thing, they would be less useful than as Emerson gives them to us; and the man 90 with the talent so to systematise them would be less impressive than Emerson. They do very well as they now stand; like "boulders," as he says; in "paragraphs incompressible, each sentence an infinitely repellent particle." In such sentences his main points recur again and again, and become 95 fixed in the memory.

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Happiness in labour, righteousness, and veracity; in all the life of the spirit; happiness and eternal hope; — that was Emerson's gospel. I hear it said that Emerson
 100 was too sanguine; that the actual generation in America is not turning out so well as he expected. Very likely he was too sanguine as to the near future; in this country it is difficult not to be too sanguine. Very possibly the present generation may prove unworthy of his high hopes; even
 105 several generations succeeding this may prove unworthy of them. But by his conviction that in the life of the spirit is happiness, and by his hope that this life of the spirit will come more and more to be sanely understood, and to prevail, and to work for happiness, — by this conviction and
 110 hope Emerson was great, and he will surely prove in the end to have been right in them. In this country it is difficult, as I said, not to be sanguine. Very many of your writers are over-sanguine, and on the wrong grounds. But you have two men who in what they have written show their
 115 sanguineness in a line where courage and hope are just, where they are also infinitely important, but where they are not easy. The two men are Franklin and Emerson.¹ These

¹ I found with pleasure that this conjunction of Emerson's name with Franklin's had already occurred to an accomplished writer and delightful man, a friend of Emerson, left almost the sole survivor, alas! of the famous literary generation of Boston, — Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Dr. Holmes has kindly allowed me to print here the ingenious and interesting lines, hitherto unpublished, in which he speaks of Emerson thus: —

“ Where in the realm of thought, whose air is song,
 Does he, the Buddha of the West belong?
 He seems a wingèd Franklin, sweetly wise,
 Born to unlock the secret of the skies;
 And which the nobler calling — if 'tis fair
 Terrestrial with celestial to compare —
 To guide the storm-cloud's elemental flame,
 Or walk the chambers whence the lightning came
 Amidst the sources of its subtile fire,
 And steal their effluence for his lips and lyre? ”

[Arnold's note.]

two are, I think, the most distinctively and honourably American of your writers ; they are the most original and the most valuable.

120

Shakespeare

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
 We ask and ask — Thou smilest and art still,
 Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill
 Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
 Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea, 5
 Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
 Spares but the cloudy border of his base
 To the foiled searching of mortality ;
 And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
 Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honored, self-secure, 10
 Didst tread on earth unguessed at. — Better so !
 All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
 All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
 Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

Memorial Verses

April, 1850

Goethe in Weimar sleeps, and Greece,
 Long since, saw Byron's struggle cease.
 But one such death remained to come ;
 The last poetic voice is dumb —
 We stand to-day by Wordsworth's tomb. 5

When Byron's eyes were shut in death,
 We bowed our head and held our breath.
 He taught us little ; but our soul
 Had *felt* him like the thunder's roll.
 With shivering heart the strife we saw 10

Of passion with eternal law ;
 And yet with reverential awe
 We watched the fount of fiery life
 Which served for that Titanic strife.

- 15 When Goethe's death was told, we said :
 Sunk, then, is Europe's sagest head.
 Physician of the iron age,
 Goethe has done his pilgrimage.
 He took the suffering human race,
 20 He read each wound, each weakness clear ;
 And struck his finger on the place,
 And said : *Thou ailest here, and here !*
 He looked on Europe's dying hour
 Of fitful dream and feverish power ;
 25 His eye plunged down the weltering strife,
 The turmoil of expiring life —
 He said : *The end is everywhere,*
 Art still has truth, take refuge there !
 And he was happy, if to know
 30 Causes of things, and far below
 His feet to see the lurid flow
 Of terror, and insane distress,
 And headlong fate, be happiness.
- And Wordsworth ! — Ah, pale ghosts, rejoice !
 35 For never has such soothing voice
 Been to your shadowy world conveyed,
 Since erst, at morn, some wandering shade
 Heard the clear song of Orpheus come
 Through Hades, and the mournful gloom.
 40 Wordsworth has gone from us — and ye,
 Ah, may ye feel his voice as we !
 He too upon a wintry clime
 Had fallen — on this iron time
 Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.
 45 He found us when the age had bound
 Our souls in its benumbing round ;

He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears.
 He laid us as we lay at birth
 On the cool flowery lap of earth,
 Smiles broke from us and we had ease; 50
 The hills were round us, and the breeze
 Went o'er the sun-lit fields again;
 Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
 Our youth returned; for there was shed
 On spirits that had long been dead, 55
 Spirits dried up and closely furled,
 The freshness of the early world.

Ah! since dark days still bring to light
 Man's prudence and man's fiery might,
 Time may restore us in his course 60
 Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
 But where will Europe's latter hour
 Again find Wordsworth's healing power?
 Others will teach us how to dare,
 And against fear our breast to steel; 65
 Others will strengthen us to bear —
 But who, ah! who, will make us feel?
 The cloud of mortal destiny,
 Others will front it fearlessly —
 But who, like him, will put it by? 70

Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,
 O Rotha, with thy living wave!
 Sing him thy best! for few or none
 Hears thy voice right, now he is gone.

Requiescat

Strew on her roses, roses,
 And never a spray of yew!
 In quiet she reposes;
 Ah, would that I did too!

- 5 Her mirth the world required ;
 She bathed it in smiles of glee.
 But her heart was tired, tired,
 And now they let her be.
- 10 Her life was turning, turning,
 In mazes of heat and sound ;
 But for peace her soul was yearning,
 And now peace laps her round.
- 15 Her cabined, ample spirit,
 It fluttered and failed for breath ;
 To-night it doth inherit
 The vasty hall of death.

The Fall of Sohrab

(*From Sohrab and Rustum*)

- He spoke, and Rustum answered not, but hurled
 His spear ; down from the shoulder, down it came
 As on some partridge in the corn a hawk
 That long has towered in the airy clouds
- 5 Drops like a plummet ; Sohrab saw it come,
 And sprang aside, quick as a flash : the spear
 Hissed, and went quivering down into the sand,
 Which it sent flying wide ; — then Sohrab threw
 In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield ; sharp rang,
- 10 The iron plates rang sharp, but turned the spear.
 And Rustum seized his club, which none but he
 Could wield : an unlopped trunk it was, and huge,
 Still rough — like those which men in treeless plains
 To build them boats fish from the flooded rivers,
- 15 Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up
 By their dark springs, the wind in wintertime
 Has made in Himalayan forests wrack,
 And strewn the channels with torn boughs — so huge
 The club which Rustum lifted now, and struck

One stroke; but again Sohrab sprang aside, 20
Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came
Thundering to earth, and leaped from Rustum's hand.
And Rustum followed his own blow, and fell
To his knees, and with his fingers clutched the sand.
And now might Sohrab have unsheathed his sword, 25
And pierced the mighty Rustum while he lay
Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with sand;
But he looked on, and smiled, nor bared his sword,
But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said: —
 "Thou strikest too hard! that club of thine will float 30
Upon the summer-floods, and not my bones.
But rise, and be not wroth! not wroth am I;
No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul.
Thou sayst thou art not Rustum: be it so.
Who art thou then, that canst so touch my soul? 35
Boy as I am, I have seen battles too —
Have waded foremost in their bloody waves,
And heard their hollow roar of dying men;
But never was my heart thus touched before.
Are they from Heaven, these softening of the heart? 40
O thou old warrior, let us yield to Heaven!
Come, plant we here in earth our angry spears,
And make a truce, and sit upon this sand,
And pledge each other in red wine, like friends,
And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's deeds. 45
There are enough foes in the Persian host,
Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang;
Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom thou
Mayst fight; fight *them*, when they confront thy spear!
But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me!" 50

He ceased: but while he spake, Rustum had risen,
And stood erect, trembling with rage: his club
He left to lie, but had regained his spear,
Whose fiery point now in his mailed right-hand
Blazed bright and baleful, like that autumn-star,
The baleful sign of fevers: dust had soiled

- His stately crest, and dimmed his glittering arms.
His breast heaved, his lips foamed, and twice his voice
Was choked with rage : at last these words broke way : —
- 60 “Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands!
Curled minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words!
Fight, let me hear thy hateful voice no more!
Thou art not in Afrasiab’s gardens now
With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wont to dance;
- 65 But on the Oxus-sands, and in the dance
Of battle, and with me, who make no play
Of war; I fight it out, and hand to hand.
Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and wine!
Remember all thy valor: try thy feints
- 70 And cunning! all the pity I had is gone;
Because thou hast shamed me before both the hosts
With thy light skipping tricks, and thy girl’s wiles.”
He spoke, and Sohrab kindled at his taunts,
And he too drew his sword: at once they rushed
- 75 Together, as two eagles on one prey
Come rushing down together from the clouds,
One from the east, one from the west; their shields
Dashed with a clang together, and a din
Rôse, such as that the sinewy woodcutters
- 80 Make often in the forest’s heart at morn,
Of hewing axes, crashing trees — such blows
Rustum and Sohrab on each other hailed.
And you would say that sun and stars took part
In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud
- 85 Grew suddenly in Heaven, and darked the sun
Over the fighters’ heads; and a wind rose
Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,
And in a sandy whirlwind wrapped the pair.
In gloom they twain were wrapped, and they alone;
- 90 For both the on-looking hosts on either hand
Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,
And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.
But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes

And laboring breath ; first Rustum struck the shield
Which Sohrab held stiff out ; the steel-spiked spear 95
Rent the tough plates, but failed to reach the skin,
And Rustum plucked it back with angry groan.
Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm,
Nor clove its steel quite through ; but all the crest
He shore away, and that proud horse-hair plume, 100
Never till now defiled, sank to the dust ;
And Rustum bowed his head ; but then the gloom
Grew blacker, thunder rumbled in the air,
And lightnings rent the cloud ; and Ruksh, the horse,
Who stood at hand, uttered a dreadful cry ; — 105
No horse's cry was that, most like the roar
Of some pained desert lion, who all day
Hath trailed the hunter's javelin in his side,
And comes at night to die upon the sand.
The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked for fear, 110
And Oxus curdled as it crossed his stream.
But Sohrab heard, and quailed not, but rushed on,
And struck again ; and again Rustum bowed
His head ; but this time all the blade, like glass,
Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm, 115
And in his hand the hilt remained alone.
Then Rustum raised his head ; his dreadful eyes
Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear,
And shouted, *Rustum !* — Sohrab heard that shout,
And shrank amazed : back he recoiled one step, 120
And scanned with blinking eyes the advancing form ;
And then he stood bewildered ; and he dropped
His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side.
He reeled, and staggering back, sank to the ground ;
And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell, 125
And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
The cloud ; and the two armies saw the pair —
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet,
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.
Then with a bitter smile, Rustum began : — 130

- "Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
 A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
 And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent.
 Or else that the great Rustum would come down
 135 Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move
 His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.
 And then that all the Tartar host would praise
 Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,
 To glad thy father in his weak old age.
 140 Fool, thou art slain, and by an unknown man!
 Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be
 Than to thy friends, and to thy father old."
 And, with a fearless mien, Sohrab replied: —
 "Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain.
 145 Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man!
 No! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart.
 For were I matched with ten such men as thee,
 And I were that which till to-day I was,
 They should be lying here, I standing there.
 150 But that belovèd name unnerved my arm —
 That name, and something, I confess, in thee,
 Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield
 Fall; and thy spear transfixed an unarmed foe.
 And now thou boastest, and insultest my fate.
 155 But hear thou this, fierce man, tremble to hear!
 The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death!
 My father, whom I seek through all the world,
 He shall avenge my death, and punish thee!"

Dover Beach

- The sea is calm to-night,
 The tide is full, the moon lies fair
 Upon the straits; — on the French coast the light
 Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
 5 Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
 Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!

Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanced land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling, 10
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago 15
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea. 20

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar, 25
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems 30
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain 35
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Geist's Grave

Four years! — and didst thou stay above
The ground, which hides thee now, but four?
And all that life, and all that love,
Were crowded, Geist! into no more?

5 Only four years those winning ways,
Which make me for thy presence yearn,
Call'd us to pet thee or to praise,
Dear little friend! at every turn?

10 That loving heart, that patient soul,
Had they indeed no longer span,
To run their course, and reach their goal,
And read their homily to man?

15 That liquid, melancholy eye,
From whose pathetic, soul-fed springs
Seem'd surging the Virgilian cry,
The sense of tears in mortal things —

20 That steadfast, mournful strain, consoled
By spirits gloriously gay,
And temper of heroic mould —
What, was four years their whole short day?

Yes, only four! — and not the course
Of all the centuries yet to come,
And not the infinite resource
Of nature, with her countless sum

25 Of figures, with her fulness vast
Of new creation evermore,
Can ever quite repeat the past,
Or just thy little self restore.

30 Stern law of every mortal lot!
Which man, proud man, finds hard to bear,
And builds himself I know not what
Of second life I know not where.

But thou, when struck thine hour to go,
On us, who stood despondent by,
A meek last glance of love didst throw, 35
And humbly lay thee down to die.

Yet would we keep thee in our heart —
Would fix our favourite on the scene,
Nor let thee utterly depart
And be as if thou ne'er hadst been. 40

And so there rise these lines of verse
On lips that rarely form them now;
While to each other we rehearse :
Such ways, such arts, such looks hadst thou !

We stroke thy broad brown paws again, 45
We bid thee to thy vacant chair,
We greet thee by the window-pane,
We hear thy scuffle on the stair ;

We see the flaps of thy large ears
Quick raised to ask which way we go ; 50
Crossing the frozen lake, appears
Thy small black figure on the snow !

Nor to us only art thou dear
Who mourn thee in thine English home ;
Thou hast thine absent master's tear, 55
Dropt by the far Australian foam.

Thy memory lasts both here and there,
And thou shalt live as long as we.
And after that — thou dost not care !
In us was all the world to thee. 60

Yet, fondly zealous for thy fame,
Even to a date beyond our own
We strive to carry down thy name,
By mounded turf, and graven stone.

65 We lay thee, close within our reach,
 Here, where the grass is smooth and warm,
 Between the holly and the beech,
 Where oft we watch'd thy couchant form,

 Asleep, yet lending half an ear
 70 To travellers on the Portsmouth road ; —
 There choose we thee, O guardian dear,
 Mark'd with a stone, thy last abode !

 Then some, who through this garden pass,
 When we too, like thy self, are clay,
 75 Shall see thy grave upon the grass,
 And stop before the stone, and say :

People who lived here long ago
 Did by this stone, it seems, intend
 To name for future times to know
 80 *The dachs-hound, Geist, their little friend.*

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Ulysses on Old Age

(*From Ulysses*)

 There lies the port ; the vessel puffs her sail ;
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
 Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me, —
 That ever with a frolic welcome took
 5 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads, — you and I are old ;
 Old age hath yet his honor and his toil.
 Death closes all ; but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 10 Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks ;
 The long day wanes ; the slow moon climbs ; the deep
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite 15
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles, 20
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Though much is taken, much abides; and though
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts, 25
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

(From In Memoriam)

I

I held it truth, with him who sings
 To one clear harp in divers tones,
 That men may rise on stepping-stones
 Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years 5
 And find in loss a gain to match?
 Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
 The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,
 Let darkness keep her raven gloss: 10
 Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,
 To dance with death, to beat the ground,

Than that the victor Hours should scorn
 The long result of love, and boast,
 "Behold the man that loved and lost, 15
 But all he was is overworn."

XXVII

I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
20 That never knew the summer woods :

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes ;

25 Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth ;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall ;
30 I feel it, when I sorrow most ;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

CVI

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light :
35 The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go ;
40 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor ;
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause, 45
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times; 50
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite;
 Ring in the love of truth and right, 55
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace. 60

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

CXXX

Thy voice is on the rolling air; 65
 I hear thee where the waters run;
 Thou standest in the rising sun,
 And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess;
 But tho' I seem in star and flower 70
 To feel thee some diffusive power,
 I do not therefore love thee less:

My love involves the love before;
 My love is vaster passion now;
 Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou, 75
 I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
 I have thee still, and I rejoice;
 I prosper, circled with thy voice;
 80 I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead

(*From The Princess*)

Home they brought her warrior dead;
 She nor swooned nor uttered cry:
 All her maidens, watching, said,
 "She must weep or she will die."

5 Then they praised him, soft and low,
 Called him worthy to be loved,
 Truest friend and noblest foe;
 Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
 10 Lightly to the warrior stepped,
 Took the face-cloth from the face;
 Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
 Set his child upon her knee —
 15 Like summer tempest came her tears —
 "Sweet my child, I live for thee."

Geraint's Strange Petition

(*From Idylls of the King: "The Marriage of Geraint"*)

But while the women thus rejoiced, Geraint
 Woke where he slept in the high hall, and call'd
 For Enid, and when Yniol made report
 Of that good mother making Enid gay
 5 In such apparel as might well beseem
 His princess, or indeed the stately Queen,
 He answer'd: "Earl, entreat her by my love,

Albeit I give no reason for my wish,
That she ride with me in her faded silk."
Yniol with that hard message went; it fell 10
Like flaws in summer laying lusty corn:
For Enid, all abash'd she knew not why,
Dare not to glance at her good mother's face,
But silently, in all obedience,
Her mother silent too, nor helping her, 15
Laid from her limbs the costly-broider'd gift,
And robed them in her ancient suit again,
And so descended. Never man rejoiced
More than Geraint to greet her thus attired;
And glancing all at once as keenly at her 20
As careful robins eye the delver's toil,
Made her cheek burn and either eyelid fall,
But rested with her sweet face satisfied;
Then seeing cloud upon the mother's brow,
Her by both hands he caught, and sweetly said: 25

"O my new mother, be not wroth or grieved
At thy new son, for my petition to her.
When late I left Caerleon, our great Queen,
In words whose echo lasts, they were so sweet,
Made promise that, whatever bride I brought, 30
Herself would clothe her like the sun in heaven.
Thereafter, when I reach'd this ruin'd hall,
Beholding one so bright in dark estate,
I vow'd that, could I gain her, our fair Queen,
No hand but hers, should make your Enid burst 35
Sunlike from cloud — and likewise thought perhaps,
That service done so graciously would bind
The two together; fain I would the two
Should love each other: how can Enid find
A nobler friend? Another thought was mine: 40
I came among you here so suddenly
That tho' her gentle presence at the lists
Might well have served for proof that I was loved,

- I doubted whether daughter's tenderness,
 45 Or easy nature, might not let itself
 Be moulded by your wishes for her weal;
 Or whether some false sense in her own self
 Of my contrasting brightness overbore
 Her fancy dwelling in this dusky hall;
 50 And such a sense might make her long for court
 And all its perilous glories: and I thought,
 That could I someway prove such force in her
 Link'd with such love for me that at a word,
 No reason given her, she could cast aside
 55 A splendor dear to women, new to her,
 And therefore dearer; or if not so new,
 Yet therefore tenfold dearer by the power
 Of intermitted usage; then I felt
 That I could rest, a rock in ebbs and flows,
 30 Fixt on her faith. Now, therefore, I do rest,
 A prophet certain of my prophecy,
 That never shadow of mistrust can cross
 Between us. Grant me pardon for my thoughts;
 And for my strange petition I will make
 65 Amends hereafter by some gaudy-day,
 When your fair child shall wear your costly gift
 Beside your own warm hearth, with, on her knees,
 Who knows? another gift of the high God,
 Which, maybe, shall have learn'd to lip you thanks"
 70 He spoke: the mother smiled, but half in tears,
 Then brought a mantle down and wrapt her in it,
 And claspt and kiss'd her, and they rode away.

Gareth's Combat with the Noonday Sun

(From *Idylls of the King*: "Gareth and Lynette")

So when they touch'd the second river-loop,
 Huge on a high red horse, and all in mail
 Burnish'd to blinding, shone the Noonday Sun

Beyond a raging shallow. As if the flower
 That blows a globe of after arrowlets 5
 Ten-thousand-fold had grown, flash'd the fierce shield,
 All sun; and Gareth's eyes had flying blots
 Before them when he turn'd from watching him.
 He from beyond the roaring shallow roar'd,
 "What doest thou, brother, in my marches here?" 10
 And she athwart the shallow shrill'd again,
 "Here is a kitchen-knave from Arthur's hall
 Hath overthrown thy brother, and hath his arms."
 "Ugh!" cried the Sun, and, vizoring up a red
 And cipher face of rounded foolishness, 15
 Push'd horse across the foamings of the ford,
 Whom Gareth met mid-stream; no room was there
 For lance or tourney-skill; four strokes they struck
 With sword, and these were mighty; the new knight
 Had fear he might be shamed; but as the Sun 20
 Heaved up a ponderous arm to strike the fifth,
 The hoof of his horse slipt in the stream, the stream
 Descended, and the Sun was wash'd away.

Then Gareth laid his lance athwart the ford;
 So drew him home; but he that fought no more, 25
 As being all bone-batter'd on the rock,
 Yielded; and Gareth sent him to the King.
 "Myself when I return will plead for thee.
 Lead, and I follow." Quietly she led.
 "Hath not the good wind, damsel, changed again?" 30
 "Nay, not a point; nor art thou victor here.
 There lies a ridge of slate across the ford;
 His horse thereon stumbled — ay, for I saw it.

"'O sun' — not this strong fool whom thou, Sir Knave,
 Hast overthrown thro' mere unhappiness — 35
 'O sun, that wakenest all to bliss or pain,
 O moon, that layest all to sleep again,
 Shine sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me.'

“What knowest thou of love-song or of love?
 40 Nay, nay, God wot, so thou were nobly born,
 Thou hast a pleasant presence. Yea, perchance, —

“O dewy flowers that open to the sun,
 O dewy flowers that close when day is done,
 Blow sweetly : twice my love hath smiled on me.’

45 “What knowest thou of flowers, except, belike,
 To garnish meats with? hath not our good King
 Who lent me thee, the flower of kitchendom,
 A foolish love for flowers? what stick ye round
 The pasty? wherewithal deck the boar’s head?
 50 Flowers? nay, the boar hath rosemaries and bay.

“O birds that warble to the morning sky,
 O birds that warble as the day goes by,
 Sing sweetly : twice my love hath smiled on me.’

“What knowest thou of birds, lark, mavis, merle,
 55 Linnet? what dream ye when they utter forth
 May-music growing with the growing light,
 Their sweet sun-worship? these be for the snare —
 So runs thy fancy — these be for the spit,
 Larding and basting. See thou have not now
 60 Larded thy last, except thou turn and fly.”

The Revenge

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

I

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
 And a pinnace, like a fluttered bird, came flying from far away :
 “Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!”
 Then sware Lord Thomas Howard : “’Fore God, I am no coward;
 5 But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
 And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
 We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?”

II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville : "I know you are no coward ;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore. 10
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

III

So Lord Howard passed away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven ;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land 15
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below :
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blessed him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain, 20
To the thumb-screw and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

IV

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly ? 25
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die !
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again : "We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil, 30
For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet."

V

Sir Richard spoke and he laughed, and we roared a hurrah, and so
The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below ;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen, 35
And the little *Revenge* ran on through the long sea-lane between.

VI

Thousands of their soldiers looked down from their decks and
laughed,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delayed
40 By their mountain-like *San Philip* that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stayed.

VII

And while now the great *San Philip* hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
45 Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

VIII

50 But anon the great *San Philip*, she bethought herself and went,
Having that within her womb that had left her ill content ;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears
55 When he leaps from the water to the land.

IX

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer
sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and
flame :

Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and
her shame. 60
For some were sunk and many were shattered, and so could fight
no more —
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

X

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
Though his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone, 65
With a grisly wound to be dressed he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

XI

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the
summer sea, 70
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they feared that we still
could sting,
So they watched what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we, 75
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maimed for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife:
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and
cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of
it spent; 80
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride:
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men! 85

And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die — does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner — sink her, split her in twain!
90 Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

XII

And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
95 We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

XIII

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
100 But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do.
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV

105 And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,
110 And they manned the *Revenge* with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sailed with her loss and longed for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruined awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
115 And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,

Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their
 flags,
 And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shattered navy of
 Spain,
 And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the island crags
 To be lost evermore in the main.

The Charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava

OCTOBER 25, 1854

I

The charge of the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade!
 Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,
 Thousands of horsemen, drew to the valley — and stay'd;
 For Scarlett and Scarlett's three hundred were riding by
 When the points of the Russian lances arose in the sky; 5
 And he call'd, "Left wheel into line!" and they wheel'd and
 obey'd.

Then he looked at the host that had halted he knew not why,
 And he turn'd half round, and he bade his trumpeter sound
 To the charge, and he rode on ahead, as he waved his blade
 To the gallant three hundred whose glory will never die — 10
 "Follow," and up the hill, up the hill, up the hill,
 Follow'd the Heavy Brigade.

II

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of the fight!
 Thousands of horsemen had gather'd there on the height,
 With a wing push'd out to the left and a wing to the right, 15
 And who shall escape if they close? but he dash'd up alone
 Thro' the great gray slope of men,
 Sway'd his sabre, and held his own
 Like an Englishman there and then.
 All in a moment follow'd with force 20
 Three that were next in their fiery course,

Wedged themselves in between horse and horse,
 Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made —
 Four amid thousands! and up the hill, up the hill,
 25 Gallopt the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

III

Fell like a cannon-shot,
 Burst like a thunder-bolt,
 Crash'd like a hurricane,
 Broke through the mass from below,
 30 Drove through the midst of the foe,
 Plunged up and down, to and fro,
 Rode flashing blow upon blow,
 Brave Inniskillens and Greys
 Whirling their sabres in circles of light!
 35 And some of us, all in amaze,
 Who were held for a while from the fight,
 And were only standing at gaze,
 When the dark-muffled Russian crowd
 Folded its wings from the left and the right,
 40 And roll'd them around like a cloud, —
 O, mad for the charge and the battle were we,
 When our own good redcoats sank from sight,
 Like drops of blood in a dark-gray sea,
 And we turn'd to each other, whispering, all dismay'd,
 45 "Lost are the gallant three hundred of Scarlett's Brigade!"

IV

"Lost one and all" were the words
 Mutter'd in our dismay;
 But they rode like victors and lords
 Thro' the forest of lances and swords
 50 In the heart of the Russian hordes,
 They rode, or they stood at bay —
 Struck with the sword-hand and slew,
 Down with the bridle-hand drew

The foe from the saddle and threw
 Underfoot there in the fray — 55
 Ranged like a storm or stood like a rock
 In the wave of a stormy day;
 Till suddenly shock upon shock
 Stagger'd the mass from without,
 Drove it in wild disarray, 60
 For our men gallopt up with a cheer and a shout,
 And the foemen surged, and waver'd and reel'd,
 Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,
 And over the brow and away.

v

Glory to each and to all, and the charge that they made! 65
 Glory to all the three hundred, and all the Brigade!

The Thristle

"Summer is coming, summer is coming!
 I know it, I know it, I know it.
 Light again, leaf again, life again, love again!"
 Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue. 5
 Last year you sang it as gladly.
 "New, new, new, new!" Is it then *so* new
 That you should carol so madly?

Love again, song again, nest again, young again,"
 Never a prophet so crazy! 10
 And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
 See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
 O warble unhidden, unbidden!
 Summer is coming, is coming, my dear, 15
 And all the winters are hidden.

Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,

5 But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.

10 Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark!
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
 15 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crossed the bar.

ROBERT BROWNING

Song from Pippa Passes

5 The year's at the spring
 And day's at the morn;
 Morning's at seven;
 The hillside's dew-pearled;
 The lark's on the wing;
 The snail's on the thorn;
 God's in his heaven —
 All's right with the world!

How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
 "Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
 "Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest, 5
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
 Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
 I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
 Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right, 10
 Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
 Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
 At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see; 15
 At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
 And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
 So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
 And against him the cattle stood black every one, 20
 To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
 And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
 With resolute shoulders, each butting away
 The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back 25
 For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
 And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that glance
 O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
 And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
 His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on. 30

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
 Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her.

We'll remember at Aix" — for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
35 And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
40 'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
45 And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
50 Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is — friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
60 Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

Incident of the French Camp

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :

A mile or so away,

On a little mound, Napoleon

Stood on our storming-day ;

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,

5

Legs wide, arms locked behind,

As if to balance the prone brow

Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans

That soar, to earth may fall,

10

Let once my army-leader Lannes

Waver at yonder wall," —

Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew

A rider, bound on bound

Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew

15

Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,

And held himself erect

By just his horse's mane, a boy :

You hardly could suspect —

20

(So tight he kept his lips compressed,

Scarce any blood came through)

You looked twice ere you saw his breast

Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace

25

We've got you Ratisbon !

The Marshal's in the market-place,

And you'll be there anon

To see your flag-bird flap his vans

Where I, to heart's desire,

30

Perched him !" The chief's eye flashed ; his plans

Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed ; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 35 A film the mother-eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes ;
 "You're wounded !" "Nay," the soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said :
 "I'm killed, Sire !" And, his chief beside,
 40 Smiling the boy fell dead.

My Last Duchess

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall
 Looking as if she were alive. I call
 That piece a wonder, now : Frà Pandolf's hands
 Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
 5 Will't please you sit and look at her ? I said
 "Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read
 Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
 The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
 But to myself they turned (since none puts by
 10 The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
 And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
 How such a glance came there ; so, not the first
 Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
 Her husband's presence only, called that spot
 15 Of joy into the Duchess' cheek : perhaps
 Frà Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
 Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
 Must never hope to reproduce the faint
 Half-flush that dies along her throat : " such stuff
 20 Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
 For calling up that spot of joy. She had
 A heart — how shall I say ? — too soon made glad,
 Too easily impressed ; she liked whate'er
 She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
 25 Sir, 'twas all one ! My favor at her breast,
 The dropping of the daylight in the West,

The bough of cherries some officious fool
 Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
 She rode with round the terrace — all and each
 Would draw from her alike the approving speech, 30
 Or blush, at least. She thanked men, — good! but thanked
 Somehow — I know not how — as if she ranked
 My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
 With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
 This sort of trifling? Even had you skill 35
 In speech — (which I have not) — to make your will
 Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
 Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
 Or there exceed the mark" — and if she let
 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set 40
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
 — E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
 Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,
 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
 Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands; 45
 Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
 As if alive. Will 't please you rise? We'll meet
 The company below then. I repeat,
 The Count your master's known munificence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence 50
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
 Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity, 55
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

Home-Thoughts, from Abroad

Oh, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,

- 5 That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England — now !
- And after April, when May follows,
 10 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows !
 Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops — at the bent spray's edge —
 That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,
 15 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture !
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower
 20 — Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

Rabbi Ben Ezra

- Grow old along with me !
 The best is yet to be,
 The last of life, for which the first was made :
 Our times are in his hand
- 5 Who saith, "A whole I planned,
 Youth shows but half ; trust God : see all, nor be afraid !"
- Not that, amassing flowers,
 Youth sighed, "Which rose make ours,
 Which lily leave and then as best recall ?"
- 10 Not that, admiring stars,
 It yearned, "Nor Jove, nor Mars ;
 Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them all !"
- Not for such hopes and fears
 Annulling youth's brief years,
- 15 Do I remonstrate : folly wide the mark !

Rather I prize the doubt
 Low kinds exist without,
 Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
 Were man but formed to feed 20
 On joy, to solely seek and find and feast;
 Such feasting ended, then
 As sure an end to men;
 Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?

Rejoice we are allied 25
 To that which doth provide
 And not partake, effect and not receive!
 A spark disturbs our clod;
 Nearer we hold of God
 Who gives, than of his tribes that take, I must believe. 30

Then, welcome each rebuff
 That turns earth's smoothness rough,
 Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
 Be our joys three-parts pain!
 Strive, and hold cheap the strain; 35
 Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

For thence, — a paradox
 Which comforts while it mocks, —
 Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
 What I aspired to be, 40
 And was not, comforts me:
 A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.

What is he but a brute
 Whose flesh has soul to suit,
 Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play? 45
 To man, propose this test —
 Thy body at its best,
 How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?

Yet gifts should prove their use :

50 I own the Past profuse

Of power each side, perfection every turn :

Eyes, ears took in their dole,

Brain treasured up the whole ;

Should not the heart beat once "How good to live and learn"?

55 Not once beat "Praise be thine !

I see the whole design,

I, who saw power, see now love perfect too :

Perfect I call thy plan :

Thanks that I was a man !

60 Maker, remake, complete, — I trust what thou shalt do"?

For pleasant is this flesh ;

Our soul, in its rose-mesh

Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest :

Would we some prize might hold

65 To match those manifold

Possessions of the brute, — gain most, as we did best !

Let us not always say,

"Spite of this flesh to-day

I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole !"

70 As the bird wings and sings,

Let us cry, "All good things

Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul !"

Therefore I summon age

To grant youth's heritage,

75 Life's struggle having so far reached its term :

Thence shall I pass, approved

A man, for aye removed

From the developed brute ; a god, though in the germ.

And I shall thereupon

80 Take rest, ere I be gone

Once more on my adventure brave and new :

Fearless and unperplexed,
 When I wage battle next,
 What weapons to select, what armour to indue.

Youth ended, I shall try 85
 My gain or loss thereby;
 Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold:
 And I shall weigh the same,
 Give life its praise or blame:
 Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old. 90

For note, when evening shuts,
 A certain moment cuts
 The deed off, calls the glory from the grey:
 A whisper from the west
 Shoots — "Add this to the rest, 95
 Take it and try its worth: here dies another day."

So, still within this life,
 Though lifted o'er its strife,
 Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
 "This rage was right i' the main, 100
 That acquiescence vain:
 The Future I may face now I have proved the Past."

For more is not reserved
 To man, with soul just nerved
 To act to-morrow what he learns to-day: 105
 Here, work enough to watch
 The Master work, and catch
 Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play.

As it was better, youth
 Should strive, through acts uncouth, 110
 Toward making, than repose on aught found made:
 So, better, age, exempt
 From strife, should know, than tempt
 Further. Thou waitedst age: wait death nor be afraid!

- 115 Enough now, if the Right
And Good and Infinite
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine own,
With knowledge absolute,
Subject to no dispute
120 From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel alone.

- Be there, for once and all,
Severed great minds from small,
Announced to each his station in the Past!
Was I, the world arraigned,
125 Were they, my soul disdained,
Right? Let age speak the truth and give us peace at last!

- Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
130 Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me: we all surmise,
They this thing, and I that: whom shall my soul believe?

- Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work," must sentence pass,
135 Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

- But all, the world's coarse thumb
140 And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount:

- 145 Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;

All I could never be,
 All, men ignored in me,
 This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped. 150

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
 That metaphor! and feel
 Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay, —
 Thou, to whom fools propound,
 When the wine makes its round, 155
 "Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone, seize to-day!"

Fool! All that is, at all,
 Lasts ever, past recall;
 Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
 What entered into thee, 160
That was, is, and shall be:
 Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay endure.

He fixed thee 'mid this dance
 Of plastic circumstance,
 This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest: 165
 Machinery just meant
 To give thy soul its bent,
 Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

What though the earlier grooves,
 Which ran the laughing loves 170
 Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
 What though, about thy rim,
 Skull-things in order grim
 Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress?

Look not thou down but up! 175
 To uses of a cup,
 The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
 The new wine's foaming flow,
 The Master's lips aglow!
 Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou with earth's
 wheel? 180

But I need, now as then,
 Thee, God, who moulded men;
 And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
 Did I — to the wheel of life
 185 With shapes and colors rife,
 Bound dizzily — mistake my end, to slake thy thirst:

 So, take and use thy work,
 Amend what flaws may lurk,
 What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
 190 My times be in thy hand!
 Perfect the cup as planned!
 Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

Epilogue to Asolando

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
 When you set your fancies free,
 Will they pass to where — by death, fools think, imprisoned —
 Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so, —
 5 — Pity me?

 Oh, to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
 What had I on earth to do
 With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
 Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel
 10 — Being — who?

 One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
 Never doubted clouds would break,
 Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
 15 Sleep to wake.

 No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
 Greet the unseen with a cheer!
 Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
 "Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed, — fight on, fare ever
 20 There as here!"

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

El Dorado¹

It seems as if a great deal were attainable in a world where there are so many marriages and decisive battles, and where we all, at certain hours of the day, and with great gusto and despatch, stow a portion of victuals finally and irretrievably into the bag which contains us. And it would seem also, on a hasty view, that the attainment of as much as possible was the one goal of man's contentious life. And yet, as regards the spirit, this is but a semblance. We live in an ascending scale when we live happily, one thing leading to another in an endless series. There is always a new horizon for onward-looking men, and although we dwell on a small planet, immersed in petty business and not enduring beyond a brief period of years, we are so constituted that our hopes are inaccessible, like stars, and the term of hoping is prolonged until the term of life. To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not of what we have. An aspiration is a joy forever, a possession as solid as a landed estate, a fortune which we can never exhaust and which gives us year by year a revenue of pleasurable activity. To have many of these is to be spiritually rich. Life is only a very dull and ill-directed theatre unless we have some interests in the piece; and to those who have neither art nor science, the world is a mere arrangement of colours, or a rough foot-way where they may very well break their shins. It is in virtue of his own desires and curiosities that any man continues to exist with even patience, that he is charmed by the look of things and people, and that he awakens every morning with a renewed appetite for work and pleasure.

¹From *Virginibus Puerisque*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted by permission.

- 30 Desire and curiosity are the two eyes through which he sees the world in the most enchanted colours: it is they that make women beautiful or fossils interesting: and the man may squander his estate and come to beggary, but if he keeps these two amulets he is still rich in the possibilities of pleasure.
- 35 Suppose he could take one meal so compact and comprehensive that he should never hunger any more; suppose him, at a glance, to take in all the features of the world and allay the desire for knowledge; suppose him to do the like in any province of experience — would not that man be in
- 40 a poor way for amusement ever after?

One who goes touring on foot with a single volume in his knapsack reads with circumspection, pausing often to reflect, and often laying the book down to contemplate the landscape or the prints in the inn parlour; for he fears to

45 come to an end of his entertainment, and be left companionless on the last stages of his journey. A young fellow recently finished the works of Thomas Carlyle, winding up, if we remember aright, with the ten note-books upon Frederick the Great. "What!" cried the young fellow in consternation, "is there no more Carlyle? Am I left to the

50 daily papers?" A more celebrated instance is that of Alexander, who wept bitterly because he had no more worlds to subdue. And when Gibbon had finished the *Decline and Fall*, he had only a few moments of joy; and it was with

55 a "sober melancholy" that he parted from his labours.

Happily we all shoot at the moon with ineffectual arrows; our hopes are set on inaccessible El Dorado; we come to an end of nothing here below. Interests are only plucked up to sow themselves again, like mustard. You would

60 think, when the child was born, there would be an end to trouble; and yet it is only the beginning of fresh anxieties; and when you have seen it through its teething and its education, and at last its marriage, alas! it is only to have

new fears, new quivering sensibilities, with every day; and the health of your children's children grows as touching a 65 concern as that of your own. Again, when you have married your wife, you would think you were got upon a hilltop, and might begin to go downward by an easy slope. But you have only ended courting to begin marriage. Falling in love and winning love are often difficult tasks to overbearing 70 and rebellious spirits; but to keep in love is also a business of some importance, to which both man and wife must bring kindness and goodwill. The true love story commences at the altar, when there lies before the married pair a most beautiful contest of wisdom and generosity, and a lifelong 75 struggle towards an unattainable ideal. Unattainable? Ay, surely unattainable, from the very fact that they are two instead of one.

"Of making books there is no end," complained the Preacher; and did not perceive how highly he was praising 80 letters as an occupation. There is no end, indeed, to making books or experiments, or to travel, or to gathering wealth. Problem gives rise to problem. We may study forever, and we are never as learned as we would. We have never made a statue worthy of our dreams. And when we have 85 discovered a continent, or crossed a chain of mountains, it is only to find another ocean or another plain upon the further side. In the infinite universe there is room for our swiftest diligence and to spare. It is not like the works of Carlyle, which can be read to an end. Even 90 in a corner of it, in a private park, or in the neighbourhood of a single hamlet, the weather and the seasons keep so deftly changing that although we walk there for a lifetime there will be always something new to startle and delight us.

95

There is only one wish realizable on the earth; only one thing that can be perfectly attained: Death. And from a

variety of circumstances we have no one to tell us whether it be worth attaining.

- 100 A strange picture we make on our way to our chimæras, ceaselessly marching, grudging ourselves the time for rest; indefatigable, adventurous pioneers. It is true that we shall never reach the goal; it is even more than probable that there is no such place; and if we lived for centuries and were
 105 endowed with the powers of a god, we should find ourselves not much nearer what we wanted at the end. O toiling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, travelling ye know not whither! Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little way fur-
 110 ther, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour.

RUDYARD KIPLING

" Fuzzy-Wuzzy "

(Soudan Expeditionary Force)

- We've fought with many men acrost the seas,
 An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not:
 The Pathan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;
 But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.
 5 We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im;
 'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,
 'E cut our sentries up at Suakim,
 An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.
 So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
 10 You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man;
 We gives you your certificate, an' if you want it signed
 We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you whenever you're inclined.

- We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,
 The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,
 The Burman give us Irriwaddy chills, 15
 An' a Zulu *impi* dished us up in style;
 But all we ever got from such as they
 Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller;
 We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,
 But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller. 20
 Then 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the missis an' the kid;
 Our orders was to break you, an' of course we went and did.
 We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't 'ardly fair;
 But for all the odds agin' you, Fuzzy-Wuz, you broke the
 square.
- 'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own, 25
 'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,
 So we must certify the skill 'e's shown
 In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords:
 When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush
 With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel spear, 30
 An 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush
 Will last an 'ealthy Tommy for a year.
 So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your friends which are no
 more,
 If we 'adn't lost some messmates we would 'elp you to deplore;
 But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll call the bargain fair, 35
 For if you 'ave lost more than us, you crumpled up the square!
- 'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
 An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;
 'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
 An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead. 40
 'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!
 'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,
 'E's the only thing that doesn't give a damn
 For a Regiment o' British Infantee!

- 45 So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
 You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man;
 An' 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air —
 You big black boundin' beggar — for you broke a British
 square!

If —

- If you can keep your head when all about you
 Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
 If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
 But make allowance for their doubting too:
- 5 If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
 Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
 Or being hated don't give way to hating,
 And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;
- If you can dream — and not make dreams your master;
 If you can think — and not make thoughts your aim,
 If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
 And treat those two imposters just the same:
- 10 If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
 Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
 Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
 And stoop and build them up with worn-out tools;
- If you can make one heap of all your winnings
 And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
 And lose, and start again at your beginnings
 And never breathe a word about your loss:
- 20 If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
 To serve your turn long after they are gone,
 And so hold on when there is nothing in you
 Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"
- If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
 Or walk with Kings — nor lose the common touch,
 If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
 If all men count with you, but none too much:
- 25

If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run, 30
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And — which is more — you'll be a Man, my son!

The Gipsy Trail

The white moth to the closing bine,
The bee to the opened clover,
And the gipsy blood to the gipsy blood •
Ever the wide world over.

Ever the wide world over, lass, 5
Ever the trail held true,
Over the world and under the world,
And back at the last to you.

Out of the dark of the gorgio camp,
Out of the grime and the gray 10
(Morning waits at the end of the world)
Gipsy, come away!

The wild boar to the sun-dried swamp,
The red crane to her reed,
And the Romany lass to the Romany lad 15
By the tie of a roving breed.

The pied snake to the rifted rock,
The buck to the stony plain,
And the Romany lass to the Romany lad,
And both to the road again. 20

Both to the road again, again!
Out on a clean sea-track —
Follow the cross of the gipsy trail
Over the world and back!

- 25 Follow the Romany patteran
North where the blue bergs sail,
And the bows are gray with the frozen spray,
And the masts are shod with mail.
- 30 Follow the Romany patteran
Sheer to the Austral Light,
Where the besom of God is the wild South wind,
Sweeping the sea-floors white.
- 35 Follow the Romany patteran
West to the sinking sun,
Till the junk-sails lift through the houseless drift,
And the east and the west are one.
- 40 Follow the Romany patteran
East where the silence broods
By a purple wave on an opal beach
In the hush of the Mahim woods.
- “The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky,
The deer to the wholesome wold
And the heart of a man to the heart of a maid,
As it was in the days of old.”
- 45 The heart of a man to the heart of a maid —
Light of my tents, be fleet.
Morning waits at the end of the world,
And the world is all at our feet!

Recessional

- 5 God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
 The captains and the kings depart;
 Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart. 10
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
 On dune and headland sinks the fire:
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday 15
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not thee in awe, 20
 Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the Law —
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust 25
 In reeking tube and iron shard,
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding, calls not thee to guard,
 For frantic boast and foolish word —
 Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord! 30

JOHN MASEFIELD

Cargoes

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir,
 Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
 With a cargo of ivory
 And apes and peacocks,
 Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine. 5

- Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
 Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores
 With a cargo of diamonds,
 Emeralds, amethysts,
 10 Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.
- Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,
 Butting through the Channel in the mad March days
 With a cargo of Tyne coal,
 Road rails, pig lead,
 15 Firewood, ironware, and cheap tin trays.

Sea-Fever

- I must down to the sea again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
 And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
 And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
 And a gray mist on the sea's face and a gray dawn breaking.
- 5 I must down to the sea again, for the call of the running tide
 Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
 And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
 And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.
- I must down to the sea again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
 To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted
 10 knife;
 And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
 And a quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

ALFRED NOYES

The Highwayman¹

Part One

I

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
 The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,

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The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding —

Riding — riding —

5

The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

II

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin ;

They fitted with never a wrinkle : his boots were up to the thigh !

And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,

10

His pistol butts a-twinkle,

His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

III

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard,
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked
and barred ;

He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there 15

But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,

Bess, the landlord's daughter,

Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

IV

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket creaked

Where Tim the ostler listened ; his face was white and peaked ; 20

His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like mouldy hay,

But he loved the landlord's daughter,

The landlord's red-lipped daughter,

Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say —

V

"One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize to-night, 25

But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light ;

Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,

Then look for me by moonlight,

Watch for me by moonlight,

I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way." 30

VI

He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her hand,
But she loosened her hair i' the casement! His face burnt like a
brand

As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast;
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,

35 (Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)

Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped away to
the West.

Part Two

I

He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at noon;
And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,
When the road was a gipsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,

40 A red-coat troop came marching —

Marching — marching —

King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door.

II

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead,
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of her nar-
row bed;

45 Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their side!

There was death at every window;

And hell at one dark window;

For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that *he* would ride.

III

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest;
They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel beneath her
50 breast!

"Now keep good watch!" and they kissed her.

She heard the dead man say —

Look for me by moonlight;

Watch for me by moonlight;

55 *I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!*

IV

She twisted her hands behind her ; but all the knots held good !
 She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood !
 They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled
 by like years,
 Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,
 Cold, on the stroke of midnight, 60
 The tip of one finger touched it ! The trigger at least was hers !

V

The tip of one finger touched it ; she strove no more for the rest !
 Up, she stood up to attention, with the barrel beneath her breast,
 She would not risk their hearing ; she would not strive again ;
 For the road lay bare in the moonlight ; 65
 Blank and bare in the moonlight ;
 And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed to her love's
 refrain.

VI

Tlot-tlot ; tlot-tlot ! Had they heard it, the horse-hoofs ringing clear ;
Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot, in the distance ? Were they deaf that they did
 not hear ?
 Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill, 70
 The highwayman came riding,
 Riding, riding !
 The red-coats looked to their priming ! She stood up, straight and
 still !

VII

Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence ! *Tlot-tlot,* in the echoing night !
 Nearer he came and nearer ! Her face was like a light ! 75
 Her eyes grew wide for a moment ; she drew one last deep breath,
 Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
 Her musket shattered the moonlight,
 Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him — with her
 death.

VIII

80 He turned; he spurred to the West; he did not know who stood
 Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own red
 blood!
 Not till the dawn he heard it, his face grew grey to hear
 How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
 The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
 Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the darkness
 85 there.

IX

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,
 With the white road smoking behind him and his rapier brandished
 high!
 Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden noon; wine-red was his
 velvet coat,
 When they shot him down on the highway,
 90 Down like a dog on the highway,
 And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of lace at his
 throat.

.

X

*And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,
 When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
 When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
 95 A highwayman comes riding —
 Riding — riding —
 A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.*

XI

*Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn-yard;
 He taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred;
 100 He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
 But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
 Bess, the landlord's daughter,
 Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.*

A Song of Sherwood¹

Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?
Grey and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake,
Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again : all his merry thieves 5
Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June :
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon, 10
Like a flight of rose-leaves fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold :
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray 15
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs :
Love is in the greenwood, dawn is in the skies,
And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes. 20

Hark ! The dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep !
Marian is waiting : is Robin Hood asleep ?
Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold, 25
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mould,
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

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- Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
30 With quarter-staff and drinking-can and grey goose-feather.
The dead are coming back again, the years are rolled away
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

- Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows.
All the heart of England hid in every rose
35 Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

- Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,
40 *Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?*

- Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men —
Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the May
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day —
45 Calls them and they answer: from aisles of oak and ash
Rings the *Follow! Follow!* and the boughs begin to crash,
The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly,
And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

- Robin! Robin! Robin!* All his merry thieves
50 Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

The Lake Isle of Innisfree

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow, 5
 Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
 There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
 And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
 I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore; 10
 While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
 I hear it in the deep heart's core.

RALPH HODGSON

Time, You Old Gypsy Man

Time, you old gypsy man,
 Will you not stay,
 Put up your caravan
 Just for one day?

All things I'll give you 5
 Will you be my guest,
 Bells for your jennet
 Of silver the best,
 Goldsmiths shall beat you
 A great golden ring, 10
 Peacocks shall bow to you,
 Little boys sing,
 Oh, and sweet girls will
 Festoon you with may.
 Time, you old Gypsy, 15
 Why hasten away?

Last week in Babylon,
 Last night in Rome,
 Morning, and in the crush
 Under Paul's dome : 20
 Under Paul's dial

25 You tighten your rein —
 Only a moment,
 And off once again;
 Off to some city
 Now blind in the womb,
 Off to another
 Ere that's in the tomb.

30 Time, you old gypsy man,
 Will you not stay,
 Put up your caravan
 Just for one day?

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

Snug in My Easy Chair

5 Snug in my easy chair,
 I stirred the fire to flame,
 Fantastically fair,
 The flickering fancies came,
 Born of heart's desire :
 Amber woodlands streaming;
 Topaz islands dreaming;
 Sunset-cities gleaming,
 10 Spire on burning spire;
 Ruddy-windowed taverns;
 Sunshine-spilling wines;
 Crystal-lighted caverns
 Of Golconda's mines;
 Summers, unreturning;
 15 Passion's crater yearning;
 Troy, the ever-burning;
 Shelley's lustral pyre;
 Dragon-eyes, unsleeping;
 Witches' cauldrons leaping;
 20 Golden galleys sweeping
 Out from sea-walled Tyre :

Fancies, fugitive and fair,
Flashed with singing through the air;
Till, dazzled by the drowsy glare,
I shut my eyes to heat and light; 25
And saw, in sudden night,
Crouched in the dripping dark,
With steaming shoulders stark,
The man who hews the coal to feed my fire.

HENRY JOHN NEWBOLT

Messmates¹

He gave us all a good-bye cheerily
At the first dawn of day;
We dropped him down the side full drearily
When the light died away.
It's a dead dark watch that he's a-keeping there, 5
And a long, long night that lags a-creeping there,
Where the Trades and the tides roll over him
And the great ships go by.

He's there alone with the green seas rocking him
For a thousand miles round; 10
He's there alone with dumb things mocking him,
And we're homeward bound.
It's a long, lone watch that he's a-keeping there,
And a dead cold night that lags a-creeping there,
While the months and the years roll over him 15
And the great ships go by.

I wonder if the tramps come near enough
As they thrash to and fro,
And the battle-ships' bells ring clear enough
To be heard down below; 20

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If through all the lone watch that he's a-keeping there,
 And the long, cold night that lags a-creeping there,
 The voices of the sailor-men shall comfort him
 When the great ships go by.

JOHN DRINKWATER

In Lady Street

All day long the traffic goes
 In Lady Street by dingy rows
 Of sloven houses, tattered shops —
 Fried fish, old clothes and fortune-tellers —
 5 Tall trams on silver-shining rails,
 With grinding wheels and swaying tops,
 And lorries with their corded bales,
 And screeching cars. "Buy, buy!" the sellers
 Of rags and bones and sickening meat
 10 Cry all day long in Lady Street.

And when the sunshine has its way
 In Lady Street, then all the grey
 Dull desolation grows in state
 More dull and grey and desolate,
 15 And the sun is a shamefast thing,
 A lord not comely housed, a god
 Seeing what gods must blush to see,
 A song where it is ill to sing,
 And each gold ray despiteously
 20 Lies like a gold ironic rod.

Yet one grey man in Lady Street
 Looks for the sun. He never bent
 Life to his will, his travelling feet
 Have scaled no cloudy continent,
 25 Nor has the sickle-hand been strong.
 He lives in Lady Street; a bed,
 Four cobwebbed walls.

But all day long
 A tune is singing in his head
 Of youth in Gloucester lanes. He hears 30
 The wind among the barley-blades,
 The tapping of the wood-peckers
 On the smooth beeches, thistle-spades
 Slicing the sinewy roots; he sees
 The hooded filberts in the copse 35
 Beyond the loaded orchard trees,
 The netted avenues of hops;
 He smells the honeysuckle thrown
 Along the hedge. He lives alone,
 Alone — yet not alone, for sweet 40
 Are Gloucester lanes in Lady Street

Ay, Gloucester lanes. For down below
 The cobwebbed room this grey man plies
 A trade, a coloured trade. A show
 Of many-coloured merchandise 45
 Is in his shop. Brown filberts there,
 And apples red with Gloucester air,
 And cauliflowers he keeps, and round
 Smooth mallows grown on Gloucester ground,
 Fat cabbages and yellow plums, 50
 And gaudy brave chrysanthemums.
 And times a gaudy pheasant lies
 Among his store, not Tyrian dyes
 More rich than are the neck-feathers;
 And times a prize of violets, 55
 Or dewy mushrooms satin-skinned,
 And times an unfamiliar wind
 Robbed of its woodland favour stirs
 Gay daffodils this grey man sets
 Among his treasure. 60

All day long
 In Lady Street this traffic goes
 By dingy houses, desolate rows

- 65 Of shops that stare like hopeless eyes.
Day long the sellers cry their cries,
The fortune-tellers tell no wrong
Of lives that know not any right,
And drift, that has not even the will
To drift, toils through the day until
70 The wage of sleep is won at night.
But this grey man heeds not at all
The hell of Lady Street. His stall
Of many-coloured merchandise
He makes a shining paradise,
75 As all day long chrysanthemums
He sells, and red and yellow plums
And cauliflowers. In that one spot
Of Lady Street the sun is not
Ashamed to shine and send a rare
80 Shower of colour through the air;
The grey man says the sun is sweet
On Gloucester lanes in Lady Street.

A Town Window

- Beyond my window in the night
Is but a drab inglorious street,
Yet there the frost and clean starlight
As over Warwick woods are sweet.
- 5 Under the grey drift of the town
The crocus works among the mould
As eagerly as those that crown
The Warwick spring in flame and gold.
- 10 And when the tramway down the hill
Across the cobbles moans and rings,
There is about my window-sill
The tumult of a thousand wings.

WALTER DE LA MARE

The Listeners

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,
 Knocking on the moonlit door;
 And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
 Of the forest's ferny floor :
 And a bird flew up out of the turret, 5
 Above the Traveller's head :
 And he smote upon the door again a second time;
 "Is there anybody there?" he said.
 But no one descended to the Traveller ;
 No head from the leaf-fringed sill 10
 Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
 Where he stood perplexed and still.
 But only a host of phantom listeners
 That dwelt in the lone house then
 Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight 15
 To that voice from the world of men :
 Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
 That goes down to the empty hall,
 Harkening in an air stirred and shaken
 By the lonely Traveller's call. 20
 And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
 Their stillness answering his cry,
 While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
 'Neath the starred and leafy sky ;
 For he suddenly smote on the door, even 25
 Louder, and lifted his head : —
 "Tell them I came, and no one answered,
 That I kept my word," he said.
 Never the least stir made the listeners,
 Though every word he spake 30
 Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
 From the one man left awake :

35 Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
 And the sound of iron on stone,
 And how the silence surged softly backward,
 When the plunging hoofs were gone.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

Images ¹

I

Like a gondola of green scented fruits
Drifting along the dank canals of Venice,
You, O exquisite one,
Have entered into my desolate city.

II

5 The blue smoke leaps
 Like swirling clouds of birds vanishing.
 So my love leaps forth towards you,
 Vanishes and is renewed.

III

10 A rose-yellow moon in a pale sky
 When the sunset is a faint vermillion
 In the mist among the tree-boughs
 Art thou to me, my beloved.

IV

15 A young beech tree on the edge of the forest
 Stands still in the evening,
 Yet shudders through all its leaves in the light air
 And seems to fear the stars —
 So are you still and so tremble.

¹From *Images Old and New*, by Richard Aldington. Copyright, 1916, by The Four Seas Company.

V

The red deer are high on the mountain,
 They are beyond the last pine trees.
 And my desires have run with them. 20

VI

The flower which the wind has shaken
 Is soon filled again with rain;
 So does my heart fill slowly with tears,
 O Foam-Driver, Wind-of-the-Vineyards,
 Until you return. 25

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

Aftermath¹

Have you forgotten yet? . . .

For the world's events have rumbled on since those gagged days,
 Like traffic checked awhile at the crossing of city ways:
 And the haunted gap in your mind has filled with thoughts that flow
 Like clouds in the lit heaven of life; and you're a man reprieved
 to go, 5

Taking your peaceful share of life, with joy to spare.

But the past is just the same, — and War's a bloody game. . . .

Have you forgotten yet? . . .

Look down, and swear by the slain of the War that you'll never forget.

Do you remember the dark months you held the sector at Mametz,— 10
 The nights you watched and wired and dug and piled sandbags on
 parapets?

Do you remember the rats; and the stench

Of corpses rotting in front of the front-line trench, —

And dawn coming, dirty-white, and chill with a hopeless rain?

Do you ever stop and ask, "Is it all going to happen again?" 15

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Do you remember that hour of din before the attack, —
And the anger, the blind compassion that seized and shook you then
As you peered at the doomed and haggard faces of your men?
Do you remember the stretcher-cases lurching back
20 With dying eyes and lolling heads, those ashen-grey
Masks of the lads who once were keen and kind and gay?

Have you forgotten yet? . . .

Look up, and swear by the green of the Spring that you'll never forget.

WINIFRED M. LETTS

The Spires of Oxford¹

I saw the spires of Oxford
As I was passing by,
The grey spires of Oxford
Against the pearl-grey sky.
5 My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
The golden years and gay,
The hoary Colleges look down
10 On careless boys at play.
But when the bugles sounded war
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
The cricket-field, the quad,
15 The shaven lawns of Oxford,
To seek a bloody sod —
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

¹By permission from *The Spires of Oxford and Other Poems*, by Winifred Letts. Published by E. P. Dutton and Co.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down, 20
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

RUPERT BROOKE

The Soldier¹

If I should die, think only this of me :
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed ;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware, 5
Gave once her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less 10
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given ;
Her sights and sounds ; dreams happy as her day ;
And laughter, learnt of friends ; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS

(From *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*)

Mr. Britling did not look at all as Mr. Direck had expected him to look. He had expected an Englishman in a country costume of golfing tweeds, like the Englishman in country costume one sees in American illustrated stories. Drooping out of the country costume of golfing tweeds he had 5

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expected to see the mildly unhappy face, pensive even in its drooping moustache, with which Mr. Britling's publisher had for some faulty and unfortunate reason familiarized the American public. Instead of this, Mr. Britling wore a miscellaneous costume, and mildness was the last quality one could attribute to him. His moustache, his hair, his eyebrows bristled; his flaming freckles seemed to bristle too. His little hazel eyes came out with a "ping" and looked at Mr. Direck. Mr. Britling was one of a large but still remarkable class of people who seem at the mere approach of photography to change their hair, their clothes, their moral natures. No photographer had ever caught a hint of his essential Britlingness and bristlingness. Only the camera could ever induce Mr. Britling to brush his hair, and for the camera alone did he reserve that expression of submissive martyrdom Mr. Direck knew. And Mr. Direck was altogether unprepared for a certain casualness of costume that sometimes overtook Mr. Britling. He was wearing now a very old blue flannel blazer, no hat, and a pair of knickerbockers, not tweed breeches, but tweed knickerbockers of a remarkable bagginess, and made of one of those virtuous socialistic homespun tweeds that drag out into woolly knots and strings wherever there is attrition. His stockings were worsted and wrinkled, and on his feet were those extraordinary slippers of bright-coloured bast-like interwoven material one buys in the north of France. These were purple with a touch of green. He had, in fact, thought of the necessity of meeting Mr. Direck at the station at the last possible moment, and had come away from his study, in the clothes that had happened to him when he got up. His face wore the amiable expression of a wire-haired terrier disposed to be friendly, and it struck Mr. Direck that for a man of his real intellectual distinction Mr. Britling was unusually short.

For there can be no denying that Mr. Britling was, in a

sense, distinguished. The hero and subject of this novel 40 was at its very beginning a distinguished man. He was in the *Who's Who* of two continents. In the last few years he had grown with some rapidity into a writer recognized and welcomed by the more cultivated sections of the American public, and even known to a select circle of British 45 readers. . . .

His was a naturally irritable mind, which gave him point and passion; and moreover he had a certain obstinate originality and a generous disposition. So that he was sometimes lively, sometimes spacious, and never vile. He loved 50 to write and talk. He talked about everything, he had ideas about everything; he could no more help having ideas about everything than a dog can resist smelling at your heels. He sniffed at the heels of reality. Lots of people found him interesting and stimulating, a few found him seriously exas- 55 perating. He had ideas in the utmost profusion about races and empires and social order and political institutions and gardens and automobiles and the future of India and China and æsthetics and America and the education of mankind in general. . . . And all that sort of thing. . . . 60

Mr. Direck had read a very great deal of all this expressed opinionativeness of Mr. Britling: he found it entertaining and stimulating stuff, and it was with genuine enthusiasm that he had come over to encounter the man himself. On his way across the Atlantic, and during the intervening days, 65 he had rehearsed this meeting in varying keys, but always on the supposition that Mr. Britling was a large, quiet, thoughtful sort of man, a man who would, as it were, sit in attentive rows like a public meeting and listen. So Mr. Direck had prepared quite a number of pleasant and attractive openings, 70 and now he felt was the moment for some one of these various simple, memorable utterances. But in none of these forecasts had he reckoned with either the spontaneous activities

of Mr. Britling or with the station-master of Matching's
 75 Easy. Oblivious of any conversational necessities between
 Mr. Direck and Mr. Britling, this official now took charge
 of Mr. Direck's grip-sack, and, falling into line with the two
 gentlemen as they walked towards the exit gate, resumed
 what was evidently an interrupted discourse upon sweet
 80 peas, originally addressed to Mr. Britling.

JOHN GALSWORTHY

The Caradoc Family ¹

(From *The Patrician*)

Light, entering the vast room — a room so high that its
 carved ceiling refused itself to exact scrutiny — travelled,
 with the wistful, cold curiosity of the dawn, over a fantastic
 store-house of Time. Light, unaccompanied by the preju-
 5 dice of human eyes, made strange revelation of incongruities,
 as though illuminating the dispassionate march of history.

For in this dining hall — one of the finest in England —
 the Caradoc Family had for centuries assembled the trophies
 and records of their existence. Round about this dining
 10 hall they had built and pulled down and restored, until the
 rest of Monkland Court presented some aspect of homo-
 geneity. Here alone they had left virgin work of the old
 quasi-monastic builders, and within it unconsciously depos-
 ited their souls. For there were here, meeting the eyes of
 15 the light, all those rather touching evidences of man's desire
 to persist for ever, those shells of his former bodies, the fe-
 tiches and queer proofs of his faiths, together with the remorse-
 less demonstration of their treatment by the hands of Time.

The annalist might have found here all his needed con-
 20 firmations; the analyst from this material formed the due

¹ From *The Patrician*; copyright, 1911, by Charles Scribner's Sons.
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equation of high birth; the philosopher traced the course of aristocracy, from its primeval rise in crude strength or subtlety, through centuries of power, to picturesque decadence and the beginning of its last stand. Even the artist might here, perchance, have seized on the dry ineffable pervading spirit, as one visiting an old cathedral seems to scent out the constriction of its heart.

From the legendary sword of that Welsh chieftain who by an act of high, rewarded treachery had passed into the favour of the conquering William, and received, with the widow of a Norman, many lands in Devonshire, to the Cup purchased for Geoffrey Caradoc, present Earl of Valleys, by subscription of his Devonshire tenants on the occasion of his marriage with the Lady Gertrude Semmering — no insignia were absent, save the family portraits in the gallery of the Valleys House in London. There was even an ancient duplicate of that yellow tattered scroll royally reconfirming lands and title to John, the most distinguished of all the Caradocs, who had unfortunately neglected to be born in wedlock, by one of those humorous omissions to be found in the genealogies of most old families. Yes, it was there, almost cynically hung in a corner; for this incident, though no doubt a burning question in the fifteenth century, was now but staple for an ironical little tale.

Light, glancing from the suits of armour to the tiger skins beneath them, brought from India but a year ago by Bertie Caradoc, the younger son, seemed recording how those who had once been foremost by virtue of that simple law of Nature which crowns the adventuring and strong, now being almost washed aside out of the main stream of national life, were compelled to devise adventure, lest they should lose belief in their own strength.

The unsparing light of that first half-hour of summer morning recorded many other changes, wandering from austere

55 tapestries to the velvety carpets, and dragging from the contrast sure proof of a common sense which denied to the present Earl and Countess the asceticisms of the past. And then it seemed to lose interest in this critical journey, as though longing to clothe all in witchery. For the sun had risen, and
60 through the Eastern windows came pouring its level and mysterious joy. And with it, passing in at an open lattice, came a wild bee to settle among the flowers on the table athwart the Eastern end, used when there was only a small party in the house. The hours fled on silent, till the sun was high,
65 and the first visitors came — three maids, rosy, not silent, bringing brushes. They passed, and were followed by two footmen — scouts of the breakfast brigade, who stood for a moment professionally doing nothing, then soberly commenced to set the table. Then came a little girl of six, to see
70 if there were anything exciting — little Ann Shropton, child of Sir William Shropton by his marriage with Lady Agatha, and eldest daughter of the house, the only one of the four young Caradocs yet wedded. She came on tiptoe, thinking to surprise whatever was there. She had a broad little face,
75 and wide frank hazel eyes over a little nose that came out straight and sudden. Encircled by a loose belt placed far below the waist of her holland frock, as if to symbolize freedom, she seemed to think everything in life good fun. And she soon found the exciting thing.

80 “Here’s a bumble bee, William. Do you think I could tame it in my little glass box?”

“No, I don’t, Miss Ann; and look out, you’ll be stung!”

“It wouldn’t sting *me*.”

“Why not?”

85 “Because it wouldn’t.”

“Of course — if you say so —”

“What time is the motor ordered?”

“Nine o’clock.”

"I'm going with Grandpapa as far as the gate."

"Suppose he says you're not?"

90

"Well, then, I shall go all the same."

"I see."

"I might go all the way with him to London! Is Auntie Babs going?"

"No, I don't think anyone is going with his lordship."

95

"I *would*, if she were. William!"

"Yes."

"Is Uncle Eustace sure to be elected?"

"Of course he is."

"Do you think he'll be a good Member of Parliament?"

100

"Lord Miltoun is very clever, Miss Ann."

"Is he?"

"Well, don't you think so?"

"Does Charles think so?"

"Ask him."

105

"William!"

"Yes."

"I don't like London. I like here, and I like Catton, and I like home pretty well, and I love Pendridny — and — I like Ravensham."

110

"His lordship is going to Ravensham to-day on his way up, I heard say."

"Oh! then he'll see great-granny. William —"

"Here's Miss Wallace."

From the doorway a lady with a broad pale patient face
said:

"Come, Ann."

"All right! Hallo, Simpson!"

The entering butler replied:

"Hallo, Miss Ann!"

120

"I've got to go."

"I'm sure we're very sorry."

“Yes.”

The door banged faintly, and in the great room rose the
125 busy silence of those minutes which precede repasts. Suddenly the four men by the breakfast table stood back. Lord Valleys had come in.

He approached slowly, reading a blue paper, with his level grey eyes divided by a little uncharacteristic frown. He had
130 a tanned yet ruddy, decisively shaped face, with crisp hair and moustache beginning to iron-grey — the face of a man who knows his own mind and is contented with that knowledge. His figure too, well-braced and upright, with the back of the head carried like a soldier's, confirmed the impres-
135 sion, not so much of self-sufficiency, as of the sufficiency of his habits of life and thought. And there was apparent about all his movements that peculiar unconsciousness of his surroundings which comes to those who live a great deal in the public eye, have the material machinery of existence placed
140 exactly to their hands, and never need to consider what others think of them. Taking his seat, and still perusing his paper, he at once began to eat what was placed before him; then noticing that his elder daughter had come in and was sitting down beside him, he said :

145 “Bore having to go up in such weather!”

“Is it a Cabinet meeting?”

“Yes. This confounded business of the balloons.”

But the rather anxious dark eyes of Agatha's delicate narrow face were taking in the details of a tray for keeping dishes
150 warm on a sideboard, and she was thinking: “I believe that would be better than the ones I've got, after all. If William would only say whether he really likes these large trays better than single hot-water dishes!” She contrived however to ask in her gentle voice — for all her words and movements
155 were gentle, even a little timid, till anything appeared to threaten the welfare of her husband or children :

"Do you think this war scare good for Eustace's prospects, Father?"

But her father did not answer; he was greeting a new-comer, a tall, fine-looking young man, with dark hair and a fair moustache, between whom and himself there was no relationship, yet a certain negative resemblance. Claud Fresnay, Viscount Harbinger, was indeed also a little of what is called the 'Norman' type — having a certain firm regularity of feature, and a slight aquilinity of nose high up on the bridge — but that which in the elder man seemed to indicate only an unconscious acceptance of self as a standard, in the younger man gave an impression at once more assertive and more uneasy, as though he were a little afraid of not chaffing something all the time.

170

Behind him had come in a tall woman, of full figure and fine presence, with hair still brown — Lady Valleys herself. Though her eldest son was thirty, she was, herself, still little more than fifty. From her voice, manner, and whole personality, one might suspect that she had been an acknowledged beauty; but there was now more than a suspicion of maturity about her almost jovial face, with its full grey-blue eyes, and coarsened complexion. Good comrade, and essentially 'woman of the world' was written on every line of her, and in every tone of her voice. She was indeed a figure suggestive of open air and generous living, endowed with abundant energy, and not devoid of humour. It was she who answered Agatha's remark:

"Of course, my dear, the very best thing possible."

Lord Harbinger chimed in:

185

"By the way, Braybrook's going to speak on it. Did you ever hear him, Lady Agatha? 'Mr. Speaker, Sir, I rise — and with me rises the democratic principle —'"

But Agatha only smiled, for she was thinking:

"If I let Ann go as far as the gate, she'll only make it a

190

stepstone to something else to-morrow." Taking no interest in public affairs, her inherited craving for command had resorted for expression to a meticulous ordering of household matters. It was indeed a cult with her, a passion —
195 as though she felt herself a sort of figurehead to national domesticity; the leader of a patriotic movement.

Lord Valleys, having finished what seemed necessary, arose.

"Any message to your mother, Gertrude?"

"No, I wrote her last night."

200 "Tell Miltoun to keep an eye on that Mr. Courtier. I heard him speak one day — he's rather good."

Lady Valleys, who had not yet sat down, accompanied her husband to the door.

"By the way, I've told Mother about this woman, Geoff."

205 "Was it necessary?"

"Well, I think so; I'm uneasy — after all, Mother has some influence with Miltoun."

Lord Valleys shrugged his shoulders, and slightly squeezing his wife's arm, went out.

210 Though himself vaguely uneasy on that very subject, he was a man who did not go to meet disturbance. He had the nerves which seem to be no nerves at all — especially found in those of his class who have much to do with horses. He temperamentally regarded the evil of the day as quite
215 sufficient to it. Moreover, his eldest son was a riddle that he had long ago given up, so far as women were concerned.

Emerging into the outer hall, he lingered a moment, remembering that he had not seen his younger and favourite daughter.
220

"Lady Barbara down yet?" Hearing that she was not, he slipped into the motor coat held for him by Simmons, and stepped out into the white portico, decorated by the Caradoc hawks in stone.

The voice of little Ann reached him, clear and high above 225
the smothered whirring of the car.

“Come on, Grandpapa!”

Lord Valleys grimaced beneath his crisp moustache — the
word grandpapa always fell queerly on the ears of one who
was but fifty-six, and by no means felt it — and jerking his 230
gloved hand towards Ann, he said:

“Send down to the lodge gate for *this*.”

The voice of little Ann answered loudly:

“No; I’m coming back by myself.”

The car starting, drowned discussion.

235

Lord Valleys, motoring, somewhat pathetically illustrated
the invasion of institutions by their destroyer, Science. A
supporter of the turf, and not long since Master of Fox-
hounds, most of whose soul (outside politics) was in horses,
he had been, as it were, compelled by common sense, not 240
only to tolerate, but to take up and even press forward the
cause of their supplanters. His instinct of self-preservation
was secretly at work, hurrying him to his own destruction;
forcing him to persuade himself that Science and her suc-
cessive victories over brute nature could be wooed into the 245
service of a prestige which rested on a crystallized and station-
ary base. All this keeping pace with the times, this immer-
sion in the results of modern discoveries, this speeding-up
of existence so that it was all surface and little root — the
increasing volatility, cosmopolitanism, and even commercial- 250
ism of his life, on which he rather prided himself as a man of
the world — was, with a secrecy too deep for his perception,
cutting at the aloofness demanded of one in his position.
Stubborn, and not a little spiritually subtle, though by no
means dull in practical matters, he was resolutely letting 255
the waters bear him on, holding the tiller firmly, without
perceiving that he was in the vortex of a whirlpool. Indeed,
his common sense continually impelled him, against the sort

of reactionaryism of which his son Miltoun had so much, to
 260 that easier reactionaryism, which, living on its spiritual capital, makes what material capital it can out of its enemy Progress.

He drove the car himself, shrewd and self-contained, sitting easily, with his cap well drawn over those steady eyes;
 265 and though this unexpected meeting of the Cabinet in the Whitsuntide recess was not only a nuisance, but gave food for anxiety, he was fully able to enjoy the swift smooth movement through the summer air, which met him with such friendly sweetness under the great trees of the long avenue.
 270 Beside him, little Ann was silent, with her legs stuck out rather wide apart. Motoring was a new excitement, for at home it was forbidden; and a meditative rapture shone in her wide eyes above her sudden little nose. Only once she spoke, when close to the lodge the car slowed down, and they
 275 passed the lodgekeeper's little daughter.

"Hallo, Susie!"

There was no answer, but the look on Susie's small pale face was so very humble and adoring that Lord Valleys, not a very observant man, noticed it with a sort of satisfaction.
 280 "Yes," he thought, somewhat irrelevantly, "the country is sound at heart!"

HILAIRE BELLOC

On Dropping Anchor

The best noise in all the world is the rattle of the anchor chain when one comes into harbor at last, and lets it go over the bows.

You may say that one does nothing of the sort, that one
 5 picks up moorings, and that letting go so heavy a thing as an anchor is no business for you and me. If you say that, you are wrong. Men go from inhabited place to inhabited place,

and for pleasure from station to station, then pick up moorings as best they can, usually craning over the side and grabbing as they pass, and cursing the man astern for leaving such 10 way on her and for passing so wide. Yes, I know that. You are not the only man who has picked up moorings. Not by many, many thousands. Many moorings have I picked up in many places, none without some sort of misfortune; therefore do I still prefer the rattle of the anchor chain. 15

Once — to be accurate, seventeen years ago — I had been out all night by myself in a boat called the *Silver Star*. She was a very small boat. She had only one sail; she was black inside and out, and I think about one hundred years old. I had hired her of a poor man, and she was his only possession. 20

It was a rough night in the late summer, when the rich are compelled in their detestable grind to go to the Solent. When I say it was night I mean it was the early morning, just late enough for the rich to be asleep aboard their boats; and the dawn was silent upon the sea. There was a strong 25 tide running up the Medina. I was tired to death. I had passed the Royal Squadron grounds, and the first thing I saw was a very fine and noble buoy, new-painted, gay, lordly — moorings worthy of a man!

I let go the halyard very briskly, and I nipped forward and 30 got my hand upon that great buoy — there was no hauling of it in-board; I took the little painter of my boat and made it fast to this noble buoy, and then immediately I fell asleep. In this sleep of mine I heard, as in a pleasant dream, the exact motion of many oars rowed by strong men; and very 35 soon afterwards I heard a voice with a Colonial accent swearing in an abominable manner; and I woke up and looked — and there was a man of prodigious wealth, all dressed in white, and with an extremely new cap on his head. His whiskers also were white and his face bright red, and he was in a great 40 passion. He was evidently the owner or master of the buoy,

and on either side of the fine boat in which he rowed were the rowers, his slaves. He could not conceive why I had tied the *Silver Star* to his magnificent great imperial moorings, to 45 which he had decided to tie his own expensive ship, on which, no doubt, a dozen as rich as he were sailing the seas.

I told him that I was sorry I had picked up his moorings, but that, in this country, it was the common courtesy of the sea to pick up any spare moorings one could find. I also 50 asked him the name of his expensive ship, but he only answered with curses. I told him the name of my ship was the *Silver Star*.

Then when I had cast off, I put out the sweeps and I rowed gently, for it was now slack water at the top of the tide, 55 and I stood by while he tied his magnificent yacht to the moorings. When he had done that I rowed under the stern of that ship and read her name. But I will not print it here; only let me tell you it was the name of a ship belonging to a fabulously rich man. Riches, I thought then and I think 60 still, corrupt the heart.

Under another occasion I came with one companion across the bar of Orford River, out of a very heavy wind outside and a very heavy sea. I just touched as I crossed that bar, though I was on the top of the highest tide of the year, 65 for it was just this time in September, the highest springs of the hunter's moon.

My companion and I sailed up Orford River, and when we came to Orford Town we saw a buoy, and I said to my companion, "Let us pick up moorings."

70 Upon the bank of the river was a long line of men, all shouting and howling, and warning us not to touch that buoy. But we called out to them that we meant no harm. We only meant to pick up those moorings for a moment, so as to make everything snug on board, and that then we would take a 75 line ashore and lie close to the wharf. Only the more did

those numerous men (whom many others ran up to join as I called) forbid us with oaths to touch the buoy. Nevertheless, we picked up the little buoy, which was quite small and light, and we got it in-board, and held on, waiting for our boat to swing to it. But an astonishing thing happened! 80 The boat paid no attention to the moorings, but went careering up-river, carrying the buoy with it, and apparently dragging the moorings along the bottom without the least difficulty. And this was no wonder, for we found out afterward that the little buoy had only been set there to mark a 85 racing-point, and that the weights holding the line of it to the bottom were very light and few. So it was no wonder the men of Orford had been so angry. Soon it was dark, and we replaced the buoy stealthily, and when we came in to eat at the Inn we were not recognized. 90

It was on this occasion that was written the song: —

The men that lived in Orford stood
 Upon the shore to meet me;
 Their faces were like carven wood,
 They did not wish to greet me. . . . 95

It has eighteen verses.

I say again, unless you have moorings of your own — an extravagant habit — picking up moorings is always a perilous and doubtful thing, fraught with accident and hatred and mischance. Give me the rattle of the anchor chain! 100

I love to consider a place I have never yet seen, but which I shall reach at last, full of repose, marking the end of those voyages, and security from the trouble of the sea.

This place will be a cove set round with high hills on which there shall be no house or sign of men, and it shall be enfolded 105 by quite deserted land; but the westering sun will shine pleasantly upon it under a warm air. It will be a proper place for sleep.

The fairway into that haven shall lie behind a pleasant
110 little beach of shingle, which shall run out aslant into the sea
from the steep hillside, and shall be a breakwater made by
God. The tide shall run up behind it smoothly, and in a
silent way, filling the quiet hollow of the hills, brimming it all
up like a cup — a cup of refreshment and of quiet, a cup of
115 ending.

Then with what pleasure shall I put my small boat round,
just round the point of that shingle beach, noting the shoal
water by the eddies and the deeps by the blue color of them
where the channel runs from the main into the fairway. Up
120 that fairway shall I go, up into the cove, and the gates of it
shall shut behind me, headland against headland, so that I
shall not see the open sea any more, though I shall still hear
its distant noise. But all around me, save for that distant
echo of the surf from the high hills, will be silence; and the
125 evening will be gathering already.

Under that falling light, all alone in such a place, I shall
let go the anchor chain, and let it rattle for the last time.
My anchor will go down into the clear salt water with a run,
and when it touches I shall pay out four lengths or more so
130 that she may swing easily and not drag, and then I shall tie
up my canvas and fasten all for the night, and get me ready
for sleep. And that will be the end of my sailing.

NOTES

THESE notes are intended to assist the student to such information only as is necessary to understanding the texts, and cannot readily be obtained by the student himself. Dates of composition and biographical details are not given, as a rule, because access to some history of literature is assumed. If no such history is in the student's hands, one or more of the standard works should be available for reference. Perhaps the best one-volume work is that by Saintsbury (Longmans). An excellent book for the field indicated by its title is Hinchman and Gummere's *Lives of Great English Writers* (Houghton). Larger works of great value, accessible in most public libraries, are the *Dictionary of National Biography* (Macmillan, 70 vols.); Garnett and Gosse's *Illustrated History of English Literature* (Macmillan, 4 vols.); the *Cambridge History of English Literature* (Putnams, 14 vols.).

Words are not explained here if satisfactory definitions are to be found easily in such dictionaries as Webster's *Secondary School Dictionary* (American Book Co.), the *Desk Standard* (Funk and Wagnalls), or the *Concise Oxford*.

Note on Variations in Spelling. In the texts the editor has aimed to follow the spelling of the particular authors; in commenting on passages in these notes he uses the spellings that in his opinion have the sanction of the best usage to-day. This, while it seems a sound method to the editor, gives rise to some apparent inconsistencies. It is well known that British usage favors the form *-our* for many words in which American usage favors *-or*; and it does not seem necessary to normalize to the extent of changing either set of forms here. In the writing of proper names the difference is even more noticeable. Ben Jonson, for example, appears to have written "Shakespeare" (see page 92); Coleridge, "Shakspeare" (page 247); Carlyle, "Shakspear" (page 342). The editor, following Kittredge, Wendell, Dowden, and the New Shakspeare Society prefers "Shakspeare." Tennyson writes *gray* in one poem and *grey* in another; *fixed* in one, *fixt* in another. Gray writes *even* in one line in the *Elegy*, *ev'n* in another. Throughout the volume effort has been made to reproduce faithfully the exact language of the authors.

Beowulf.—A brief account of this anonymous Anglo-Saxon hero-poem should be read in some history of English literature. Professor Gummere in his translation has used the old rhyme-scheme, in which the two half-lines were united by alliteration (initial rhyme). Note *spake . . . said, jewel . . . enjoy . . . jocund, Beowulf . . . battle-weeds*; in line 14 the alliteration is of vowels — *every . . . earl . . . other* — any vowel alliterating with itself or with any other vowel.

In the first selection Wealhtheow, wife of Hrothgar (line 22), king of the Danes, presents a jewel to Beowulf with a speech of gratitude to him for slaying the monster Grendel. 3. *battle-weeds* translates the Anglo-Saxon for "armor." Professor Gummere's word gives the alliteration, and is a compound of the kind favored by the old poets. Cf. *bench-boards* (25), *beer-carouser* (26); in the second selection *sword-hungry* (7), *bandy-of-battle* (29), *bone-rings* (37) — every one of which is a close rendering of a compound in the original. Anglo-Saxon had not such a stock of synonyms from various sources as Modern English has, and it made up for the lack by compounding freely. 5. *striplings*, the young Danes who were present. 16. *thanes*, nobles. 19. *Wyrd*, fate. 27. Literally, "ready to go [to death], and doomed." *Beer-carouser* is used with no thought of condemnation. The warrior so designated, Æschere, is elsewhere referred to as Hrothgar's chief counselor. 30. *atheling*, noble. 36. *sovrán*, old — and etymologically more correct — spelling of "sovereign." It is a word worth investigation by the student.

The Fight. — During the night, after Wealhtheow's presentation of the jewel, the mother of Grendel came to the hall Heorot (see line 58), and made off with Æschere. Beowulf volunteered to seek vengeance upon her in her home beneath the water. 1. Beowulf's nation are called Geats, War-Geats, Sea-Geats, *Weder-Geats*, and sometimes Weders. The significance of this last term is unknown. 8. *guest* in the earlier days was used of a hostile, as well as of a friendly, visitor. It is a cognate of the Latin *hostis*, an enemy or stranger. 13. *sark*, a good Anglo-Saxon word, survives in modern Scotch. See Burns's *Tam O' Shanter*, line 150. 15. *hent*, seized. 16. *bairn*, her son Grendel. 20. *Ecgtheow's son*, Beowulf. *cg* is pronounced like *dg* in modern "edge." 23. *holy God*. The allusions to Christianity are due to a working-over of the poem in England. The original form of the story was purely pagan.

28. *Eotens*, giants, or monsters. No ordinary sword could defeat them because all such were under a spell, or "conjured." 33. The Danes were sometimes called *Scyldings*, because the ruling dynasty was descended from Scyld (pronounce "Shild"). 37. *bone-rings*, neck. 42. *heaven's candle* is a favorite metaphor in our older poetry for "sun." 44. *Hygelac* was king of the Geats. 58. *Heorot*, the name of Hrothgar's hall, means "hart" or "stag." The hall was so named "from decorations in the gables that resembled the antlers of a deer." (Gummere.)

CÆDMON. — *The Paraphrase* derives its chief interest for modern readers from certain resemblances between it and *Paradise Lost*. In the opinion of some scholars, it is "not impossible" that Milton knew the old poem; in the opinion of others, it is "unlikely."

CYNEWULF is the greatest single name in Anglo-Saxon Christian poetry, though probably much verse has been wrongly attributed to him. The second passage given in the text is of interest because of the rare internal rhyme of lines 6-10, retained in the translation.

BEDA wrote his history in Latin, and it was translated by Alfred the Great or under his supervision. 2. *Ceolwulf* was king of Northumbria from 729 to 737. His chief claim to remembrance, says the *Dictionary of National Biography*, is that Beda dedicated this history to him.

Coming of the Angles. — 2. *Martianus* was emperor of Rome; Britain was at the time a Roman province. 5. *the aforesaid king* was the legendary Vortigern. 9. *the foe* were the Picts. 25. The *Old Saxons* lived in what is now Holstein. 29. *Angulus*, modern Schleswig. 51. *Chaldees . . . burned . . . Jerusalem*; see 2 Kings, XXV, 9-10.

ALFRED THE GREAT. — This *Preface* was a sort of circular letter sent to all bishops. Of all the manuscripts extant, only the one here followed has inserted the name of the bishop for whom it was intended. 16. *on this side of the Humber*, the south side, where Alfred had authority. 30. *very few of the virtues*; the old English might also mean "very few [loved] the virtues." 59. *ye*, all the bishops. 73. The title of Gregory's book is *Cura Pastoralis*. 81. A *mancus* had a value of about sixty cents; each clasp was worth, then, about thirty dollars. 83. *minster*, cathedral.

The Chronicle. — It is scarcely worth while to identify the persons and places mentioned in these selections from the *Chronicle*. The entries given will show how entirely without method the earlier chronicles were. The monasteries kept these records; and for any year the events recorded are merely those that happened to stick in the memory of the monk assigned to the task. To the *Chronicle*, however, all historians of England are greatly indebted.

Sir Gawain and the Green Knight is one of the finest Middle English romances, most of which, including *Sir Gawain*, are anonymous. In the portion of the romance preceding our first selection a nameless huge knight, clad all in green, had come to Arthur's court on New Year's Day, and challenged any knight of the Round Table to give him a blow, and to promise a year later to seek the Green Knight and take a similar blow in return. Gawain accepts the challenge; and in the paragraph given Gawain is armed preparatory to setting out in search of his adversary. 10. *byrnie*, coat of mail. 16. *bawdrick*, spelled also "baldric," a belt or sash.

Gawain Keeps his Pledge. — The blow which the Green Knight took from Gawain at Arthur's court severed his head. The Green Knight then seized the head in his hand, mounted his horse; and urging Gawain to keep the appointment a year later, he rode away. Such marvelous incidents are common in the medieval romances; but ordinary mortals did not possess such powers, as is indicated when Gawain says (line 35): "If *my* head fall on the stones I cannot replace it." It may be noted that the Gawain of Tennyson's *Idylls* is a very different character from the Gawain of the medieval verse romances. In the latter he is one of the finest figures; the soul of courtesy, bravery, and honor.

GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH'S *History*, though accepted as true throughout the Middle Ages, is now understood to be in large measure fiction. Subsequent literature is largely indebted to Geoffrey for preserving many legends of Arthur, which have furnished inspiration for many poets.

2. *Legions* is the name given by the Romans to Caerleon upon Usk, in southern Wales, the seat of Arthur's court. 24. *Caliburn*, called by Tennyson "Excalibur," following the Celtic and French forms rather than the Latin. 25. *Avallon*, the "Land of the Blessed" in Celtic mythology, has been by some identified with Glastonbury in Somersetshire, Arthur's burial place. 53. *with his*

Caliburn alone. "Long time ago," or "Once upon a time," it was common for heroes to perform such deeds. 56. *Colgrin*, *Bardulph*, and *Cheldric* were the Saxon leaders.

WICLIF. — The passage from Wiclif (*Matthew V*, 1-12) is given in the original so that, the modern version being easily accessible, the student may get some idea of the language and manner of writing of the time. It should be compared with Tyndale's version (page 68), as well as with the King James and the American Revised versions. The symbol 3 in this passage stands sometimes for *gh*, sometimes for *y*.

LANGLAND. — A brief account of the *Vision* should be read in a history of English literature or an encyclopedia. The first 34 and the last 14 lines of the *Prologue* are given. 12. *wist*, knew. 42. "God save you, Dame Emma." Probably a popular song of the day. Langland's use of the old alliterative rhyme (see *Beowulf* and notes) may be seen in many lines of the translation.

MANDEVILLE'S *Travels*, like Geoffrey's *History*, found general acceptance in the Middle Ages, though its extravagance is very manifest to-day. The "Christian" empire of *Prester John* was supposed to be somewhere in the interior of Asia. 5. *scripture*, writing. 12. *barrettes*, frauds. *cautels*, craftinesses. 20. *in no maner season*, at no time of year. 22. *navy*, ship. 27. *to man's meat*, for man's food. 28. *journeys*, days' travel. 33. *flome*, river. 44. *of faerie*, from fairyland.

CHAUCER. — Since a translation into Modern English accompanies the original, these notes do not usually give meanings of individual words. Where the Middle English is idiomatic, and therefore does not admit of literal translation, the idiom is explained.

Suggestions for reading Chaucer. — As in Latin, every word has as many syllables as it has vowels and diphthongs, except when final *e* is elided before a following vowel. For example, *sote* (line 1) and *swete* (5) are two syllables each: *Aprille* (1) is three syllables; but *droghte* (2) is only one syllable, as is *veyne* (3).

a long (*Aprille*, 1; *bathed*, 3) is sounded as in modern *father*.

a short (*whan*, *that*, 1), the same sound less prolonged.

e long, also *ee* (*eek*, *swete*, 5) like *a* in *ate*.

e short (*hem*, 11) as in *get*.

i (or *y*) long (*Aprille*, 1; *melodye*, 9) as in *machine*.

i (or *y*) short (*with*, 1; *y-ronne*, 8) as in *in*.

o long, also *oo* (*sote*, 1; *goon*, 12) as in *vote*.

o short (*on*, 12) as in modern *on*.

u long (*nature*, 11) as in French *nature*, or German *grün*.

u short (*ful*, 22; *but*, 35) as in *full*, never as in modern *but*.

ai, *ay*, *ei*, *ey* (*veyne*, 3; *lay*, 20) as in *eight*.

au, *aw* (*straunge*, 13) like *ow* in *cow*.

ou, *ow* (*shoures*, 1; *yow*, 38) as in *you*.

All consonants are sounded. The only variations from modern English are *ch*, always as in *which*; and *h* (medial) and *gh*, like *ch* in German *nicht*.

Prologue. — 1. *Whan that*. As late as Shakspeare's time "that" is often used after other conjunctions where the present idiom regards it as superfluous. Cf. lines 18, 41, 68, 149, etc. *his* is the possessive form of the neuter as well as the masculine pronoun regularly in English until the beginning of the seventeenth century. 5. *Zephirus*, the south wind. 7. The sun is called "young" in April because in Chaucer's time the year began with the vernal equinox. The adoption of January as the first month dates from the eighteenth century. 8. *Ram* (Aries) is the sign of the zodiac extending from about the middle of March to the middle of April. April covered half of the Ram and half of the Bull (Taurus). *y-ronne*. *y* is the sign of the past participle, found in Anglo-Saxon and modern German as *ge*. 9. *fowl* for "bird" is the Anglo-Saxon *fugol*, same as German *vogel*. 11. *hem* and *hir* are the old forms of "them" and "their." 15. The old *shire* is found in the names of counties in many states as well as in England — e.g., *Hampshire*, *Wiltshire*. 17. *martir*, Thomas à Becket, murdered in Canterbury Cathedral. *for to seke*. The use of "for" with the infinitive is regular until the seventeenth century. Cf. the King James (or Authorized) Version of the Bible, *Matthew* XI, 3: "What went ye out for to see?" *seke* in this line is not, of course, the same word as *seke* in the next, though they are spelled the same in Middle English.

19. *Bifel*. Omission of impersonal subject will be found frequently. 20. A *tabard* was a sort of vest, or sleeveless coat. The inn was named from its sign, which contained such a coat. *Southwark*, on the south side of the Thames, is now a part of London. 29. *atte*, a common contraction of "at the." 33. The subject of *made* is "we," supplied (as the modern English idiom does not allow) from *our* in the next line.

42. A *Prioress* was head of a priory, ranking next to an Abbess.

44. As *Saint Loy*, or Eligius, was reputed not to swear at all, an oath by him was no oath at all. Swearing was so general in earlier times that even the failure of an eminently religious woman to do so was cause for remark. 48-50. These lines are no reflection on the Prioress's French. They mean merely that she had not the Parisian *accent*. 51 ff. The account of her table manners agrees with the rules of conduct set down in many books of the time, and is meant to indicate that her manners were good. It should be recalled that forks had not then been invented. 51. *with-alle* has no modern equivalent and does not need to be translated. "Withal" is a word very much overworked to-day, especially by students.

58. *ferthing*; literally, a "fourth" part (cf. "farthing," a fourth of an English penny, equivalent to half a cent). 70. *of smale houndes* is the French idiom. 73. *men*, one, any one. Same as German *man* and French *on*. 76. *eyen*, a survival of the Anglo-Saxon "weak" declension, which formed the plural in *-an*. The only modern survivals of it are "oxen" and the poetic "kine." "Children" and "brethren" are irregular formations. 83. "A pair of beads," *i.e.*, a rosary. After each ten beads of one material (here coral) there is a larger bead of different material or color, called a "gaud." 86. *Amor* (love), in the Prioress's vocabulary, was the sort mentioned in 1 *Corinthians XIII* ("charity" in the King James version is an inaccurate translation). 95. *him was lever*; literally, it was more pleasing to him. *lever* is the comparative of "leef," which survives in modern colloquial usage as "leave" — "I'd as leave go." 99. In medieval times "philosopher" meant "alchemist" as well as student of philosophy. The next line is a sly thrust at the alchemists, who sought to turn base metals into gold.

111. *for the nones*; literally, for that one time. The phrase is seldom used in its literal sense, and is indeed often best not translated. 117-8. These lines are a good instance of the poet's keen observation, as well as of his humorous mixture of incongruous things. *as it thoughte me*; an impersonal construction similar to the "methinks" occasionally heard to-day.

121. *Persoun* is modern "parson." 135. *ne . . . nat . . . ne*; a good example of the double negative, which was correct in the old language, but is forbidden by modern grammar. 137. *ferrest*, if still preserved, would be "farrest." 166. *for the nones*. Cf. the translation, and the note on line 111; also the translation of line 172.

175. The prize in such contests was usually a *ram*. Notice that Chaucer gives most space here to a description of the Miller's appearance. Contrast with the Clerk, where four lines are deemed sufficient. 181-3. Cf. line 118, and note. 184. The change of position of letters — *noſethirles* to “nostrils,” called “metathesis,” occurs in a number of English words. Chaucer's *brid* thus becomes “bird,” his *crulle* becomes “curly.” 189. The milling of grain was done on shares, and this miller managed to get his share three times. 190. Millers tested the grain with their thumbs; hence, one who did it well, and thus increased his profits, might be said to have a golden thumb. It may be, however, that Chaucer has in mind the proverb, “An honest miller has a thumb of gold”; in which case, since no miller has a thumb of gold, he is saying that there are no honest millers. *pardee*, from French *par dieu*, literally, “by God,” but in Chaucer's time hardly more than an emphatic bit of slang.

194. A *Pardoner* had a license, sometimes forged, to sell pardons and indulgences. A full and most interesting account of them is found in Ambassador Jusserand's *English Wayfaring Life*, pp. 308-337. 195. *Rouncival*, a hospital in London. 196. *court of Rome*, the Pope's. Court is used in the same sense as when we speak of a secular ruler's (king's or emperor's) court. 197. “*Com hider*,” probably a popular song of the day. Cf. Langland, line 42, and note. 207. *him thoughtle*. See note on line 117. 209. *eyen*. Cf. line 76, and note. 210. *vernicle*, a copy of the handkerchief in St. Peter's Cathedral upon which a picture of Christ was said to have been miraculously imprinted. According to the legend, St. Veronica wiped Christ's face with it on the way to Calvary. 216. Berwick and Ware are far apart. *fro Berwick unto Ware* means “from one end of England to the other.” 219. *lady*. This word, in Middle English as in Anglo-Saxon, had no -s in the genitive. “Lady Day” (see dictionary) is a modern survival of the idiom. 228. *than that*. Cf. note on *whan that*, line 1. 231. *atte laste*. Cf. line 29, and note. 232. This line means that he performed well his part of the church service; particularly as indicated by the two lines following, though we learn that he was also a good preacher. 234. *alderbest*, best of all. *alder* is for *aller* (cf. line 321 below), genitive plural of *al*, all.

243. The Bell was another inn named from its sign. 249. *our hoste*; his name is given elsewhere as Harry Bailly. The picture of him in these closing lines of the Prologue is one of Chaucer's best,

and is more fully drawn in several links connecting the tales. 250. *for to*. Cf. note on line 17. *han*, contraction of *haven*, have. *mar-shal* in a hall, director of banquets. 252. *Chepe*, Cheapside, a district of London. 258. The host saw that the bills were paid before he became friendly with the company. 266. He also assumed that money was a first consideration with others.

271. *confort*. The change of *n* to *m* in modern English, called "partial assimilation," is for ease in pronunciation. 275. *if you liketh*; another impersonal construction like those in lines 207 and 217. 282. *seche* is the form used in the Southern dialect, as *seke* (line 17) is that used in the Northern. A similar difference is seen in place-names derived from Latin *castra*, which became *Lancaster* in the North, but *Winchester* in the South. Chaucer wrote in the Midland dialect, which was naturally a sort of compromise; and he used besides forms taken from both geographical extremes. 298. Harry Bailly's eye for business is again evident. If the prize-winner is to have a supper at the expense of the rest, doubtless the rest will eat with him; and Harry uses very specific language to make sure that the feast will be at the Tabard.

321. *was our aller cok*, was cock of us all; *i.e.*, roused us, as the cock rouses people by crowing. 324. *the watering of Saint Thomas*, place to water horses, was a few miles on the road to Canterbury. 328. "If evening song and morning song agree"; that is, if your decision this morning agrees with that of last night. 333. *ferrer*. Cf. note on line 137. 337. *neer* is comparative of "nigh"; "next" is the old superlative. Modern English has taken the old comparative for the positive, and on that has formed a regular comparative and superlative.

The Pardoner's Tale.—This tale forms the greater part of a sermon on the Pardoner's favorite text—*Radix malorum est cupiditas* (1 Timothy VI, 10—"Avarice is the root of evils"). Nearly 100 lines omitted here (coming between our lines 14 and 15) give numerous examples from Biblical and secular history to show the evils resulting from "wine and drunkenness." The sermon has a prologue of 134 lines in which the Pardoner explains in detail to the pilgrims his manner of preaching. He is for once in his life very honest, and shows that in the pulpit he attacks the very vice he preaches—avarice. The Pardoner, portrayed in the general prologue, in the prologue to his own story, in the story itself, and in a dialogue with the host following it, is one of Chaucer's best-drawn

figures, and is wholly true to fact. Most pardoners were rascals of the worst kind, against whom the Pope's orders and the efforts of bishops were for a long time powerless.

12. Swearing by God's (that is, Christ's) eyes, nails, head, etc., was formerly common. The modern "zounds," still occasionally heard, is the only survival of this practice. It means "by God's wounds." Line 13 refers to the Crucifixion. 15. *three*. When the Pardoner, after a long digression on "wine and drunkenness," returns to his tale, it occurs to him that he can be more effective with a limited number of "rioters," instead of the indefinite "company" with which he began. 17. *for to drinke*. See note on *Prologue*, 17. 19. Note that the pronoun subject of the verb is omitted, an idiom often found as late as Shakspeare. Modern English permits the omission only of the object pronoun. 20. *gan callen*; merely the past tense. If he had meant "began to call," he would have written "bigan to."

26. *pardee*. See note on *Prologue*, 190. 32. *mo* is not a cut form of "more." It is derived from Anglo-Saxon *ma*, while "more" is from *mara*, though both Anglo-Saxon words mean the same. "mo" and "more" are distinguished as late as Shakspeare; the former is equivalent to our "more" (cf. *Macbeth*, 5. 3. 35: "Send out mo horses"), the latter to our "greater" (cf. *Macbeth*, 1. 7. 50):

"then you were a man;

And, to be *more* than what you were, you would

Be so much more the man."

33. *this pestilence* is an allusion to the great plague that swept over England in the latter part of the fourteenth century. 46. *God-des armes*, and *Goddess digne bones* (line 49) are illustrations of "tearing God's body to pieces." (See note on line 12.)

56. *Togidres* is an old genitive form used adverbially. Of many such in earlier days, "needs" ("I must needs go"), "else" (originally *elles*), and the time adverbs "once" (*ones*), "twice," "thrice" are survivals. 72. *artow*, art thou; and 73, *livestow*, livest thou, are spellings due to pronunciation. Note that although to-day we write "don't you," "can't you," etc., we almost habitually say "donchoo," "canchoo," etc.

74. *gan loke*. See note on line 20. 75. For the double negative, cf. *Prologue*, 135, and note. 88. The old man kept all his earthly possessions in a chest. 97-8. See *Leviticus* XIX, 32.

102. *wher ye go or ryde*, literally, wherever you walk or ride.
 106. *partest*, departest. For the same use in a modern work see the first line of Gray's *Elegy*: "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

124. A gold *florin*, first coined in 1343, was of the value of six shillings. The modern English florin is silver, and of the value of two shillings. 170. *noot* = *ne woot*, do not know. 173. *shrew*. Note that this is now used only as feminine and with a very specialized meaning.

198. Cf. *Prologue*, 29 and 231, and notes on these lines.
 202. Satan was once given permission to bring one of the faithful to sorrow. See *Job* I, 12; II, 6. 215. *nis* = *ne is*, is not. Cf. *noot*, line 170. 219. *sterve*, die, is the same word as the German *sterben*. In modern English its meaning has been specialized, and its spelling changed to "starve." With *sterve* and *sterben* may be compared English "knave" and German *knabe*, where besides the change of consonant the English word, as in the case of *sterve*, has been specialized. The student who cares to know of other similar changes of meaning will find an interesting chapter on the subject in Greenough and Kittredge's *Words and Their Ways in English Speech* (chap. XVII). 228. *shoop*, literally, shaped. The verb belonged to the "strong" conjugation in Anglo-Saxon and Middle English. Cf. *storven*, line 242. 232. There are few tales with so skillful a conclusion as this. Chaucer gives abundant details in preparing for the climax; but when he comes to the tragic moment, he wastes no words in telling how they killed each other, contenting himself with saying that both sides carried out their plans.

Chaucers Wordes. — 2. *Boece*, Chaucer's translation of *The Consolations of Philosophy*, by Boethius, a Roman philosopher of the sixth century. *Troilus*, Chaucer's long poem, *Troilus and Cressida*.

POPULAR BALLADS. — *Sir Patrick Spens*. — 1. *Dumferling*, for "Dunfermline," a town sixteen miles northwest of Edinburgh, the seat of a royal palace. Many Scottish kings are buried there. 6. (who) *sat*. See note on Chaucer's *Pardoner's Tale*, 19. Cf. line 12. 9. *has written*. Note how much narrative is omitted between lines 8 and 9. Cf. the omission between 20 and 21. The ballads are always notable for condensation and directness. *braid*, Scotch for "broad"; here in the sense of "open," "clear." 30. *shoon*, old form for "shoes." 32. *swam aboon*, floated on the

surface of the water. 38. *kems*, combs. For the form, cf. German *kamm*. 27-8. Another version of the ballad reads here:

“It’s a token, maister, or ye were born,
It will be a deadly storm.”

31. *or*, *ere*. In *or ere* (line 35) the *ere* is redundant. 41. *Aberdour* is doubtless for “Aberdeen,” the form found in other versions of the ballad.

Bonnie George Campbell. — Other versions have “James” instead of George. Some editors have given this ballad a definite historical setting; but as Professor Child says: “Campbells enow were killed, in battle or feud . . . to forbid a guess as to an individual James or George grounded upon the slight data afforded by the ballad.” 1. *Hielands*, the Scottish Highlands. 2. *Tay*, a river in the Lowlands. 10. *greeting fu’ sair*, weeping very sorely. 12. *rivin’*, tearing. 15. *toom*, empty. *big*, build.

Lord Randal. — In addition to numerous British versions of this ballad, there are related ballads in nearly all European languages.

Kemp Owyne. — Disenchantment by a kiss is a widespread theme in folk-lore. See “The Enchanted Dragon,” in *Fairy Tales of All Nations*. *dee*, *do*. 11. *Kemp*, champion. *Owyne*, found in medieval romances as “Owain,” “Ywein,” “Yvain,” is modern “Owen.” 12. *borrow*, set free, ransom. 51. *brand*, sword.

Robin Hood’s Death and Burial. — The second and last lines of the first stanza are a meaningless refrain, a feature frequently found in primitive verse intended to be sung. Cf. the song in *As You Like It*, 5. 3:

“It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino.”

10. The practice of “letting blood” was formerly common as a remedy for all sorts of diseases. 11. *Kirkly*, probably Kirkstall Abbey, in Yorkshire, the “Robin Hood country.” 16. *ring*, the “knocker” which formerly served as the modern doorbell. 48. *dree*, endure. We should now say “run.”

CAXTON. — 5. *clerk*, scholar. 27. *doubted*, was apprehensive. 45. *that common English*, etc. Some idea of the differences in dialects of Caxton’s day may be got by noting the modern equivalents of various old forms. “Church” and “kirk,” for instance, are

merely different pronunciations of Anglo-Saxon *cirice*. See note on Chaucer's *Prologue*, 282. 48. *Zealand*, a province of Holland. 49. *Foreland*, a headland near Dover. 56. In Middle English there were two forms for the plural of egg—the "weak" form *eyren* (see note on Chaucer's *Prologue*, 76) and the "strong" *eggys* (modern "eggs"). The first of these disappeared in the first half of the sixteenth century. 68. *uplandish* first meant pertaining to uplands; later, pertaining to country districts. From the latter it came to mean "uncultured," "unrefined," the sense in Caxton.

MALORY. — 2. *the French book* has not been identified. Malory obtained his material from various sources. 3. *estates*, classes of people; in England, the lords spiritual, the lords temporal, and the commons. *or*. See note on Sir Patrick Spens, line 31. 17. *scripture*. See note on Mandeville, line 5. 22. *let purvey*, cause to be provided. 33. *livelihood*, liveliness. 35. *nourished*, foster. 41. *the lady*, the queen, Guinevere.

WYATT. — 1. *fowls*, birds. See note on Chaucer's *Prologue*, 9. 5. *other*, others. 12. *eyen*. See note on Caxton, line 56. 14. *glead*, glead, fire.

SURREY. — *Description of Spring*. — 1. *soote*, sweet. 2. *eke*, also. 4. *turtle-dove*. 5. *summer* is often used in the older poetry for "spring." *spray*, branch. 8. *flete*, float. 11. *mings*, mingles, mixes.

Death of Priam. — Surrey's translation of the *Æneid* is memorable as the first English use of blank verse, the meter of the Elizabethan drama, and of most of the long poems in English literature from *Paradise Lost* to *Idylls of the King*. 5. *Hecuba*, Priam's wife. 14. *ne*, nor. 15. *Hector* was the great champion of the Trojans. He was slain by Achilles (see lines 41-4). 21. *Pyrrhus*, son of Achilles, called also (line 53) *Neoptolem*. 40. *thou*, Pyrrhus. 51. *Pelide*, Achilles. The name means "son of Peleus." 53. *swerved out of kind*, turned from his natural self.

TYNDALE. — This selection, like the same passage from Wiclif's translation (see page 17), is printed with all its peculiarities of spelling as a specimen of early sixteenth century English.

LYLY. — *Queen Elizabeth*. — Lyly's absurd adulation of the Queen is typical of the attitude of the period toward her. She was a great

sovereign, and the development of the national life under her rule was most marked; but impartial historians do not see her as any such paragon as she is here presented. Lyly also set a fashion in writing, called from his romance "euphuism," the chief characteristics of which may be seen in the very first sentence — overworking of the balanced structure and antithesis, and frequent use of alliteration (*prisoner—prince, castle—crown*) and play on words (*head*)

1. *This queen*, Mary, who died in 1558. 4. Elizabeth was a prisoner during the early part of Mary's reign, but not at the time of Mary's death. Lyly could not resist the opportunity for antithesis and alliteration. 9. *Praxiteles*, Greek sculptor. 10. *her son*, Cupid. 16. *Zeuxis*, Greek painter. 23. *Apelles*, Greek painter. 28. *color*, portray. 53. *tickle*, ticklish, uncertain. 54. *twist*, slender thread.

Cupid and Campaspe. — This charming little song is from one of Lyly's comedies, *Alexander and Campaspe*.

SIDNEY. — Between 1575 and 1600 a large number of sonnets were written. It was the fashion to write series ("sequences") of them in honor of a loved one. Sidney's 108 record an unhappy love affair.

XV. 2. *Parnassus*, mountain in Greece sacred to the Muses. 4. *poesie*, poetry, with perhaps a pun on "posy." *uring*, force. 7. *Petrarch*. See page 477, note on *Scorn not the Sonnet*, 4 ff. 8. *denizen'd wit*, words naturalized in English. 9. *far-fet*, far-fetched. 10. *touch*, feeling. — The poet says that any one who wants the most beautiful comparisons need only draw from Stella's looks.

XXXI. 4. *archer*, Cupid. 5. On *that* following a conjunction, see note on Chaucer's *Prologue*, line 1.

Arcadia is a pastoral romance, somewhat like a novel. Sidney wrote it for his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, and it was not published until after his death. 11. *withal*, at the same time. 16. *accompanable*, having the possibility of company. 18. *Musidorus*, *Claius* (22), and *Kalander* (34) are characters in the story. 20-21. "the one lacking no plenty, the other having no plenty but of things lacking." This is a good specimen of "euphuistic" writing. 29. *unhospitable*, inhospitable.

SPENSER's spelling and vocabulary are not characteristic of the time, but intentionally archaic. The adding of superfluous letters (as in *hollownesse*, 1, *deare*, 2), and the omission of usual letters (as

in *brightnes*, 5), result in a queer looking page at first; but this sort of difficulty is only apparent. His archaic words make use of a large dictionary essential. — For *The Faerie Queene* he invented a stanza, since called the “Spenserian,” the scheme of which (rhyme-order and length of lines) should be worked out by the student. Of other poems in this measure perhaps the most famous are Byron’s *Childe Harold* and Keats’s *Eve of St. Agnes*, both of which are represented in this volume.

3. *then*, *than*. 5. *her*, *i.e.*, beauty’s. 8. *perst*, pierced. 9. *dy*, die. 11. Una is the personification of truth in an elaborate allegory running through the poem. 17. *her knight*, the Red Cross Knight, hero of Book I of *The Faerie Queene*; typifies Holiness. 8. *deryv’d*, diverted. 21. *preace*, press. 37. *fortuned*, chanced. 39. *salvage*, savage. 42. *attonce*, at once. *corse*, body. 43. *pray*, prey. *ny*, nigh. 45. *forse*, force. 48. *weet*, know. 53. *gan melt*. See note on Chaucer’s *Pardoner’s Tale*, 20.

Spenser’s sonnet-sequence (see introductory note on Sidney), called *Amoretti*, consists of eighty-eight sonnets addressed to Elizabeth Boyle, afterwards his wife.

XXXIV. 5. *wont*, was accustomed.

LXXIX. 1. *credit*, believe. 8. *ensue*, succeed, follow.

Prothalamion was written for the wedding of two daughters of the Earl of Worcester. It tells of a visit by the prospective brides to Essex House (the *stately place* of line 11), on the Thames near London. This house had been the home of the Earl of Leicester, patron of Spenser until his death in 1588 (see lines 12-13), and was now occupied by the Earl of Essex (the *noble peer* of line 19). The selection in the text, comprising the last three stanzas of the poem, is sufficient to give the student an impression of the poet’s smooth, musical verse. Spenser is known as “the poet’s poet,” and *Prothalamion* shows admirably the quality that has brought him the designation.

2. *my most kindly nurse* is the poet’s tribute to the city of his birth. 6-10. These lines refer to the Temple, once headquarters of the Knights Templar, but now for a long time occupied chiefly by lawyers. 9. *wont*; see note on sonnet XXXIV, 5. 14. *whose want*, the lack of whom, *i.e.*, of Leicester. 21. Essex had laid waste the city of Cadiz in Spain. 22. The “pillars of Hercules” are promontories on the Strait of Gibraltar. 30. *forraine*, foreign. 31. *Elisa* is Queen Elizabeth. 38. *Hesper*, the evening star.

43. *Two gentle knights*, the bridegrooms. 47. *twins of Jove*, Castor and Pollux, the constellation Gemini in *the bauldricke of the heavens* (48), *i.e.*, the Zodiac.

BACON. — *Of Adversity*. — 1. *Seneca*, Roman philosopher and writer of tragedies; first century. 11. *transcendences*, exaggerations. 20. *in a mean*, with moderation. 21. *temperance*, moderation. 26. *David's harp*, the book of Psalms. 37. *incensed*, set on fire, as in a censer.

Of Marriage and Single Life. — 2. *impediments*, hindrances. 11. *impertinences*, things having no pertinence, *i.e.*, not pertaining to themselves. 19. *liberty*, desire for liberty. 20. *humorous*, subject to humors, or moods. 25. *churchmen*, priests, preachers. 27. *indifferent*, undesirable. 30. *hortatives*, exhortations. 35. *exhaust*, exhausted. 40. *Vetulam*, etc. "He preferred his old wife to immortality." Ulysses was offered immortality by the goddess Calypso if he would live with her; but he declined and went back to Penelope. 46. *quarrel*, excuse. 47. *one of the wise men*, Thales, Greek philosopher.

Of Wisdom for a Man's Self. — 1. *shrewd*, harmful. 6. *right earth*, merely earth, earthy. 7. *his*, its, *i.e.*, the earth's. See note on Chaucer's *Prologue*, line 1. 15. *eccentric to*, having a different center, *i.e.*, aim, motive. 18. *accessory*, subordinate. 26. *bias upon their bowl*, weight upon the ball used in bowling, which makes its course a curve. 27. *after the model of*, shaped to accord with. 32. *and*, if. 35. *respect*, consideration. 44. *sui*, etc., "lovers of themselves without a rival."

Of Youth and Age. — 5. *invention*, ingenuity. 10. *Severus*, Roman emperor, third century. 11. *Juventutem*, etc. "He spent a youth full of errors, even of acts of madness." 14. *Cosmus*, Cosimo de Medici. 15. *Gaston de Foix*, French general, sixteenth century. 16. *composition*, disposition. 20. *them*, old men. 21. *abuseth*, deceives. 28. *absurdly modifies pursue*. *care not*, do not hesitate. 35. *compound*, mix. 39. *extern*, external. 43. *the text*. See Joel II, 28. 52. *Hermogenes*, Greek, second century. 57. *Tully*, better known by his last name Cicero. *Hortensius*, Cicero's greatest rival. *Idem*, etc. "He continued the same when it was no longer becoming." 60. *Scipio*, Roman general. *Livy*, Roman historian. 61. *Ultima*, etc. "His end fell below his beginning."

Of Studies. — 10. *humour*, peculiarity. 14. *contemn*, despise, consider of little value. 16. *without*, beyond. 22. *curiously*, with great care. 31. *present*, quick. 35. *Abeunt*, etc. "Studies develop into habits." 36. *stond*, hindrance. 45. *cymini sectores*, hair-splitters; persons given to making fine distinctions. 48. *receipt*, remedy.

Bacon's condensed style produces many memorable passages. The last essay alone contains a number of sayings that have almost become proverbs.

MARLOWE. — *A Boast of Tamburlaine* is a typical example of what Ben Jonson called "Marlowe's mighty line." Tamburlaine was a Scythian shepherd who aspired to conquer the whole world, and almost succeeded in doing so. Marlowe makes him almost the personification of the desire for power.

6. *Cynthia*, the moon. 10. *your turning spheres*, the stars. 13. *Bithynia*, in ancient times, a country in Asia Minor. 14. *exhalation*; five syllables here. The suffix *-tion* is frequently counted as two syllables in poetry. 20. *Clymene's son*, Prometheus. 21. *axle-tree*, axis.

SHAKSPERE. — Since considerations of space prevent printing a complete play here, the greatest of all English poets is represented by some songs and sonnets. The Elizabethan Age is almost as notable for lyric verse as for dramatic; and Shakspeare surpassed all writers in both fields.

Over hill, etc.; is a song of Puck, the fairy. 2. *thorough* is the same as "through." Modern English uses the first exclusively as an adjective, the second as preposition; but up to the seventeenth century they were used interchangeably. 9. Queen Elizabeth's body-guard, her favorite attendants, were "Gentlemen Pensioners." "They were the handsomest men of the first families, — tall, as the cowslip was to the fairy, and shining in their spotted gold coats like that flower under an April sun."

Under the greenwood tree celebrates the joys of forest life as seen by an exiled duke and his train.

Hark, hark! the lark. — 2. *Phæbus*, the sun. 4. *chaliced*, shaped like chalices, or cups.

Where the bee sucks is a song by the sprite Ariel, a very different fairy from Puck.

Sonnets. — Many theories have been advanced in explanation of Shakspeare's sonnet-sequence (see introductory note on Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, page 16). No evidence has yet been cited to identify with certainty any of the persons alluded to in them, or to show that they record any real experiences or events. Shakspeare adopted a new rhyme-scheme which the student should examine and compare with the schemes of Sidney, Spenser, and later writers.

BEN JONSON. — *To the Memory.* — This tribute by the greatest contemporary of Shakspeare's last years was printed in the first collected edition of the dramatist's works, known as the First Folio. It was published in 1623, seven years after Shakspeare's death.

5. *all men's suffrage*, all men agree to it. 18. *Francis Beaumont* was a great dramatist of the day, who wrote most of his plays in conjunction with John Fletcher. 25. *of years, mature.* 27. *Lyly, Kyd, and Marlowe* were the greatest dramatists before Shakspeare. The first wrote comedies; under the influence of which Shakspeare wrote his early comedies — *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The other two were writers of tragedy. 29. *though thou hadst*, etc. This line has been frequently interpreted to mean that Shakspeare had no education. Ben Jonson was a classical scholar; and what he considered small Latin and less Greek might still be a very respectable attainment in those languages. 31. *Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles* were the greatest writers of Greek tragedy; *Pacuvius, Accius, and him of Cordova* (i.e., Seneca) the greatest of Roman. 34. *buskin* stands for tragedy, because in ancient times actors in tragedy wore buskins, or high-heeled boots. Similarly, *sock*, a slipper worn in comedy, stands for comedy itself. 41. This line, probably the most frequently quoted single passage about Shakspeare, means that his plays are universal in their truth to life. 49. *Aristophanes*, Greek comic writer; *Terence and Plautus*, Roman. 52. *As, as if.* 67. *shake a lance* may be a pun on the dramatist's name. A writer about the time Shakspeare began to write called him a "Shake-scene." 72. *Eliza*, Queen Elizabeth. 75. *rage or influence*, power for good or evil. The terms are from the science (so-called) of astrology.

HERRICK, CAREW, LOVELACE, and SUCKLING are known as the "Cavalier" poets, because their sympathies were with the Cavaliers, or adherents of the Stuart kings, James I and Charles I. In con-

trast with them were the "Puritans," of whom the chief representative was Milton, and who opposed the Stuart rule and brought about the execution of Charles and the establishment of the Commonwealth under Cromwell. The Cavaliers were, of course, the aristocrats; and their poets dealt with lighter subjects, or in a lighter way with serious subjects than did the Puritans. Some history of literature should be consulted for a detailed statement of their characteristics.

Corinna's Going A-Maying. — Corinna is a fanciful name, not representing, so far as we know, any real person. The same is true of other names in succeeding poems — Sapho, Julia, Celia, Lucasta, Althea. 2. *god unshorn*, the sun in all his brilliance; *i.e.*, not darkened by clouds. 3. *Aurora*, goddess of dawn. 14. *May*, May flowers. 17. *Flora*, goddess of flowers. 22. *against*, until. 28. *beads*, prayers. See "rosary" in large dictionary, and note on Chaucer's *Prologue*, line 83. 35. *white-thorn*, hawthorn. 48. *that*. See note on Chaucer's *Prologue*, line 1. 51. *green gown*, a tumble on the grass. 65. *or — or*, either — or.

To Phillis. — 19. *carcanets*, necklaces. 25. *wakes*, festivals. 30. *hey*, a country round dance. 46. *for to*. See note on Chaucer's *Prologue*, 17. 47. *possets* and *wassails* are mixed drinks.

CAREW. — Song. — 6. *orbs*; allusion to the "music of the spheres," which should be looked up in the dictionary. 8. *nard*, a fragrant ointment, or the plant from which that is made.

LOVELACE. — The two poems given in the text are almost the only poems of real worth written by this poet. In addition to their value as poems, they are memorable for two passages that have become almost proverbial — lines 11-12 of the first, and 25-26 of the second.

To Althea. — 10. *allaying*, diluting. *Thames* means merely "water."

SUCKLING. — *Constant Lover.* — 12. *stays*, delays. 13. The grammatical error in this line will be found occasionally in the best poets, and is not always justifiable, as it is here, by the requirements of rhyme.

MILTON. — *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* are companion pictures, giving the views of life held by the "cheerful" man and the "contemplative" man. They are composed on the same plan, each

presenting an ideal day. The parallelism is clearly indicated; and the student should note the time-references, and work out the two schemes for a day's occupation.

2. *Cerberus*, the three-headed dog that guarded the entrance to Hades. 3. *Stygian cave*, the region where the river Styx flows, i.e., Hades. 4. This line is one of the best examples of "onomatopœia," or the use of words whose sound contributes to the sense. Note the number of hissing sounds. 5. *uncouth*, unknown; the etymological meaning. 10. In the land of the Cimmerians there was no sun, according to Homer (*Odyssey*, XI). 12. *yclept*, called. *Euphrosyne*, one of the three Graces. 29. *Hebe*, goddess of youth. 31. *Care* is the object of *derides*; that (i.e., "sport") is the subject.

45. *to come* is in the same construction as *to live* (39), and *to hear* (41). L'Allegro, the cheerful man (*me*, line 38), likes to come to his window and welcome the morning. 62. *liveries*, costumes, colors. 67. *tells his tale*, counts his sheep. This old sense of tell is found in "teller," one who counts money in a bank, or one who counts votes in a legislative body.

70. *landskip*; old spelling of "landscape." *round*, for "around," is here an adverb; it is subject of *measures*. 77. *Towers and battlements*. Milton here probably gives a bit of realism, alluding to the towers of Windsor Castle, which could be seen from his home at Horton. 80. *cynosure* means, first, the constellation familiarly known as the "Little Dipper," which contains the pole-star. It later was used for the pole-star alone, from which it came to mean (as here) any center of attraction. 83 ff. *Corydon*, *Thyrsis*, *Phyllis*, *Thestylis* are stock names in pastoral poetry. 85. *messes*, dishes.

91. *secure* is used here in its etymological sense, "free from care." 94. *rebeck* was somewhat like the modern fiddle. 103-4. *she . . . he*, narrators of the stories of line 101. *friar's lantern*, will o' the wisp. 110. *lubber*, clumsy.

120. *weeds*, garments; in this sense the word is now limited to the phrase "widow's weeds." 122. *influence*. The word is borrowed from the science of astrology. Cf. Jonson's *To the Memory of Shakespeare*, 75. 125. *Hymen*, god of marriage. 132. *sock*, comedy. See note on Jonson's *To the Memory of Shakespeare*, 35. Ben Jonson's comedies are noted for the learning displayed in them, as Shakspeare's are noted for their native genius.

136. *Lydian airs*, one of the Greek modes of music, soft and sweet. The others were the Dorian, bold and brave; and the Phrygian, brisk and spirited. 139. *bout*, turn. 145 ff. When Eurydice, wife of Orpheus, was taken to the land of shades (Hades), Pluto was prevailed on by Orpheus's music to let her go back to earth with him on condition that the musician should not look behind him on the journey. When they had nearly reached safety, Orpheus turned to be sure Eurydice was following, and she was snatched back to Hades.

Il Penseroso. — 3. *bested* (accented on second syllable), profit. 6. *fond*, foolish. 10. *pensioners*. See note on Shakspeare's *Over hill, over dale*, line 9. *Morpheus*, god of sleep and dreams. 18. Since Memnon was the handsomest of men, the poet infers that his sister was the most beautiful of women. 19. *starred Ethiop queen*, Cassiope, changed into the constellation Cassiopeia. 29. *Ida* was a mountain near Troy. 39. *commercing*, communing. 56. *Philomel*, the nightingale. L'Allegro's bird (line 42) is the *lark*, bird of morning. 59. *Cynthia*, the moon.

76. This line is another good instance of onomatopœia, producing a very different effect from line 4 of *L'Allegro*. 83-84. The bellman used to go about the streets at night, says an old chronicler, to "give warning of fire and candle, and to help the poor and to pray for the dead." His cries are given in a poem by Herrick as follows:

"From noise of scare-fires rest ye free,
From murder, Benedicite!
From all mischances that may fright
Your pleasing slumbers in the night,
Mercy secure ye all, and keep
The goblin from ye while ye sleep!"

87. *the Bear*, the constellation known also as the "Great Dipper." Since in the latitude of England it never sets, to *outwatch* it means to stay awake all night. 88. *thrice-great* is merely a translation of "Trismegistus." This Hermes was a philosopher in ancient Egypt. *unsphere*, recall from the sphere or region in which he now dwells. 91. *forsook*. The use of past tense instead of participle is allowed by "poetic license" when the meter requires a shorter word. 95. *consent*, sympathy. 99-100. These lines give the subjects treated in ancient tragedy. 102. *buskined*, tragic. See note on Jonson's *To the Memory of Shakspeare*, 34. Cf. *L'Allegro*, 132, and note.

104. *Musaeus*, a mythical poet, son of Orpheus. 105-8. See note on *L'Allegro*, 145. 109. *him*, etc., Chaucer. The story here alluded to, given to the Squire in the *Canterbury Tales*, was left unfinished by the poet. 113. *virtuous*, having magic virtue (power).

123. *tricked*, adorned. 124. *Attic boy*, Cephalus, beloved of Aurora (Morn). 125. *kerchief*, wearing a cloud as a head-covering. Look up "kerchief" for etymology and original meaning. 134. *Sylvan*, a woodland deity. 140. *profaner*, more vulgar or common. 148. The antecedent of *his* is *Sleep*. 153. *good* modifies *spirit*. 154. *Genius*, spirit. 156. *pale*, enclosure. 159. "Windows richly decorated with Bible stories." 162. *quire*, old spelling of "choir." 170. *spell*, study.

Lycidas. — The learned *Friend* was Edward King, a companion of Milton's at Christ College, Cambridge (lines 23-31). He was something of a poet; and Milton puts his memorial in the form of a "pastoral" poem, as if one shepherd lamented the death of another. Many of the names and allusions are taken from famous pastoral poets of ancient times — e.g., *Damoetas* (36), *Amaryllis* (68), *Neaera* (69), *Arethuse* (85; river celebrated by Theocritus), *Mincius* (86; river near Virgil's home), *Alpheus* (132; river god), and *Lycidas*.

Lines 1-5 may be paraphrased as follows: "After some years of silence I again seek rewards as poet; and, under stress, I must take them before my time." • 15-16. *Sisters*, etc., the Muses, born at the Pierian spring, situated at the foot of Mount Olympus. 20. *lucky*, favorable. 25. *lawns*, pastures. 29. *battening*, fattening. The passage beginning with line 23 means that they studied and wrote together. 33. *oaten flute*, the musical instrument of shepherds, according to pastoral poets.

54. *Mona*, the island of Anglesey, north of Wales, a home of the Druids. 55. *Deva*, the river Dee, on which is situated the city of Chester, from which King sailed. It is called a *wizard stream* because many legends were associated with it. 56. *fondly*, foolishly (because his dreaming was of no avail). 58. *the Muse*, Calliope. 61 ff. *rout*, etc. Thracian women tore Orpheus to pieces and threw his head into the Hebrus, which washed it ashore on the island of Lesbos. 64-84. These lines, in which the poet digresses from his theme, lament the low state of poetry: 67-69 may indicate Milton's opinion of Cavalier poetry. 64. *what boots it*, of what use is it. 75. *Fury*, Atropos, the third Fate, who cuts the thread of life.

Clotho, the first Fate, spins the thread; Lachesis, the second, twists it. 77. *Phæbus*, Apollo, god of poetry.

88. This line means that the poet has finished his digression and is returning to his main line of thought. 90. "That plead in the name of the god of the sea." 96. *Hippotades*, Æolus, god of the winds. 99. *Panope*, a sea-nymph. 101. *built in the eclipse*. In ancient times (not Milton's), when the cause of eclipses was not known, things done during such periods were supposed to be unlucky. 103. *Camus*, god of the river Cam, on which Cambridge (seat of Milton's and King's university) was located. 106. *flower*, hyacinth, said to have on its petals the Greek for "alas."

108-31. For comment on these lines, see our selection from Ruskin, pages 382-8. 124. See notes on *L'Allegro*, 4, and *Il Penseroso*, 76.

133. *Sicilian Muse*, muse of pastoral poetry; so called from Theocritus, the greatest pastoral poet of ancient times, who lived in Sicily. 136. *use*, dwell. 142. *rathe*, early. This word is found now in the comparative form only, "rather." 151. *laureate hearse*, bier decked with laurel. 158. *monstrous world*, world of monsters. 160. *fable*, i.e., fabled home, Land's End, called Bellerium by the Romans. 161. On St. Michael's Mount, near Land's End, the Archangel Michael was said to have appeared; and there is still a superstition that the mount is guarded by him. 162. *Namancos*, on which was located the castle of Bayona, will not be found on modern maps. An old atlas locates it in Spain, near Cape Finisterre. 163. *Angel*, Michael. *ruth*, pity. 176. *unexpressive*, inexpressible. 184. *in thy large recompense*, as thy large reward. 186. *uncouth* may be understood either in its old sense, "unknown," or in its present sense, "rude" or "uncultivated." 189. *Doric*, pastoral Theocritus wrote in the Doric dialect.

Truth and Conformity. — *Areopagitica* (Āreōpāgīt'iea) is a long essay addressed by Milton to Parliament in opposition to an order "to regulate printing," which required "that no book, pamphlet, or paper be henceforth printed, unless the same be first approved and licensed" by officials appointed for that purpose. It is a time-honored argument for the freedom of the press, of which a great deal of discussion has recently taken place in connection with the publication of war news. The title is from an oration by Isocrates before the Areopagus, or high council of Athens.

3. *The temple of Janus*. The gates of the temple were open in

times of war, closed in times of peace. Milton means that at the time he wrote *Truth and Falsehood* were at war. 5. *winds of doctrine*. See *Ephesians* IV, 14. 9. *her confuting*, confuting by her. 12. *discipline of Geneva*, doctrines of the Presbyterians of Milton's day. 13. *fabricked*, fabricated. 17. *to seek for wisdom*. See *Matthew* XIII, 44. 38. *Micaiah did*. See *1 Kings* XXII, 1-28. 44. *hand-writing nailed to the cross*. See *Colossians* II, 14. 45. See, e.g., *Galatians* V, 1. His doctrine. See *Romans* XIV, 5-9. 54. *a linen decency* refers to the use of vestments, and means "a mere external orderliness." It was a *ghost* because, though the wearing of vestments had been suppressed, the spirit of it still lingered. 67. *subdichotomies*, minor divisions. 70. *wheat from the tares*. See *Mattheu* XIII, 37-43.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE was, politically, a neutral during the Civil War and the Commonwealth. He took up his residence in a secluded country place, and wrote his *Religio Medici* ("Religion of a Physician") chiefly to examine his own beliefs. Though a member of the Church of England, he was an early example of a thorough-going religious "liberal."

Heaven and Hell. — 10. *about*, i.e., upon. 14. *Legion*. See *Mark* V, 1-9. 15. *Anaxagoras*, Greek philosopher, fifth century B.C. *conceited*, conceived, thought. 16. *Magdalene*. See *Luke* VIII, 2. 18. *ubi* (Latin conjunction, "where"), self. *circumference*, environment. Sir Thomas says that a devil would be miserable without being in hell. 34. *fear*, venerate, revere, hold in religious awe.

Charity. — For the sense in which Sir Thomas uses the word *charity*, see our note on Chaucer's *Prologue*, line 86. 6. *anatomy*, analysis. 8. *consorts*, agrees. 13. *common viands*, regular food. 29. *composition*, agreement. 30. *conceit*, idea, notion. 39. *Lazarus*. See *Luke* XVI, 19 ff. 41. *wear our liveries*, agree with our reasons. 45. *caitiff*, cowardly.

SAMUEL PEPYS did not aim to be a man of letters. His *Diary* was written in a shorthand system of his own devising, and he left the MS. to Magdalen College, Cambridge. When it was deciphered, it was found to contain much of interest and value concerning the life of London from 1660 to 1669, with many shrewd observations on great persons of the Restoration period.

The Tempest. — 1. *at the office*. Pepys was secretary to the Admiralty. 2. *at noon*. Regular performances were held in the afternoon until a much later date, because of lack of facilities for lighting the theaters. As late as 1765 the chief theater in London was lighted by six chandeliers containing candles, and no footlights. The word “*matinée*,” which we now use for the afternoon performance, originally designated one held in the morning. Look up the derivation of the word. 4. *girl, maid*. 6. *The King* was Charles II. 37. *blacklead*, pencil writing. — Pepys was an incessant theater goer, and his notes of the performances he witnessed are a valuable record of the theater of his day.

The Great Fire. — This account, one of the longest entries in the *Diary*, makes no pretensions to literary merit; yet it is admirable in the vivid and realistic details given. Notes on the localities mentioned would serve little purpose without a map.

DRYDEN. — This version of *The Tempest* (which was probably the one Pepys saw) was one of the earliest alterations of Shakspere's plays. In their original form they did not measure up to the taste of the Restoration; and for half a century writers good, bad, and indifferent rewrote and “improved” them. *Romeo and Juliet* and *King Lear* were changed so as to end happily; the *Merchant of Venice* was so changed that Shylock became a comic figure. Dryden had a hand in altering several plays, among others *Macbeth* and *Antony and Cleopatra*. The literary ideals of the alterers may be seen in the remarks just made and in the lines 39-46 of the present selection, in which the addition of “a man who had never seen a woman” is called “an excellent contrivance.” Davenant, whom Dryden so highly commends, had in reality very slight literary ability. The Preface is included here for the light it throws on the taste of the period, and as a good specimen of the prose of Dryden — the “father of modern English prose.”

51. *were*. The slip in grammar is Dryden's. 59. *old Latin proverb*: *Postiores enim cogitationes sapientiores solent esse* — free translation: “second thoughts are wisest.”

Mac Flecknoe. — This poem is a satire on Thomas Shadwell, a literary rival of Dryden. The men had been friends; but their friendship was turned into enmity by a sharp attack made on Dryden by Shadwell, to which *Mac Flecknoe* was the reply. Richard Flecknoe was a very dull Irish poet, who had died some years before this

poem was written. Dryden represents Shadwell as a son of Flecknoe, chosen by the latter to succeed him on the throne of dullness.

3. *Augustus*, named by Julius Cæsar as his successor, came into power at the age of eighteen, and became "master of all things" (his own words) at thirty-two. 15 ff. Dryden's lines are in the language of satire, not that of truth. Shadwell was by no means so contemptible a writer as Dryden asserts — his plays, in fact, compare favorably with most of Dryden's. 25. *goodly fabric*. Shadwell was very fat. 29. Here again Dryden uses the unfair language of satire. Thomas *Heywood* and James *Shirley* were late Elizabethan dramatists who did not deserve such characterization. 33. *Norwich druggel*, rough cloth.

36. Shadwell imitated Ben Jonson in distinguishing his characters by particular "humours," that is, whims or idiosyncrasies. 42. *tympany*, inflation or distention; hence, figuratively here, bombast. 43. *tun*, a large barrel. 44. *kilderkin*, a small barrel. 48. If this line had been fact, the question arises why Dryden wrote so extended and vicious a reply to Shadwell. 50. Flecknoe was Irish, but Shadwell was not. 52. An iambic foot of poetry consists of an unaccented syllable followed by an accented. Satire was usually written in *iambics*, as is *Mac Flecknoe*. 56. Alluding to Shadwell's fondness for puns, which, however, was shared by virtually all the comic writers of his day. 57-58. Shadwell was a skillful musician. 60. *Bruce* and *Longville* were characters in Shadwell's plays. 64-65. The *young prophet* was, of course, Shadwell; his *father* was Flecknoe.

Under Milton's Picture. — The poet of Greece was Homer; the poet of Italy, Dante.

JOHN BUNYAN. — The student unacquainted with Bunyan and his greatest work, from which our selection is taken, should look them up in some history of literature. *The Pilgrim's Progress* is one of the world's great allegories, a form of story in which characters are personifications of abstract qualities and characteristics. Christian and Faithful, on a journey from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City, stopped at the town of Vanity, where a fair was being held. Their behavior there led to their trial and condemnation, as set forth in the selection.

88. *an act of Pharaoh*. See *Exodus* I, 22. 91. *an act of Nebuchadnezzar*. See *Daniel* III, 6. 95. *an act of Darius*. See

Daniel VI, 4-9. Bunyan was not a well-educated man; but he knew his Bible, and drew most of his inspiration from it. 136. *Now I saw*, i.e., in a vision. The story of the whole book is given "after the similitude of a dream." Faithful's end is taken, of course, from that of Elijah. See 2 *Kings* II, 11.

SWIFT. — *The Battle of the Books* is one of a number of writings arising from a controversy whether ancient or modern writers are superior. The ancient and modern books in St. James's library are engaged in fight, when their attention is attracted (see lines 105-8) by the dispute of the spider and the bee. This appeared to Æsop very "parallel and adapt" (line 126) to the larger dispute, as he proceeded to demonstrate.

17. *expatiating* is used here in its etymological sense, "walking about." 29. *toils*, snares. 42. *droll*, be humorous. 58. *true spirit of controversy*. Cf. Sir Thomas Browne on the subject, *Charity*, 60 ff. 99. *whether*, which. 115 ff. These lines refer to Dryden's modernizing of Æsop's *Fables*. 116. *tore*; old form of the participle. 154-6. The period of the Restoration and the early part of the eighteenth century is notable for satire. Swift himself is undoubtedly the greatest satirist in the language.

Argument against Abolishing Christianity (somewhat abridged in our text) is a specimen of Swift's keenest sarcasm and irony, and every line must be read from this point of view. No one, of course, had proposed to abolish Christianity; but "all parties seem so unanimously determined upon the point, as we cannot but allow from their actions, their discourses, and their writings" (lines 13-15). The essay is in reality a discourse on the manifest irreligion of the people.

6. *the Union*, of England and Scotland, *confirmed* in 1707. 49. *broke* (old form for "broken"), tortured on the rack. 59. *deorum*, etc. "Offences to the gods are the gods' concern." From the *Annals* of Tacitus, I, 73. 70. *the allies*; i.e., those of England in the War of the Spanish Succession, terminated in 1713 by the Treaty of Utrecht. 86. *a perfect cavil*. In reading such phrases as this it must be remembered that Swift is making only a fine pretense of seriousness. 99. *rendezvouses*, meeting-places; *rendezvous* (French) means, "assemble yourselves."

136. *different to* is the usual British form for the American "different from." It should be noted that the expression "different

than," though frequently heard, is neither British, nor American, nor Irish. 153. *daggled-tail*, untidy, ill-kept. The more common word is "draggled-tailed." 173. *Asgill*, *Toland*, and *Tindal* were religious writers of Swift's day whose views were particularly obnoxious to him.

DEFOE. — *The Education of Women* shows very advanced thinking for the author's day. 4. *parts*, accomplishments. 48. The meaning of this sentence is clearer if we supply the word "even" before *it*. 92. *essay* is used in its original (etymological) sense of "trial."

Author's Preface. — *Robinson Crusoe* is the first of Defoe's adventure stories, which entitle him in the opinion of many to be called the founder of the modern novel. The pretense of editing the story of a man's life was widely accepted as fact.

Crusoe's Situation. — 4. *merchandise*, business. 14. *battle*. Dunkirk was taken from the Spaniards by the French in 1658.

Crusoe's Landing. — 3. *coup de grâce* (French), a deadly stroke. 79. *to let him blood*. See note on *Robin Hood's Death and Burial*, 10.

How Crusoe Baked Bread. — 18. *whelming* — upon, turning over upon so as to cover. 22. *mere* is used in its old positive sense, instead of its modern negative sense. It means, virtually, "first class."

STEELE. — *Prospectus*. — 38 ff. *White's*, noted as a gambling house. *Will's*, the resort of literary men. When Steele was young, Dryden was the most famous man frequenting Will's. (See Macaulay's account of it in this volume, page 329.) *Grecian*, resort of lawyers. *St. James's*, resort of Whig politicians. 48. *plain Spanish*, a simple wine. 49. *Kidney*, a well-known waiter; with a pun, perhaps, on "kidney" in the sense of "temperament," "disposition." 56. *casting a figure*, making a calculation based on the positions of the planets; alluding to the practice of astrology.

Mr. Bickerstaff Visits a Friend. — Steele conducted *The Tatler* under the name of "Isaac Bickerstaff." 6. *want*, lack. *monitor*, adviser. 31. It was formerly the custom to speak of unmarried women as "mistress." 37. *Teraminta*, a fanciful name, representing no person in particular. 97. *baby*, doll. 98. *gossiping*, christening. 117. *full-bottomed periwigs*, wigs full and large at the bottom. 119. *open-breasted*, with waistcoat unbuttoned. 147. *Don Belianis*, *Guy*, the *Seven Champions*, *Bevis*, popular figures

in romance. 153. *Hickethrift*, hero of fairy tales. 155. The most famous exploit of *St. George* was his slaying the dragon (the devil) and his rescue from it of the maiden (the church).

The Editor's Troubles. — 10. *a paper office*. Fifteen years after this number of *The Tatler* there were published two large volumes of original letters received but not printed by the editor. 17. *Temple-bar* separated the City of London proper from Westminster, the section occupied by the court and the aristocracy. 18. *the liberties*, the City. 21. *Wapping and Rotherhithe*, the shipping section of the city. 29. *news from Flanders*, news of the War of the Spanish Succession. 36. *Ad Aulam*, "To the Court"; *Ad Academiam*, "To the Learned"; *Ad Populum*, "To the Populace"; *Ad Clerum*, "To the Clergy." 52. *groat*, fourpence. 58. *conceits*, witty expressions. 81. *my aunt Margery*. In number 151 of *The Tatler* was told how Mrs. Margery Bickerstaff, great aunt of Isaac, was tricked by her family into remaining single, in order that they might inherit her fortune. 83. *Maud the milkmaid*. In number 75 it was told that Sir Walter Bickerstaff, an ancestor of Isaac, had married a milkmaid. 106. *suddenly*, soon.

ADDISON. — *The Campaign* was written by request of the government to celebrate the victory of Marlborough at the battle of Blenheim (War of the Spanish Succession). 2. *joined* was pronounced in the early part of the eighteenth century so that it was a perfect rhyme for *find*.

Frozen Words. — 5. *Sir John Mandeville*, reputed author of a volume of travels. See page 21, and note. 8. *Ferdinand Mendez Pinto*, a Portuguese of the sixteenth century. He was soldier and sailor, merchant and doctor, missionary and ambassador; was taken prisoner thirteen times, and sold into slavery seventeen. His *Peregrination* is at times inaccurate; but present opinion is that he did not wilfully misrepresent things by his "unbounded imagination." 17-18. Addison is, of course, speaking ironically. 30. *Hudibras*, a poem by Samuel Butler, satirizing the Puritans. It was immensely popular during the latter part of the seventeenth century. 92. *Wapping*. See note on Steele, *The Editor's Troubles*, 21. 112. *posthumous*, after death. 135. *kit*, a kind of stringed instrument. 141. *tuer le temps* (French), to pass the time.

Mr. Spectator. — 2. *black*, dark. 33. *nonage*, minority. 35. *parts*, abilities. 88. *Whigs and Tories*, the chief political parties.

Addison was a Whig. 111. *spoken to*. In parliamentary language, one speaks *to* a question, resolution, or subject under consideration. 131. The *club* was, of course, a fiction. Most of the numbers of *The Spectator* were written by Addison, a somewhat smaller number by Steele, and a few by others. The "Club" that figures in the papers was made up of a country squire (Sir Roger de Coverley), a retired soldier, a lawyer, a merchant, a gentleman of leisure, and a clergyman. 134. *Little Britain*, a street.

Vision of Mirzah. — 1. *at Grand Cairo*. See page 179, line 53. Addison's discovery of manuscripts, both for this story and for *Frozen Words*, is, of course, part of the fiction. The stories are his own. 11. *Bagdat*, for Bagdad, a section of Turkey in Asia. 30. *Genius*, a spirit. 62. *ihreescore and ten*, the Biblical allotment of years to man. See *Psalms* XC, 10. 66. According to the Bible, men lived much longer in the early days of the world than now. Methuselah, the oldest man, is said to have lived 969 years. See *Genesis* V, 27. 95. *bubbles*, worthless things to the gaining of which some men devote their whole lives.

POPE. — 2. *Pierian spring*. See note on *Lycidas*, 15. 3-4. On the rhyme, see note on Addison's *Marlborough*, 2.

THOMSON was one of the first poets to break away from the influence of Pope; shown here in his use of blank verse instead of rhymed couplets, and in his theme (line 3) — scenes and objects of nature.

Spring. — 20-21. *Aries*, the Ram; and *Taurus*, the *Bull*, signs of the Zodiac. See note on Chaucer's *Prologue*, 8. 37. *glebe*, soil.

JOHNSON. — Chesterfield aspired to a reputation as a patron of literature. He was famed for his elegant manners; and at the time of Johnson's call upon him (17 ff.), he was not prepossessed with the manners of the *uncourtly scholar*. 13. *Le vainqueur*, etc. (French), "the conqueror of the conqueror of the earth." 30. *shepherd in Virgil*; in the poet's eighth Eclogue. 32 ff. The remainder of the letter is a specimen of the finest satire in the language. In his dictionary, probably remembering Chesterfield, Johnson defined *patron* as "commonly a wretch who supports with insolence, and is paid with flattery." 37. *solitary*. Johnson's wife had died three years before.

Letter to Macpherson. — Macpherson had published some poems which he claimed to be translations from the ancient Gaelic poet, Ossian. Johnson asserted that they were forgeries; Macpherson wrote threatening him with personal violence; this letter, Johnson told Boswell, "put an end to our correspondence." 10. *your Homer.* Macpherson had made a prose translation of the *Iliad*.

On the Art of Flying. — Rasselas was the fourth son of the Emperor of Abyssinia. According to custom he, with his brothers and sisters, was "confined in a private palace till the order of succession should call him to the throne. The place which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes was a spacious valley, surrounded on every side by mountains. The only passage by which it could be entered was a cavern that passed under a rock. The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth which opened into the valley was closed with gates of iron forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massy that no man could without the help of engines open or shut them." (Chapter I.)

95 ff. This passage is of special interest in view of the use of airships in war to-day (1917). Johnson's words, however, can hardly be considered as prophecy.

BOSWELL. — This *First Meeting* took place in 1763; Johnson was fifty-five years old. *Davies* was a bookseller. 11. *Reynolds* was the most famous portrait painter of the day. He made several portraits of Johnson. 35. *Miss Williams*, a dependent of Johnson's. 40. *Garrick*, then the greatest actor and theatrical manager of London, had been a pupil of Johnson's; and the two had come to the great city together to seek their fortune.

Character of Goldsmith. — 6. *Edward Malone*, editor of *Shakspeare*, and friend of Boswell. 20. *He had sagacity*, etc. This sentence, with its many high-sounding polysyllables, is very much in Johnson's own manner. Boswell was very jealous of any one who enjoyed Johnson's favor as Goldsmith did; a fact which prevented his giving an altogether fair picture of Goldsmith. 32. *Nihil*, etc. Inaccurately quoted from Johnson's Latin epitaph on Goldsmith, in Westminster Abbey: *Qui nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit, nullum quod tetigit non ornavit* — "who failed to touch scarcely any kind of writing, and failed to adorn no kind that he touched." 37. *parterre*, a flower garden arranged on some formal design.

43. *un étourdi*, a rattle-brain. 54. *Fantoccini*, a puppet-show. 76. *The Traveller; or, A Prospect of Society*, is a poem in which Goldsmith drew a series of pictures of foreign scenes. 81. *Mrs. Piozzi*, intimate friend of Johnson for twenty years. Her *Anecdotes of Johnson* and her letters are said to be second only to Boswell in interest. *Sir John Hawkins* published a life of Johnson a few years before Boswell.

Johnson's Manner of Talking.—8. *strongly impregnated*, etc., thoroughly filled with the spirit of Johnson.

GOLDSMITH.—1. *Auburn* is not an individual village. It contains some features from Lissoy in Ireland, Goldsmith's early home, and some from other villages both in England and Ireland. 4. *parting*, departing. 10. *cot*, cottage. 12. *decent*, comely. Cf. *Il Penseroso*, 36. 27. *mistrustless*, free from mistrust or suspicion. *smutted*, dirty. The phrase means that the youth was entirely unconscious of the fact that his face was dirty. 34. *all these charms are fled*. Goldsmith wrote this poem to lament the moving of population from the country to the cities. 38. The preacher, like his village, is not a photograph, but a composite picture. It is drawn from the poet's father and from his brother; and some characteristics (as, for instance, line 60) are from the writer himself.

The Schoolmaster is a description chiefly of Goldsmith's early teacher, "Paddy" Byrne. 16. *cipher*, work out arithmetical problems. 17. *presage*, foretell. 18. *gauge*, calculate the capacity of barrels.

The Retaliation, a series of humorous characterizations of his friends, was written in reply to an epigram on Goldsmith by the actor Garrick:

"Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll."

6. *Townshend* was a Whig member of Parliament. 7-8. These lines commemorate Burke's lack of ability as a *speaker*. The House of Commons would not stay to *hear* his speeches, though they read them, when printed, with enthusiasm.

BURKE.—The *Letter to the Sheriffs*, addressed really to the whole body of voters in Bristol, which Burke represented in Parliament, was occasioned by the passage of bills granting letters of

marque and suspending the Habeas Corpus Act in certain cases. (See any history of the United States for explanation of the meaning and objects of these bills.) It expresses the same thoughts as Burke's better known speeches *On Conciliation* and *On Taxation of the American Colonies*. He never wavered in his opposition to the course of government or in his prediction of defeat for it. 53. *court gazette*, official publication of the government. 62. *author*, etc., Thomas Paine, whose *Common Sense* appeared several months before the Declaration of Independence.

Letter to a Noble Lord. — A pension had been granted to Burke by the Crown, and the grant had been attacked by the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale. The *Letter*, addressed to a kinsman of the Marquis of Rockingham, a great benefactor of Burke, is a review of his services to his country and a defense of the grant. A proposal to make Burke a peer, with the title of Lord Beaconsfield, had been abandoned when Burke's son died.

12. *HE*, Burke's son Richard.

COLLINS. — This *Ode* was written in memory of British soldiers who fell during the War of the Austrian Succession.

Ode to Evening. — 1. *oaten stop*. See note on *Lycidas*, 33. 7. *brede*, embroidery. *wove*, for "woven." See note on *Il Penseroso*, line 91. 11-12. Cf. *Lycidas*, 28. 21. *folding star*, the star indicating the hour when flocks should be put into the fold. 23 ff. *Hours* — *elves* — *nymph* — *Pleasures*; these are all subjects to *prepare*. 41. *wont*, is accustomed. 49. *Sylvan shed*, trees. 51, 52. *thy* refers here, as everywhere else in the poem, to "evening."

GRAY. — The *Elegy* is probably the most famous English poem composed between Milton and Wordsworth, and its author is by most critics ranked as the greatest poet in that period.

1. *parting*, departing. 7. *beetle*. Cf. *Ode to Evening*, 11-12. 26. *glebe*, soil. 32. This line may be called the "text" of the poem. 35. *hour* is the subject of *awaits*. 39. *fretted vault*, ceiling ornamented with carvings. 41. *storied urn*, burial urn ornamented with pictures. 43. *provoke*, call forth. 45-48. "Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid some heart once filled with inspiration: hands that might have governed a nation or might have written great and moving poetry." This paraphrase may help to interpret other stanzas, e.g., 57-60. 52. *genial*, natural.

53-56. This stanza, despite a century and a half of wearisome quotation and mis-quotation, may still be kept in mind as a specimen of truly great poetry. 57. John *Hampden* was a prominent Puritan who refused to pay taxes levied illegally by Charles I. 60. The eighteenth century, as a rule, believed that Cromwell's personal ambition was responsible for the bloodshed of the Civil War. 71. (to) *heap*, etc. Modifies *forbade* (67). It means, "write flattering poetry to gain fame and wealth." Cf. *Lycidas*, 64-69. 73. *far*, i.e., they being far. 81. *unlettered muse*, the untrained poets who wrote the inscriptions on their tombs. 89. *parting*. See note on line 1. 95. *chance*, perchance. 113. *the next* (morn).

COWPER prefaced *The Task* with these words: "The history of the following production is briefly this: A lady, fond of blank verse, demanded a poem of that kind from the Author, and gave him the Sofa for a subject. He obeyed; and having much leisure, connected another subject with it; and pursuing the train of thought to which his situation and train of mind led him, brought forth at length, instead of the trifle which he at first intended, a serious affair — a Volume."

The poem, as Cowper truly said, "cannot boast a regular plan"; nor has it a clearly-marked central theme. It contains some satirical passages, some political, some descriptive; but the passages of greatest merit are reflective in character, like that given in this volume.

The title of Book II, "The Time-Piece," Cowper thought was very appropriate. It "is intended to strike the hour that gives notice of approaching judgment, dealing pretty largely in the *signs* of the *times*." *The Task* was written in 1783-4; after much agitation the slave trade was abolished in England in 1808; slavery itself was abolished in all British colonies in 1834. — The first line of the Selection is an echo of *Jeremiah* IX, 2.

Sonnet. — Mrs. Unwin was Cooper's closest friend and faithful companion for some thirty years. 8. This line makes a claim found in many poets; it is almost a regular feature of Elizabethan sonnet-sequences.

BURNS. — *To a Mouse*. — 1. *sleekit*, sleek. 4. *bickerin*, hurrying. *brattle*, scamper. 5. *laith*, loath. *rin*, run. 6. *pattle*,

plow spade. 13. *whyles*, sometimes. 14. *maun*, must. 15. *daimen icker*, occasional ear of grain. *thrave*, shock. 17. *lave*, remainder. 20. *silly*, weak. *wa's*, walls. *win's*, winds. 21. *big*, build. 22. *foggage*, rank grass. 24. *snell*, sharp. 29. *coulter*, plow. 31. *stibble*, stubble. 34. *but*, without. *hald*, hold, home. 35. *thole*, endure. 36. *cranreuch*, frost. 37. *no thy lane*, not alone. 40. *a-gley*, awry.

To a Mountain Daisy. — 3. *stoure*, dust. 15. *glinted*, glanced. 21. *bield*, shelter. 23. *histie*, barren. 29. *plow-share*. 31 ff. When Burns moralizes, he frequently drops into English. 39. The *card* is that of the compass.

Tam O' Shanter is Burns's only tale. It is probable that the experiences at the inn are much like many of the poet's own — he sat far too often "bousing at the nappy." A public-house in Ayr said to be Burns's favorite resort is called Tam O' Shanter Inn. The motto of the poem is from a translation of the sixth book of the *Æneid* by Gawin (or Gavin) Douglas, a Scotch poet who died in 1522. *Brownys* (brownies) and *Bogillis* (boggles, bogies) are goblins or spirits.

1. *chapman billies*, peddler fellows. 2. *drouthy*, dry, thirsty. 4. *tak the gate*, take the road, go home. 5. *bousing*, drinking. *nappy*, ale. 6. *fou*, full. *unco*, very. 8. *mosses*, marshes. *slaps*, holes in fences. 13. *fand*, found. 14. *frae*, from. *ae*, one. 15-16. The poet's tribute to his birthplace. 18. *as taen*, as to have taken. 19. *skellum*, rascal. 20. *bletherin*, idle-talking. *blellum*, babbler. 23. *ilka*, every. *melder*, grinding. 24. *siller*, silver, money. 25. *naig*, nag, horse. *ca'd*, driven. "That you and the blacksmith got roaring full for every horse that was shod." 28. *Kirkton*, Churchtown; probably no particular village is referred to. 30. *Doon*. Ayr was on the river Doon. 31. *warlocks*, wizards. *mirk*, dark.

33. *gars me greet*, makes me weep. 39. *ingle*, chimney corner. 40. *reamin swats*, foaming ale. 41. *Souter*, shoemaker. 43. *lo'ed*, loved. 59-66. Cf. note on *To a Mountain Daisy*, line 31. It may be questioned whether the Scotch poem is improved by this bit of sentimental English. *Evanishing* (66) certainly seems not to fit. 61. Supply "that" before *falls*. 67. *tether*, hold back. 69. This line means "midnight." 71. *sic*, such. 78. *Deil*, devil.

81. *skelpit*, hurried. *dub*, puddle. 82. *despising*, regardless of. 84. *crooning*, etc., humming some old Scotch song. 86.

bogles, spirits, "spooks." 88. *ghaists*, ghosts. *houlets*, owls. 90. *smooored*, smothered. *birks*, birches. *meikle stane*, big stone. 93. *whins*, furze. *cairn*, pile of stone. 95. *aboon*, above. 96. St. Mungo was the patron saint of Alloway, but no legend is known of him or his "mither" to explain why Mungo's Well was so called. 102. *bleeze*, blaze. 103. *bore*, crevice. 105. *John Barleycorn*, whiskey. 107. *tippenny*, twopenny ale. 108. *usquebae*, whiskey. 109. See note on line 40. 110. *fair play*, if you gave him only fair play. *boddle*, a copper. 114. *unco*, marvelous.

116. *cotillion* is here accented on the first and last syllables. *brent-new*, brand-new. 117. *hornpipes*, etc., Scotch dances. 119. *winnock bunker*, window-seat. 121. *towzie tyke*, shaggy dog. 122. *gie*, give. 123. *gart them skirl*, made them shriek. 124. *dirl*, rattle. 127. *cantraip sleight*, magic trick. 130. *haly* (holy) table, the communion table. 131. *airns*, irons. 132. *unchristened bairns*, unbaptized infants. 133. *rape*, rope. 134. *gab*, mouth. 139. *ain*, own. 140. *stack*, stuck.

143. *glow'r'd*, stared. 147. *cleekit*, joined hands. 148. *carlin*, witch. *swat* and *reekit*, reeked with sweat. 149. *coost*, cast. *dud-dies*, clothes ("duds"). 150. *linket*, went at it. *sark*, smock. 151. *queans*, young girls. 152. *A'*, all. 153. *creeshie*, greasy. 154. *seventeen hunder*, very fine.

155. *kend*, knew. *fu' brawlie*, very well. 156. *wawlie*, good-looking. 157. *core*. Same as "corps." 158. Carrick is the district of Ayrshire south of the Doon. *Carrick shore*, then, is the south shore of the river. 161. *shook*, threshed. *corn*, grain. *bear*, barley. 163. *culty sark*, short undergarment. *harn*, coarse linen. 166. *vauntie*, proud. 168. *coft*, bought. 169. *twa pund Scots* was equivalent to about eighty cents.

171. *cour*, bend down. 173. *lap and flang*, leaped and flung. 174. *souple*, supple. *jad*, "jade," lass (in either a good or a bad sense). 176. *een*, eyes. 177. *fidg'd*, fidgeted. 178. *hotched*, squirmed. 179. *syne*, then. 180. *tint*, lost. 185. *bizz*, buzz. *fyke*, noise. 186. *byke*, hive. 187. *pussie* is a hare. *open*, bark; predicate of foes. 192. *eldritch*, uncanny.

193. *fairin*, reward. 198. *brig*, bridge. 202. *fient*, "fiend," devil. 205. *ettle*, intention. 206. *wist*, knew.

Auld Lang Syne, days of long ago. 9. *pint-stowp*, drinking-cup. *be your pint-stowp*, be good for (pay for) your own drink. 13. *braes*, hillsides. 14. *gowans*, daisies. 15. *fit*, foot.

17. *paidled*, paddled. *burn*, brook. 18. *dine*, dinner. 19. *braid*, broad. 21. *fiere*, comrade. 23. *guid-willie*, good-willed, friendly. *waught*, draught.

Willie Brewed. — This poem is printed as a good specimen of Burns's "convivial" verse, which all too frequently commemorated real events. *Willie* was William Nichol; *Rob* was the poet himself; *Allan* was Allan Masterton, a musician, who afterwards set the lines to music. 8. *bree*, brew. 14. *lift*, sky. 15. *wyle*, entice.

Flow Gently. — This poem is said to be a most faithful description of the little river about fifteen miles east of Ayr; but no original for "Mary" has been found.

A Man's a Man. — The theme of this poem was probably suggested by Pope's line, "An honest man's the noblest work of God." (See *Memorable Couplets*, page 188.) Burns quoted Pope's line in his *Cotter's Saturday Night* (line 166). Supply "a man" after *is there*. 8. *gowd*, gold. 9. *hamely*, homely, plain. 10. *hoddengray*, clothes made of coarse cloth. 17. *birkie*, fellow. 20. *coof*, fool. 22. *riband* (ribbon) and *star* are badges of different orders of knighthood. 28. *mauna fa'*, cannot accomplish. 36. *gree*, prize.

WORDSWORTH. — Much of what the poet says in his famous *Preface* is commonplace now; but in 1800 his theory was revolutionary, and aroused great opposition among the critics. The ideal of Pope, which was essentially artificial, had dominated English poetry for a century; and the new poetry of Wordsworth and his followers was harshly condemned for a long time.

50. *meanness*, insignificance. 65. *all good poetry*, etc. This description, one realizes, is far from true. It applies to lyric poetry, but certainly not to long poems like *Paradise Lost* or Wordsworth's own *Prelude* and *Excursion*. Even a good poet can hardly be spontaneous for 10,000 lines.

Passages Dealing with Poetry in General. — Wordsworth is now recognized as one of the greatest English critics. Among the passages given none would be more helpful for men to understand and act upon than that in line 23. Ability to appreciate great poetry is a valuable accomplishment for a "practical," busy man. 25. *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, see note on Boswell, *First Meeting*, line 11. As first president of the Royal Academy Reynolds delivered a number of *Discourses on Painting*, in the seventh of which he treated the subject of taste in art.

Expostulation and Reply. — The *Matthew* of this poem (line 15) is supposed to be William Taylor, Wordsworth's teacher at Hawkshead, located on *Esthwaite lake* (13).

The Tables Turned. — 6. *lustre* is the object of *has spread*. 21 ff. This stanza "has been censured for exaggeration, but Wordsworth means that in communion with external nature a moment may come which will evoke from the heart more moral energy than can be taught by books." (Dowden.) 28. *to dissect*, in the act of dissecting or analyzing.

She Was a Phantom refers to the poet's wife. 27. Note that the important word in this line is not *perfect*, but *woman*, which is set over against *spirit* in 29.

I Wandered. — Lines 21-22, felt by many readers to be the best in the poem, were written by Mrs. Wordsworth.

Happy Warrior. — "The above verses were written soon after tidings had been received of the death of Lord Nelson, which event directed the author's thoughts to the subject" (Wordsworth's note); but some particulars of Nelson's conduct prevented the poet from "thinking of him with satisfaction in reference to the idea of what a warrior ought to be." Some features in the character, the poet said, were taken from his brother John, captain of an East Indiaman, who was lost at sea. "The characteristics insisted on are," in the words of Dowden, "high aims, cultivation of the intellect, moral rectitude, the power to educe good from evil, tenderness, placability, purity, fortitude, obedience to the law of reason, the choice of right means as well as right ends, fidelity, joy in domestic pleasures, heroism in great crises of life."

Influence of a Mountain-peak. — The sub-title of the *Prelude* is, "Growth of a Poet's Mind; An Autobiographical Poem." The passage records an incident of his school days at Hawkshead. 1. *her* refers to Nature, mentioned in a previous line. 17. *elfin pinnace*, fairy boat. 22. The huge peak is easily identified as Old Wetherlam, about five miles from Hawkshead. 23. *instinct*, imbued, filled. 24. *struck*, i.e., with the oars.

Westminster Bridge. — "Written on the roof of a coach on my way to France." (Wordsworth's note.) His sister Dorothy, who accompanied him, wrote in her Journal: "We left London on Saturday morning at half past five or six. We mounted the Dover coach at Charing Cross. It was a beautiful morning. The city, St. Paul's with the river, and a multitude of little boats, made a

most beautiful sight. The houses were not overhung by their cloud of smoke, and they were spread out endlessly, yet the sun shone so brightly that there was something like the purity of one of Nature's own grand spectacles."

London, 1802. — This sonnet is the poet's lament for England's lack of sympathy with the ideals of the French Revolution.

"*Nuns Fret Not.*" — 3. *pensive citadels*, places where they may give themselves to meditation without interruption. 6. *Furness fells*, hills in Westmoreland County, northwestern part of England, the section where Wordsworth lived for about seventy of his eighty years. 8. *In truth . . . no prison is.* Cf. Lovelace, *To Althea* (pages 101-102), specially lines 25-26.

"*The World is too Much with Us.*" — Wordsworth means that he would rather be a believer in false deities and have some feeling for the divine in Nature than be a professed Christian and have no such feeling at all. 10. "A Pagan nourished in a faith proved to be untrue." 13. *Proteus* and *Triton* were pagan gods of the sea.

"*Scorn not the Sonnet.*" — 1. *Critic . . . honours.* The sonnet had fallen into disfavor in the eighteenth century. Very few sonnets were composed in England between Milton (died 1674) and Wordsworth (began this form of composition about 1800). 2. *with this key*, etc. Wordsworth accepted the theory that Shakspere's sonnets are autobiographical. See our note, page 20. 4 ff. *Petrarch*, *Tasso*, and *Dante* were the most distinguished Italian sonnet writers; *Camoëns* was a Portuguese. These and *Spenser* (line 10) wrote in honor or memory of loved ones. Milton's eighteen sonnets (*alas, too few!*), sixteen of which were written during the Civil War, cover a wide range of subjects.

COLERIDGE. — *Table Talk* is a collection of Coleridge's chance comments, published after his death by his nephew. Besides being a great poet, Coleridge was the founder of modern English literary criticism; and in this field his greatest accomplishment was his interpretation of Shakspere.

Kubla Khan. — Coleridge says that he composed two to three hundred lines on this subject "in a profound sleep." When he awoke he began to write it out; but after completing fifty-four lines he was interrupted by "a person on business," and could never recollect the rest.

Kubla was khan or emperor of China in the thirteenth century;

Xanadu was his city of residence. 13. *athwart a cedarn cover*, across a cedar wood. 19. *momently*, every moment. 41. *Mount Abora* probably had no existence outside of the poet's imagination. — What the complete poem might have been it is idle to conjecture. The fragment is highly mystical and unintelligible; but its musical quality is apparent to all, and poets and critics have always felt in it poetical merit of the first order.

BYRON. — *Lachin y Gair* (pronunciation indicated in the last line of each stanza) appeared in *Hours of Idleness*, Byron's first volume, published when he was nineteen years old. The mountain, says Byron in a note, "towers proudly preëminent in the northern Highlands, near Invercauld. It is certainly one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our 'Caledonian Alps.' Its appearance is of a dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snows. Near *Lachin y Gair* I spent some of the early part of my life, the recollection of which has given birth to these stanzas."

5. *Caledonia*, Scotland. 10. *plaid*. "This word is erroneously pronounced *plād*; the proper pronunciation (according to the Scotch) is shown by the orthography." (Byron's note.) 25-26. "I allude here to my maternal ancestors, the Gordons, many of whom fought for the unfortunate Prince Charles, better known by the name of the Young Pretender" (Byron's note.) 27. *Culloden*, scene of the final defeat of the Young Pretender by the English. Charles was the grandson of James II, deposed by Parliament, and received support from France in his efforts to regain the crown of England for the Stuarts. 30. *Braemar* is in the Highlands. 31. *pibroch*, bagpipe. 36. *Albion's plain*, England.

Wordsworth. — Byron's *Hours of Idleness* was severely criticized in the *Edinburgh Review*, and *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers: A Satire* was his reply. Being "very young and very angry," he hit promiscuously, and lived to regret many sharp passages in the poem. In his own copy he wrote opposite the passage on Wordsworth, "Unjust."

1. *thy* refers to Robert Southey, as founder of the "Lake School" of poetry. 2. *apostate*, one who has forsaken his faith. Wordsworth's "apostasy" is unhesitatingly set forth in his *Preface* (see page 233) as well as in his poems. 5-6. See *The Tables Turned*, page 238. 13-15. Referring to a poem by Wordsworth called *The Idiot Boy*. 20. *Bard*, Wordsworth.

The Bull-Fight. — 4. *lated*, belated. *wight*, person. 19. *sheen*, brightness; glittering ornaments. 41. *croupe*, for “croupade,” a particular kind of leap. 57. *brast*, archaic for “burst.” 60. *brand*, sword. 62. *conynge*, cunning, skillful.

Waterloo. — The scene of this justly famous passage was a ball given in Brussels by the Duchess of Richmond June 15, 1815. The Battle of Quatre-Bras, the first of the engagements which culminated at Waterloo, June 18, took place the day after the ball. 19-27. Frederick William, Duke of *Brunswick*, nephew of George III, was killed at the head of his troops at Quatre-Bras. His *father* (25) had fallen at Auerstädt in the campaign of 1806 against Napoleon. 26. *quell*, satisfy. 35. *eyes* is subject of *should meet*. 46. “*Cameron’s Gathering*,” rallying-cry of the Highland clan of the Camerons. 47. *Lochiel*, chief of the Camerons. *Albyn*, Gaelic name of Scotland. 54. *Evan’s, Donald’s fame*. Sir Evan fought against Cromwell; his grandson Donald fought for the Young Pretender and was wounded at Culloden (see note on *Lachin y Gair*, 27); his great-great-grandson, John Cameron, was mortally wounded at Quatre-Bras. 55. *Ardennes* is for “Soignies,” the forest between Brussels and Waterloo.

To Thomas Moore was written on the eve of the poet’s final departure from England in 1816. Moore was Byron’s literary executor and biographer.

Stanzas, Epigram, and On my Thirty-third Birthday express the height of Byron’s cynicism, evidence of which is found throughout his works. “I have not loved the world, nor the world me,” he writes in *Childe Harold*; and again, “’Tis but a worthless world to gain or lose.” In his diary for Jan. 21, 1821, he wrote, in a quite different tone: “To-morrow is my birthday — I shall have completed thirty and three years of age! and I go to bed with a heaviness of heart at having lived so long, and to so little purpose. — I don’t regret them so much for what I have done, as for what I might have done.”

John Bull (*Epigram*, 4) is England personified, or the typical Englishman. See Irving’s essay on “John Bull” in *The Sketch Book*.

Don Juan is a poem of 16,000 lines in which “every mood of Byron’s complex and paradoxical nature is vividly reflected.” The poet called it an “epic”; but it is “an epic without a plan, and, rightly speaking, without a hero.” It is a wholly destructive satire on life, with, nevertheless, some splendid lyric and narrative passages.

The meter, ottava rima, borrowed from the Italians, is peculiarly suitable for satiric poetry.

SHELLEY is universally admitted to be high in the first rank of lyric poets. His poems have for most readers little meaning; they are intensively "subjective"; a reader is likely to be strongly attracted by them or strongly repelled. They are in the highest degree "poetical," and annotation can be of little service to them. "The adjectives impracticable, unavailing, and unsatisfying are as applicable to Shelley and his poetry as are winged, luminous, angelic, and divine." (Schelling, *The English Lyric*, page 178.) "No poet, wrote Mrs. Shelley, "was ever warmed by a more genuine and unforced inspiration." And of *The Cloud* and *To a Skylark* she said: "They were written as his mind prompted, listening to the caroling of the bird, aloft in the azure sky of Italy; or marking the cloud as it sped across the heavens, while he floated in his boat on the Thames." See Wordsworth, page 235, line 65, and note.

West Wind. — 21. *Mænad*, a devotee of Bacchus. 32. *pumice* means, of volcanic origin; but the fact contributes nothing to one's understanding of the poem. *Baiæ's Bay* is part of the Bay of Naples. There was once a large city at Baiæ, now mostly submerged (33-35). 56. The adjectives admirably described the poet. The student should read a good sketch of his life.

The Cloud. — 31. *sanguine*, blood-red; the etymological sense of the word. 81. *cenotaph*, a tomb for a person buried elsewhere.

Skylark. — The poem falls into four main divisions: direct description of the lark's flight and song (1-30); description of the lark by comparisons (31-60); appeal to know the source of the lark's "rapture" (61-75); explanation of the superiority of the bird's song to the poet's (76-105).

KEATS. — George Chapman was a late Elizabethan dramatist and poet. His translation of Homer is, according to Saintsbury, "the only really good one" in English verse. *realms* (1), *kingdoms* (2), and *demesne* (6) have almost the same meaning. It would be a good exercise for the student to look them up in a large dictionary, and try to see what shades of meaning Keats meant to convey. 11. It was Balboa, not Cortez, who discovered the Pacific; but the beauty of the sonnet is not in the least marred by the error. 14. *Darien*, the Isthmus of Panama. — The sonnet may be para-

phrased as follows: "I have read a great deal of good poetry; I had often heard of the beauties of Homer; but I did not know Homer [because of my ignorance of Greek] until I became acquainted with Chapman's translation. Then I felt as does an astronomer when he discovers a new planet; or like the great explorer when he discovered the Pacific Ocean — stricken into silence by wonder."

Grasshopper and Cricket. — This sonnet was written by Keats in a friendly competition with Leigh Hunt. The latter was not a great poet; but it may be questioned whether his sonnet, which we quote for comparison, is inferior to Keats's.

"Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amid the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;
O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song —
Indoors and out, summer and winter, Mirth."

Grecian Urn. — It appears that Keats had no individual urn in mind, but combined features found in many specimens and features of his own imagining. He gives such full details that the reader should have no difficulty in forming a clear mental picture of the *legend* (5) on it. 3. *sylvan*, of the woods. 7. *Tempe*, a beautiful valley in Thessaly. *Arcady*, Arcadia, a district in Greece inhabited by a pastoral people, and noted as a place of quiet and contentment. 10. *timbrel*, a sort of drum. 11-12. *Heard . . . sweeter*. The poet seems to say that he can imagine more beautiful music than has ever been composed. 13. *sensual*, bodily. 15-30. These lines refer to the "legend" on the urn, which can not change. 28. *passion* is object of *above*. 41. *brede*, "braid," embroidery — not, of course, in its literal sense. 44. *tease . . . thought*, exhaust our powers of thinking. 49-50. Keats was a strong believer in the theory of "art for art's sake," which says that art is justified if it

pleases, whether it teaches anything or not. The idea is well put in *The Rhodora* of Emerson :

"If eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being."

Eve of St. Agnes. — The tradition upon which this poem is founded is set forth in lines 46-54. *St. Agnes' Eve*, that is, the eve before St. Agnes's Day, is January 20. The scenes of the poem are various parts of a medieval baron's castle.

5. A *beadsman* was a pensioner whose business it was to pray for the soul of his benefactor. *told his rosary*, counted his beads (each of which stood for a prayer). See notes on *L'Allegro*, 67, and Chaucer's *Prologue*, 83. 14-16. The images of dead knights and ladies were in the posture of prayer in *oratories* (i.e., little chapels with altars), inclosed by railings described as *purgatorial* because of the discomfort suggested. The whole poem is distinguished for its pictorial quality. Note the number of passages appealing to all the senses. 21. *flattered*, beguiled, charmed. "Tears," says Leigh Hunt in an extended comment on this word, "are the tributes, more or less worthy, of self-pity to self-love." 31. *snarling* describes the sound as it seemed to *Porphyro* (75). 34-36. Another "pictorial" passage. 37. *argent*, bright (like silver). 58. *train* was explained by Keats as referring to the ladies' robes. 70. *amort*, without spirit; literally, as if dead — French *à la mort*. 71. On St. Agnes's Day it was customary to sacrifice two lambs, which were shorn the next day. 81. *sooth*, truth. Cf. "soothsayer." 83-84. The household of Madeline was at enmity with that of *Porphyro*. Cf. 98-104. 105. *gossip*, companion. This is a good word to investigate. 111. *Well-a-day!* alas! 115. *holy loom*, the loom on which the wool from St. Agnes's lambs was made into cloth. Cf. 71, and note. 120. Only a person with supernatural power, such as a witch, could hold water in a sieve. 126. *mickle*, much. 158. *plaininq*, archaic for "complaining." 171. *Since Merlin paid*, etc. "The monstrous debt was his monstrous existence which he owed to a demon and repaid when he died or disappeared through the working of one of his own spells by Vivien." See the story in Tennyson's *Merlin and Vivien*, one of the *Idylls of the King*. 173. *cates*, delicacies. 174. *tambour*, a kind of drum. *frame*, a round frame like the edge of a tambour, used to hold cloth for embroidering.

193. *missioned*, sent. *unaware*, unexpectedly. 208. The three stanzas following are perhaps the most famous and effective picture in the entire poem, if not in the whole range of English literature. Keats delighted in sense impressions. One will be repaid by a study of the details here, and an effort to realize the picture. 214. *heraldries*, coats of arms. 218. *gules*, the term used in heraldry for "red." The colors of this stanza are due to the many-colored window. 241. *swart*, swarthy, dark. *Paynims*, pagans. This line has been variously explained. It may mean a *missal* (*i.e.*, prayer-book) on which is a picture of pagans praying; or, a missal clasped in a pagan country.

253-275. This passage should be compared with 208-234. 257. Morpheus was the god of sleep. *Morphean amulet*, a charm to produce sleep. 262. *azure-lidded*. Keats's fondness for pictures led him to coin words that would express a great deal. 266. *soother*, more soothing or pleasing. 270. *Samarcand* is a city in Asia noted for its manufactures of silk. *Lebanon*, a range of mountains, also located in Asia, was famous in ancient times for its cedars. Compare this line with *L'Allegro*, 4, and *Il Penseroso*, 76; and see the notes on those lines. 277. *hermite*, hermit, worshiper.

285. *carpet*, table-cover. 292. *Provence*, a district of southern France, famous for its literature, especially lyric poetry. *La belle dame sans merci*, the beautiful lady without pity. Keats wrote a poem with this French phrase for title. 317. *Voluptuous*, giving pleasure. 344. *a boon*; because it served to cover the noise of the elopement Porphyro was about to propose. 349. *Rhenish*, Rhine wine. *mead*, a mixed drink. 377. *avès*, prayers; specifically, the prayer to the Virgin Mary, beginning Ave Maria, "Hail, Mary," of which a hundred and fifty are said in "telling the beads." See lines 5-6.

LAMB. — *Roast Pig*. — Lamb did, in fact, get the central idea of this story from his friend M. (Thomas Manning); but there is no *Chinese manuscript* back of it, and many details are of Lamb's invention. 10. *elder brother*, earlier practice. 15. *lubberly*, awkward. 20. *antediluvian*, before the Flood. 21. *new-farrowed*, new-born. 26. *tenement* here means merely "house." 37. *a premonitory moistening*, his mouth watered in anticipation of the treat. 58. *lower regions*, stomach.

88. *mess*, dish, food. 103. *assize town*, place for holding court —

but in England, not China. The whole proceedings are English; likewise the *insurance offices* (123), which, needless to say, had no existence in ancient China. 128. John Locke was a great English philosopher of the seventeenth century. 142. *mundus edibilis*, world of things to eat. 143. *princeps obsoniorum*, chief of tidbits. 147. *amor immunditiæ*, love of dirt. 150. *preludium*, prelude. The Latin terms and the high-sounding words are part of Lamb's burlesque tone.

153. *tegument*, skin. 165. *ambrosian*, like ambrosia, the food of the gods. 178. *conversation*, mode of life; a use of the word common in the Authorized Version of the Bible — e.g., in *Psalms XXXVII*, 14. 180. *Ere*, etc. From Coleridge's *Epitaph on an Infant*. 182. *clown*, rustic. 184. *hath a fair sepulchre*, etc. A humorous allusion to the last two lines of Milton's *On Shakspeare*:

"And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

187. *Sapors*, flavors. 213. *villatic*, belonging to the villa or farm. The quoted phrase is from Milton's drama, *Samson Agonistes*. 217. *like Lear*. See Shakspeare's *King Lear*, 2. 4. 253. 253. *nice*, discriminating. 258. *intenerating and dulcifying*, making tender and sweet. 265. *St. Omer's*, a college in France, which Lamb never attended. 268. *per flagellationem extremam* is translated by the phrase preceding. 276. *barbecue*, roast whole. Lamb here distinguishes between the *whole hogs* (*grown porkers* of line 144) and the *weakling* (the *young and tender suckling* of line 145). *shalots* are a kind of onion, which he would permit in roasting the hog, but not the young pig.

Dream-Children. — This essay in connection with the preceding shows how well Lamb understood "the intertwining of the ludicrous and pathetic elements in human nature." Such an understanding is an essential characteristic of every real humorist. Lamb had a grandmother named Field who was housekeeper "in a great house"; and other details of the essay are known to come from the author's life and experiences. There is, however, insufficient evidence for the existence of a real *Alice W——n* whom he courted for seven years; and Lamb's well-known "habit of embroidering fiction upon fact" forbids us to accept readily any identification of her.

14. *the Robin Redbreasts* covered the murdered children's bodies with leaves. 41. *Psalttery*, the book of Psalms. 96. *John L——*,

or *James Elia* (line 151), is Lamb's older brother, whose death started the train of thought that produced this essay. 137. *re-presentment*, reincarnation. 147. *Lethe*, the river of forgetfulness in the other world. 151. *Bridget Elia* was the name under which Lamb's sister Mary often appeared in his essays.

DE QUINCEY. — *Meeting with Lamb*. — When this meeting took place, Lamb was not a distinguished writer; and De Quincey "sought his acquaintance rather under the reflex honor he had enjoyed of being known as Coleridge's friend than for any which he yet held directly and separately in his own person." 2. *The Temple* was the residence of lawyers and law students. 30. *no man*, etc. This was "late in 1804 or early in 1805"; that is, some six or seven years after the publication of *Lyrical Ballads* by Wordsworth and Coleridge. See our introductory note on Wordsworth. 34. *that Coleridge and that Wordsworth*, the men as they seemed at that time.

40. *Pariahs*, outcasts. 44. *bravura*, pretentious exhibition; alluding to the two preceding paragraphs. 45. *a position*, etc. In 1838, when this passage was written, Wordsworth and Coleridge were universally recognized as great poets. 57. *let the reader figure, I say*. Repeated from line 48 to remind the reader of the point of the sentence. De Quincey was much given to digressions, but rarely failed to use this excellent means of keeping the reader on the main track of his thought. 72. *canon*, standard. 75. *allow yourself in*, permit yourself to indulge in. An uncommon but correct idiom.

80. *The many men*, etc. *Ancient Mariner*, 236-7. 83. *Wapping*. See note on 167, 21.

Apostrophe to Opium. — De Quincey began the use of opium to alleviate suffering from neuralgia while he was a student at Oxford. He knew nothing of the drug; but he lived to discover that the suffering it can cause is infinitely greater than that arising from the bodily ills it aims to abate. — The first three quotations in this passage are from Wordsworth: — *the pangs*, etc., from *White Doe of Rylstone*; *Wrongs unredressed*, etc., from book III of *The Excursion*; *from the anarchy*, etc., from book IV of *The Excursion*; *dishonour of the grave* is apparently an allusion to 1 *Corinthians* XV, 43. 15. *Phidias* and *Praxiteles* were great Greek sculptors. 16. *Babylon* became famous for its magnificence under Nebuchadnezzar, sixth century B.C. *Hekatompylos* means the "hundred-gated," and

designates the Egyptian city of Thebes. The Grecian Thebes was "seven-gated."

Incident of the Malay. — When the genuineness of this incident was questioned, De Quincey said it was "recorded most faithfully." 6. *amongst English mountains.* The author was living at Grasmere in Westmoreland County, northwestern part of England. 7. De Quincey may have had in mind any one of several seaports on the western coast. 49. *Anastasius*, an anonymous novel, very popular when the *Confessions* were written. 50. *Adelung's "Mithridates,"* a work on languages by a famous German philologist. 88. *a-muck.* "See the common accounts in any eastern traveler or voyager of the frantic excesses committed by Malays who have taken opium, or are reduced to desperation by ill luck at gambling." (De Quincey's note.)

From Pleasure to Pain. — 6. *an Iliad of woes.* The subject of Homer's *Iliad* is

"Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered."

Cicero in one of his letters to Atticus says: "An Iliad of woes [Latin *malorum*] hangs over us."

On Reading Aloud. — 1. *in medias res*, into the middle of the subject. 3. *acme*, highest point. 13. *Kemble* and *Mrs. Siddons* were the foremost Shakspearean actors of De Quincey's day. 17. *Overstep*, etc. Quoted from Hamlet's advice to the players: *Hamlet*, act 3, scene 2. 20. *Samson Agonistes*, hero of Milton's drama of that name. 23. *Margaret* was Mrs. De Quincey.

SCOTT. — The time of *The Bride of Lammermoor* is the end of the seventeenth century. Sir William Ashton, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, had acquired the estate of Ravenswood, of the former owners of which he had been an enemy. Edgar, called the Master of Ravenswood, was the last representative of the dispossessed family.

Soldier, Rest! is the song sung by Ellen Douglas to James Fitz-James on his arrival at the Douglas castle.

Here's a Health. — *Woodstock* is a Royalist picture of the period of the Commonwealth (1652). The king treated is Charles II, restored to the throne eight years after the time of the story.

Escape of Marmion. — Marmion, having been sent on a mission to Scotland by Henry VIII, was entertained by Douglas at the request of King James of Scotland. Douglas had evidence that his guest was guilty of forgery and worse crimes, and therefore declined to take his hand at parting. 3. *Surrey* was commander of the English forces, which met the Scottish at Flodden Field shortly after the scene given here. 8. *Clara* was an heiress whom Marmion hoped to marry. 13. *plain*, complain. 16. *Tantallon* was Douglas's castle. 39. Douglas had the title of Earl of *Angus*. 56. *Saint Bride*, or Bridget, was the favorite saint of Angus. There was a shrine to her in Bothwell Castle, near Glasgow. 58. *portcullis*, a gate, usually of iron, which ran up and down in grooves. 60. *rowel*, spur. 82. *Gawain* Douglas was a poet (see introductory note to *Tam O' Shanter*), and later, though not at the time of *Marmion*, a bishop.

AUSTEN. — The passage from *Pride and Prejudice* illustrates well Sir Walter Scott's criticism of the author's work: "That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with." It would be well to compare it with the selection from *The Bride of Lammermoor*, in which there is so much more action than here, and so much less clear portrayal of character. Miss Austen's conversation, in which she always excelled, should also be compared with Sir Walter's.

Elizabeth Bennet stands for the "Prejudice" of the title; *Mr. Darcy* (page 317), nephew of *Lady Catherine de Bourgh*, for the "Pride." After a long period of failure to understand each other, a mutual attraction had arisen, rumor of which had finally reached Lady Catherine. 42. *Rosings*, the De Bourgh estate. 43. *Sir William Lucas*, friend of the Bennets, whose daughter *Charlotte* (line 52) had married *Mr. Collins* (line 49), rector of the parish in which Lady Catherine lived. 235. Lady Catherine did not know that her nephew Darcy had a much larger hand in the "business" of the marriage, and that only love of Elizabeth had moved him to do so. 241. *Pemberley*, Mr. Darcy's estate in Derbyshire.

MACAULAY. — 8. *Who wrote*, etc. See note on Goldsmith's *The Retaliation*, page 508. 9. *La Fontaine*, the famous French writer of fables, was exceedingly absent-minded, and otherwise peculiar; but

Macaulay forces the point in calling him a *simpleton*. 10. *Hierocles*, a Greek philosopher of the fifth century. The humorous *stories* to which Macaulay refers are now known to be not the work of Hierocles. 19. *Paul Pry*, a character in a comedy by John Poole, described as "an idle, inquisitive, meddlesome fellow, who has no occupation of his own, and is forever poking his nose into other people's affairs." 27. *Tacitus*, Roman historian, wrote a biography of Agricola, Roman governor of Britain in the first century. Edward Hyde, first Earl of *Clarendon*, English statesman of the seventeenth century, and Count Vittorio *Alfieri*, Italian dramatist of the eighteenth century, wrote autobiographies. Samuel *Johnson* wrote lives of a number of English poets. — This selection shows Macaulay's literary style in characteristic fashion. He is always clear and forcible; but his prejudices and his fondness for antithesis led him to great exaggerations. Note, for example, line 12, *If . . . writer*; and the last sentence; and compare Carlyle's estimate of Boswell a few pages further on.

Trial of Hastings. — 1. *Court*. See lines 19-23. Hastings, the first governor-general of India, was impeached by the House of Commons for high crimes and misdemeanors, and was tried by the House of Lords. 5. *Westminster*, that part of London where the Houses of Parliament are located. 22. Hastings had deposed Cheyte Sing, Rajah of *Benares*, and had obtained money illegally from him and from the Begums of *Oude*.

25. *the hall of William Rufus*, so called because begun by that king, is now a vestibule to the Houses of Parliament. 27. Francis *Bacon*, the essayist, was convicted of corruption as a judge. 28. *Somers*, Lord Chancellor from 1696 to 1700, was impeached after leaving office, but was acquitted when his accusers declined to appear against him. The Earl of *Strafford*, Charles the First's chief adviser, despite his eloquence, was executed early in the session of the Long Parliament. 30. *Charles the First* was condemned to death as "tyrant, traitor, and murderer." 36. *Garter King-at-arms*, head of the heralds' college, which had supervision over coats-of-arms, genealogies, etc. 39. *Upper House*, House of Lords. 47. *Prince of Wales*, afterward King George IV.

49 ff. This paragraph is another fine specimen of Macaulay's style, which some critics condemn as "rhetoric." The writer certainly knew what he wanted to accomplish — to present a striking picture, and scarcely any will question his success. The use of the

adverb *there* to introduce ten of the thirteen sentences keeps the reader's mind fixed on the place. The second sentence contains a general statement, with some striking figures of speech; and a number of specific statements follow. 58. *Siddons*. See note on De Quincey, *On Reading Aloud*, line 14. 60. *historian*, etc., Edward Gibbon. 65. The *painter* is *Reynolds* (line 66); the *scholar* is *Parr* (line 69). For Reynolds, see note on Boswell, *First Meeting*, line 11. Samuel Parr was noted for the breadth as well as the extent of his learning. 74. *her to whom*, etc., Mrs. Fitzherbert, a Roman Catholic lady, whom the Prince of Wales could not legally marry. 76. *the beautiful mother*, Mrs. Sheridan, whose three daughters were noted for their beauty. She was a famous singer, and was painted as *Saint Cecilia*, the patron saint of music, by Reynolds. 79. *brilliant society*, etc. A number of the leading spirits in all walks of life, who frequented the "assemblies" of Elizabeth, wife of Edward, *Montague*, grandson of the Earl of Sandwich. 81. *whose lips*, etc. It was said that a kiss from the Duchess of Devonshire persuaded a voter to vote for Charles James *Fox* in the election of 1780. Fox was one of the managers of the impeachment proceedings.

London Coffee-Houses. — Compare with this selection Steele's *Prospectus* (page 160) and Addison's *Mr. Spectator* (page 176). Macaulay's chapter deals with the year 1685 (see line 85); but the coffee-houses remained an important "institution" until well into the eighteenth century. 12. *Commonwealth*, the government of England between the execution of Charles I and the establishment of Cromwell's *Protectorate* — 1649-1653. The first coffee-house was opened in 1652. 22. *fourth Estate*. See note on Malory, line 3 (page 451). 25. Thomas Osborne, Earl of *Danby*, was Lord Treasurer and first minister of the Crown, from 1673 to 1678. 47. *from Paris*. During the rule of Cromwell, Charles II and many of the nobility had lived in Paris; and at the Restoration of Charles (1660) they brought back French fashions. 52. *Lord Foppington*, character in Vanbrugh's comedy, *The Relapse*. His dialect consisted chiefly of some affected pronunciations. 55. *clown*, rustic. 68. *Perrault*, champion of modern writers as opposed to ancient. *Boileau*, champion of the ancients. See introductory note to Swift, *Spider and the Bee*, page 465. 71. *Venice Preserved* was a popular tragedy by Thomas Otway in 1682. 79. Dryden was Poet *Laureate* until the Revolution of 1688. 80. *Racine* and *Bossu* were famous French writers of the day.

Battle of Ivry celebrates the victory of Henry IV, king of Navarre and leader of the Huguenots after Coligni's death, over the Holy League in 1590. 6. *Rochelle*, headquarters of the Huguenots. 14. *Appenzell*, a district of Switzerland. *spears*, troops. 15. Henry I of *Lorraine*, third Duke of Guise, was killed two years before Ivry. His *brood* means all such opponents of the rightful monarch. 16. Charles of Lorraine, Duke of *Mayenne*, brother of Henry I, commanded the League's forces. *truncheon*, staff of authority. 17. *Seine*, river running through Paris. It was *empurpled* by the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. 18. *Coligni*, leader of the Huguenots, slain in the Massacre. 30. *oriflamme*, standard, ensign; originally the particular ensign of the king of France. 34. *Guel-ders*, Gelderland, a province of Holland. *Almayne*, Germany. 36. Lilies were the royal device of France from the sixth century. They were called *golden lilies* by the Italian poet Tasso in his *Jerusalem Delivered*. 38. *the snow-white crest*, the *white plume* (29) on Navarre's helmet. 42. Charles of Lorraine, Duke d'*Aumale*, one of the leaders of the Holy League. *Flemish count*, Philip of Egmont (14). 47-48. The League included Catholics from other countries as well as France. Henry's command was intended to propitiate the French Catholics, with a view to a united country when he should be secure on the throne. 54. *Maxilian*, Lord of *Rosny* and Duke of *Sully*, was one of Henry's most capable and loyal supporters. 61. Soldiers from both Austria and Switzerland were engaged in the battle. 63. *Philip II*, King of Spain, who was aiding the Roman Catholics against Navarre. *pistoles*, money. The pistole was a gold coin of varying value. 66. *St. Genevieve* was the patron saint of Paris. Her *burghers*, then, were the citizens of the city.

CARLYLE. — This passage on Boswell is from a review of Croker's edition of the *Life of Johnson*, previously reviewed by Macaulay. (See page 323, and note.) Carlyle's essay is in reality an answer to Macaulay, and gives a much fairer picture of both Johnson and Boswell.

16. *solid pudding*, income from his book. 23. *Time*. Car' doubtless under the influence of his German studies, used capital letters much more freely than is (or was) common among English writers. 35. *Shakespeare Jubilee*, held at Stratford in 1769. well appeared at a masquerade dressed as a Corsican warrior, in compliment to Paoli, the hero of Corsica, whom Boswell admired greatly

The ribbon on his cap on this occasion was not *Corsica Boswell*, but "Viva la Liberta." Macaulay got the story wrong, and Carlyle followed him in the error. 49. *flunky*, a footman.

56. Boswell's father was Laird of *Auchinleck*. *Touchwood* is Carlyle's nickname; cf. *sulphur-brand*, line 64. 58. *schoolmaster*, Dr. Johnson, who attempted to conduct a private school before coming to London. 69. Boswell's *social position* is set forth in detail in the following sentences. 75. *Dominie*, schoolmaster. 78. *pragmatical*, self-important. 79. *atmosphere of Heraldry*, where blood and ancestry were of much importance. 80. *Gamaliel*. See Acts V, 34. 87. *Advocates*, lawyers. 100. *gulosity*, gluttony, greediness. *gigmanity*. From the time of *Thurtell's trial* (Carlyle's note) "'gig' became Carlyle's pet symbol for respectability."

129. Carlyle errs here. Johnson, when Boswell became acquainted with him, was the foremost man of letters in England, and was receiving large returns for his labor. 132. *glass of fashion*. An allusion to Ophelia's speech, *Hamlet*, act 3, scene 1, line 161 ff.; as is also *the observed of innumerable observers* (142). 139. *lick-spittles*, flatterers. Cf. *plate-licker*, line 151. 150. The *Feast of Tabernacles* took place at the end of the harvest of fruit, oil, and wine, and was the most joyful of all feasts. See *Numbers XXIX*, 12-40. 153. The *blind old woman* was Miss Williams, a dependent of Johnson's. 167. The meaning of *Spanielship*, a word of Carlyle's coining, can be easily understood. 173. The *Outer-House* is the great hall in the Parliament House at Edinburgh where the Court of Sessions sits. The *domestic Outer-House* would be the entrance hall to Johnson's residence, where Boswell might be thought of as sitting and deciding who should enter. Johnson was called "*Ursa Major*," the Great Bear, by Boswell's father. *Henry Erskine* was a prominent Scotch statesman and wit.

Burns. — This passage is from the fifth of a series of six lectures. In the others Carlyle treated the hero as Divinity, Prophet, Poet, Priest (preacher), and King. In this lecture he spoke of Samuel Johnson (line 15) and Jean Jacques Rousseau (16), in addition to Burns. He introduced his first lecture with this sentence: "We have undertaken to discourse here for a little on Great Men, their manner of appearance in our world's business, how they shaped themselves in the world's history, what ideas men formed of them, what work they did; — on Heroes, namely, and on their reception and performance; what I call Hero-worship and the Heroic in human affairs."

2. *sincerity*. Cf. *The Hero as Prophet*: "I should say *sincerity*, a deep, great, genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic." In an essay on Burns written twelve years before the lecture Carlyle had said: "The excellence of Burns is, indeed, among the rarest, whether in poetry or prose: his *Sincerity*, his indisputable air of Truth." 10. *Odin*, the chief god of the Scandinavian mythology, is the central figure in *The Hero as Divinity*. 12 ff. To appreciate this essay fully, the student should read some good sketch of Burns's life. 30. *The world*, etc. One of Carlyle's striking aphorisms. 46. *phasis*; same as "phase." 54. Napoleon obtained his first commission, the *Artillery Lieutenancy*, at the age of seventeen. 60. *cynosure*. See note on *L'Allegro*, 80. *Adversity*, etc. Another sentence of Carlyle's that has come to be almost a proverb. 69. "*rank is but*," etc. From *A Man's a Man*, page 232, line 7. 80. After the Edinburgh visit, Burns took up farming near Dumfries, where he died eight years later, unquestionably as a result of too much convivial company.

Definition of History. — David Hume, English, eighteenth century, wrote *History of England*. William Robertson, Scotch, eighteenth century, several histories. Herodotus, Greek, fifth century B.C., history of the Persian invasion of Greece. Jean Froissart, French, fourteenth century, history of several countries of Europe. 25. Carlyle probably has in mind the definition of Thucydides: "History is philosophy teaching by examples." 31 ff. The first Duke of Marlborough, hero of the War of the Spanish Succession (1701-1713), asserted that he knew no English history except what he learned from Shakspeare. 44. *Monkish Annalists*, monks who kept record of events year by year. 46. *missal*, church service book. *breviary*, prayer book. Carlyle means that the monks wrote, not as unprejudiced historians, but from the point of view of the Church.

DICKENS. — *Preface to "Oliver Twist."* — 16. Hogarth, English satiric painter of the eighteenth century; famous for his subjects from low life. 44. The editor has been unable to identify *Masaroni*. He offers the guess that the name is an invention of Dickens, to give a high-sounding foreign designation to the typical, more or less attractive, rogue of the earlier picaresque novels. 45. Bill Sikes is one of the most vicious of the criminal gang in *Oliver Twist*. Nancy is his life companion. 56. "The Artful

Dodger" is a member of the gang who does nothing worse than steal. 99. *Jacob's Island*, described in chapter 50 of the novel, was in the worst part of London's shipping quarter. It was "surrounded by a muddy ditch known in the days of this story as Folly Ditch . . . every repulsive lineament of poverty, every loathsome indication of filth, rot, and garbage; all these ornament the banks of Folly Ditch."

Mr. Micawber is one of the most famous and delightfully amusing characters in Dickens's most famous novel. His characteristics are shown in the selection — an "imposing" appearance, a grandiloquent manner of speaking, frequent and fragmentary literary allusions, and some pet phrases such as "in short," "waiting for something to turn up." 25. *Murdstone*, David's stepfather. 93. This "in short" refers to visits to the pawnbroker. 115. *Take him*, etc. A comic reminiscence of Hamlet's eulogy on his father:

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

127. *nineteen* (pounds) *nineteen* (shillings) *six* (pence); that is, ten or fifteen cents less than twenty pounds. *Twenty pounds ought* (for "naught") *and six* means sixpence more than twenty pounds.

Uriah Heep is the "villain" of David's story, though in our selection he appears to be merely an unattractive character. His peculiarities, like Mr. Micawber's, are on the surface, and the author seldom writes a page about him without mentioning them—his red hair, his long, "clammy" hands, his "umble" disposition, his way of writhing (line 114). 57. *William Tidd's Practice of the Court of King's Bench* was a real authority on common-law practice in Dickens's day. 76. *a numble* is merely, of course, Uriah's way of saying "an umble."

GEORGE ELIOT. — Mrs. Tulliver, with her children, Tom and Maggie, and her niece, Lucy Deane, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Pullet, at Garum Firs. Maggie has been guilty of several accidents before this chapter, being so exceptionally unfortunate as to offend her beloved brother. She feels that she is in everybody's disfavor, and is therefore not inclined to be agreeable to anybody.

18. Medusa's hair was so beautiful that Minerva out of jealousy transformed it into snakes. Her head was then so terrible to look upon that all who did so were turned into stone. All the author

means to say is that Maggie looked very fierce. *with her snakes cropped* refers to Maggie's having cut off her own hair in a fit of anger.

112. Τι μέγεθος, Greek, "something great." 151. *corpus delicti*, body of the chosen (or favored). 231. *spud*, a kind of spade.

THACKERAY. — *Vanity Fair* is a satire on "Society." Rebecca, or "Becky," Sharp, an adventuress, married Captain Rawdon Crawley in expectation that he would inherit largely from a rich old aunt. The aunt disinherited him, but he became Colonel in the Waterloo campaign, after which he left the army. Soon afterwards the two went to London to live "on nothing a year" — that is, by the Colonel's gambling and his wife's cleverness. Her principal victim was Lord Steyne (pronounced like "stain"), a wealthy, unprincipled Marquis.

5. *bonne*, nursemaid. 60. *Magasin des Modes*, a French fashion journal. 79. *holland*, a fabric of cotton or linen; so called because first made in Holland. 124. *maitre d'hotel*, steward.

Washington Irving. — *Nil Nisi Bonum* means "nothing except good." In a sentence elsewhere in the essay Thackeray wrote: "And so with Macaulay's style there may be faults, of course — what critic can't point them out? But for the nonce we are not talking about faults: we want to say *nil nisi bonum*." 1. John Gibson Lockhart was Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, as well as his literary executor. 6. Irving had many characteristics leading to his being called *the Goldsmith* of his day. Macaulay was the greatest historian of the day, as Gibbon was of the preceding century. 15. *pater patriae*, father of his country. 50. The *medal* was that of the Royal Society of Literature. 64. *diplomatized*. Irving received the degree of Doctor of Civil Law from Oxford. Note 1. *Two Kings*, etc. Alluding to an incident in an old farce called *The Rehearsal*. 131. Joseph René Bellot was a young Frenchman who was lost in the Arctic ice while a member of the party searching for Sir John Franklin.

HUXLEY. — This extract is from a lecture to workingmen, to whom Huxley gave much thought and time. "If I am to be remembered at all," he once said, "I would rather it should be as a man who did his best to help the people than by any other title." He labored continually to make science intelligible and useful to unscientific people. 34. *Molière*, greatest French writer of comedy. The play referred to by Huxley is called *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (the "Mid-

dle Class Gentleman"). 181. *these kind* is no longer considered good usage. "kind" is singular. 193. *vera causa*, true cause. 257. Sir Isaac Newton demonstrated the law of gravitation. Pierre Simon, Marquis de Laplace, French astronomer who iramed the "nebular hypothesis." 278. *You may have hypotheses, and hypotheses*; that is, "there is an enormous difference in the value of hypotheses."

RUSKIN's interpretation of Milton is really a lesson in what "is rightly called 'reading'" (see line 208). 11. *pilot*, the Apostle Peter, who was a fisherman on Galilee, and, Milton assumes, pilot of his boat. 14. *mitred*, wearing a miter, or bishop's hat. Peter is said by the Roman Catholic Church to have been the first bishop of Rome. 24. *are sped*, have prospered. 25. *list*, please. 26. *pipes*. See note on *Lycidas*, 33. 47. Ruskin uses *bishop* here in its usual New Testament sense — synonymous with "elder," or priest. 48. *episcopal power*, power of a bishop. 49. *that text*. See *Matthew XVI*, 17-19. 82. *lords over*. 1 *Peter V*, 3.

116. Ruskin may use *Bill and Nancy* in a general sense, as we say "every Tom, Dick, and Harry." Or he may have in mind Dickens's *Oliver Twist* (see *Preface*, page 343 ff., and notes), though it is not recorded that Nancy ever struck Bill Sikes. 121. *Salisbury steeple* is the highest among the English cathedrals — 404 feet. 147 ff. Both quotations are from *John III*, 8. 164. *cretinous*, idiotic. 166. *sectarians*, bigoted adherents of any sect. 179. The interpretation of Dante is in the ninth book of *Purgatory*, lines 68-121 of Cary's translation. 187. *have taken*. *Luke XI*, 52. 190. *He that watereth*. *Proverbs XI*, 25. 197. *rock-apostle*, Peter. The name is from the Greek *petros*, a stone. See reference on line 49. *Take him*. See *Matthew XXII*, 13. — Ruskin's conclusion is expressed too strongly. Every reader has a right to his own thoughts about an author *after* he clearly understands *what that author says*.

ARNOLD. — For the source of the title, *Sweetness and Light*, see Swift's *The Spider and the Bee*, pages 138-143. 23. Arnold was a great admirer of *Sainte-Beuve*, and the most distinguished English representative of the Frenchman's "school" of criticism. 25. *in our English way*. Arnold persistently pointed out the defects of English life, and his words were not without effect. In the words of another great critic, Sir Leslie Stephen, Arnold "applied good whole-

some irritants to our stolid self-satisfaction." 43. *Montesquieu*, famous French philosophical writer of the eighteenth century. His best-known work is *L'Esprit des Lois* ("Spirit of the Laws"); but the quotation in the text is from his *Discourse on the Motives Which Ought to Impel Us to Study*. 70. *Thomas Wilson* was Bishop of the Isle of Man from 1697 to 1755. Arnold considered his work "the very best, perhaps, which our race and nation can do in the way of religious writing."

Estimate of Emerson. — Considerations of space led the editor to omit a number of sentences from the first two paragraphs of the selection. None of those omitted deal with Emerson. 8. *Newman* was not a *Cardinal* when Arnold was at Oxford, but a minister in the Church of England. His "solution" of his doubts, which Arnold calls "impossible," was his entrance into the Church of Rome. 35. Arnold heard two of his "voices" when he read Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* in Carlyle's translation. The aim of that book is expressed by an English critic thus: "That we should give unity to our lives by devoting them with hearty enthusiasm to some pursuit, and that the pursuit is assigned to us by nature through the capacities she has given us."

42. *James Russell Lowell* wrote a most appreciative and entertaining essay on *Emerson the Lecturer*. 54. *Weimar*, Goethe's home. 81. The *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*, emperor from 161 to 180 A.D., show that he preserved "in a time of universal corruption, unreality, and self-indulgence, a nature sweet, pure, self-denying, unaffected."

Shakespeare. — 1. *Others abide our question*, other writers endure (and, in some sense, answer) our questioning (about their lives and experiences). Arnold in this sonnet says that Shakspeare did not reveal himself, but by his understanding of mankind's *pains* (12), *weakness*, and *griefs* (13) was able to speak for the whole race of man. 8. *the foiled searching of mortality*, the search of mortals, which is foiled.

Memorial Verses. — 2. Byron died in Greece in 1824, where he had gone to assist the Greeks in their struggle for independence. 10. *the strife* was in Byron's soul. He was a rebel against society, and set at naught its conventions. 18. *Physician of the iron age*. In classical mythology the iron age, following the golden, the silver, and the bronze, was the age "wherein toil and selfishness are the burden of a degenerate mankind." (*New International Dictionary*.) Arnold

says Goethe's mission was to relieve this. 23 ff. Goethe died in 1832, having seen England lose her American colonies; France set aside her rulers in a bloody "Reign of Terror"; and England, with Prussia's aid, defeat Napoleon's scheme to dominate Europe. 38-39. See note on *L'Allegro*, 145. 72. *Rotha*, usually "Rothay," a stream flowing by Grasmere churchyard, within a few feet of Wordsworth's grave.

Requiescat. — The Latin title of this dirge means, "May she rest." On tombs it is usually followed by *in pace*, "in peace." The poem was written of no individual; but some one has suggested that the second stanza would apply well to some great comic actress. 2. The *yew* is found much in cemeteries. 13. *cabined*, confined in small space, as in a cabin. The poem is an expression of Arnold's "world-weariness," characterized by lines 42-44 of *Memorial Verses*, where he is speaking of Wordsworth.

Fall of Sohrab. — The story of *Sohrab and Rustum* is taken from a Persian epic poem, *Shah Nameh* (the "Book of Kings"), the Iliad and Odyssey of Persian literature. Arnold's "episode" narrates the portion of the story familiar in folk-lore as the "father-and-son combat." Sohrab, champion of the Tartars, has been chosen by his general, Afrasiab, to fight in single combat with a champion of the Persians. The latter choose Rustum, who does not know that Sohrab is his son, but who tries to dissuade him from fighting because of his youth and inexperience. Sohrab asks if his opponent is not Rustum, the latter evades the question, and the combat begins.

13 ff. *like those . . . boughs*. Long, formal comparisons and similes are features of the epic style. Cf. 75-77, 79-81. 15. *Hyphasis*, *Hydaspes*, rivers in northern India. 17. *wrack*, ruin. 119 ff. The effect of the "shouted" name is explained by Sohrab, lines 150-153. 122-123. Rustum's conduct contrasts most unfavorably with Sohrab's (23-29), as do his words (131-142) with Sohrab's (30-50). Sohrab, after his fall, proves by a mark on his arm that he is Rustum's son; whereupon the broken-hearted Rustum admits his identity, and announces that he will burn his tents, quit the Persian host, and take Sohrab's body home for burial.

Dover Beach. — The French coast opposite Dover is nearer England than at any other point. The distance from Dover to Calais is only 21 miles. 15. *Sophocles* was one of the three greatest writers of Greek tragedy. — The poem is thus summarized by Professor Hale

(*Select Poems of Matthew Arnold*, xliii): "We have first a picture of the calm of nature, then the thought of the turbid tides of humanity, then the thought of the sad incomprehensible waning of faith, and then, as with a sudden pang at heart, he turns to the one beside him" [*Ah, love* — line 29] "as a sort of sole refuge in a confused and ignorant world." It is an expression of despair, but also of a stoical resignation characteristic of the author.

Geist's Grave. — 15. the *Virgilian cry* was *Sunt lachrimae rerum!* (*Æneid*, I, 462), freely translated in the next line. 42. After 1867 Arnold wrote very little poetry. *Geist's Grave* was written in 1881. 55. The *absent master* was the poet's son Richard. 70. At this time the family were living at Cobham, a few miles south of London on the Portsmouth road.

TENNYSON. — In *Ulysses*, of which we give the concluding lines, (about a third of the whole), the old hero and wanderer expresses himself as dissatisfied with the peace and quiet of home life, and as determined to set forth in search of new adventures. The story is from Dante's *Inferno*, not Homer. 20. the *Happy Isles*, called also the "Fortunate Islands" and the "Islands of the Blest," were imagined by the ancients to be "somewhere" in the West. Like the "happy hunting-grounds" of the Indians, they were the abode after death of those favored by the gods.

In Memoriam is a poem of a hundred and thirty-three sections — or, perhaps better, a collection of so many poems — called forth by the death of Tennyson's best friend, Arthur Henry Hallam. They were written during a period of seventeen years, on birthdays, Christmases, New Year's Days, and other anniversaries connected with the friendship. CVI. The time of this section is plainly New Year. It strikes a responsive chord in many hearts to-day (1917) more than half a century after its publication.

Home They Brought. — This is one of several "intercalary" songs (that is, inserted between the main divisions) in a poem that has had great popularity. The student is probably familiar with two others of these songs — the "bugle" song, beginning "The splendor falls on castle walls," and the lullaby, "Sweet and low."

Idylls of the King is a series of narrative poems dealing with King Arthur and his knights. Geraint (*g* pronounced hard), one of these knights, "a tributary prince of Devon," had fallen in love with Enid, daughter of Earl Yniol, when Yniol had lost his possessions through

treachery. In the passage immediately preceding that given in our text, the women are preparing a gorgeous gown for Enid's wedding, since her father's lands and fortune have been restored to him.

28. *Caerleon*. See note on *Legions*, Geoffrey of Monmouth, line 2. *Queen, Guinevere*. 66. *gaudy-day*, feast day.

Gareth's Combat. — Lynette came to Arthur and asked a knight to do battle for her sister Lyonors, besieged in her own castle by a knight who aimed to force her to marry him. Gareth, a prince disguised as a kitchen-knave, asked Arthur to give him the quest, and received it. Lynette, incensed, reviled him on the return journey. Before the meeting with Noonday Sun, Gareth had been victorious in three encounters; but Lynette was unable to see the truth, and continued her satiric remarks as in our selection. 1. Three river-loops guarding the approach to the castle of Lyonors were held by three brothers of the besieging knight. Gareth had already defeated the first, who called himself "Morning-Star." 14. *vizoring up*, raising the vizor of his helmet, so as to cover his *cipher* (that is, expressionless) face. 30. During the combat with Morning-Star, said Lynette,

"The savor of thy kitchen came upon me
A little faintlier; but the wind hath changed."

38. *twice my love*, etc. That is, "her dream that she would find a victorious champion that day — a knight who would achieve her quest and become her love — has been twice proved true." 36 ff. The punctuation shows that Lynette sings a song of three stanzas (as she does after the first and third combats), interrupting herself with comments. 50. *rosemaries and bay* were the regular decoration in old times for the boar's head.

The Revenge. — This poem celebrates a battle with the Spanish Armada in 1591. Tennyson examined several contemporary accounts, and made a composite story that is historically accurate. 2. *pinnace*, a small vessel that was doing scout duty. 12. *Inquisition*, a court of the Roman Catholic Church for the apprehension and punishment of heretics. In Spain at the time of this battle it was exceptionally cruel. 17. *Devon*, a county in southwestern England; *Bideford*, the village in which Grenville was born. 21. *thumbscrew*, an instrument of torture much used by the Inquisition to force confessions. 30. *Seville* (accented on the first syllable) was at this time the capital of Spain. 31. *Don*, Spanish title

equivalent to "Mister." It here means simply "Spaniard." 96. *the lion*, Grenville. 101. *Queen and Faith*, Elizabeth and the Church of England. Henry VIII had broken with Rome and had had himself declared head of the Church because the Pope refused to recognize his marriage with Anne Boleyn, mother of Elizabeth. 114. *or*, before.

Charge of the Heavy Brigade. — This poem, like the preceding, deals with a real event — in the Crimean war. The "three hundred" were cut to pieces, but the tide of battle was turned when the rest of the brigade arrived. The more usual spelling of the name is Balaklava. Tennyson follows Kinglake, author of *The Invasion of the Crimea*, the standard work on the subject. The historian gave the poet some notes, of which the following will make clear the situation of the opposing forces: "Scarlett is marching eastward with his '300' in marching order, when, casting his eyes towards the heights on his left, *i.e.*, towards the north, he sees a host of Russians breaking over the sky-line and presently advancing downhill towards the south. Thereupon he instantly gives the order 'Left wheel into line!' The effect of this is to make the '300' no longer show their flank to the enemy, but confront him." 21. The *three* were Scarlett's aide-de-camp, his trumpeter, and an orderly. 33. The "300" were the Scots *Greys* and the second squadron of *Inniskillings*, an Irish regiment of dragoons.

Throstle. — Tennyson, says Van Dyke, "has caught more of the throbbing and passionate and joyous voices of the world [than has Wordsworth]. And so he is at his best with Nature when he comes to the springtime." In *The Throstle*, "Immortal youth throbs and pulses. The simple music of joy. . . ." It "sings itself."

Crossing the Bar is not, as is popularly supposed, Tennyson's last poem. It was written in the poet's eighty-first year; and his son Hallam said on reading it, "That is the crown of your life's work." Tennyson explained the "Pilot" as "that Divine and Unseen who is always guiding us." Hallam Tennyson adds: "A few days before my father's death he said to me, 'Mind you put *Crossing the Bar* at the end of my poems.'"

BROWNING. — *Pippa Passes* is a drama depicting how Pippa, a little silk-mill girl, spends her one holiday in the year — New Year's Day. She "passes" around the town singing, and by her songs, all unknown to herself, influences various people. "The year's at the

spring" is heard by a wicked couple who are by it brought to a realization of their sin, and to repentance. "That little peasant's voice," says the man, "has righted all again."

How They Brought the Good News. — Browning said there was "no sort of historical foundation" for this poem. The distance from Ghent (in Belgium) to Aix-la-Chapelle (in Prussia) is over ninety miles; a horse that could gallop the whole way would indeed be a *horse without peer* (line 52). 10. *pique*, pommel of a saddle. 14. *Lokeren* and the eight other places mentioned are towns on the route. Another "horse" poem of Browning's that would interest most students is *Muléykeh*.

Incident of the French Camp is based on fact, of which, however, the hero was a man, not a boy. 1. *Ratisbon* (German "Regensburg"), in Bavaria, was stormed by Napoleon in 1809. 5-6. Browning describes the emperor in the attitude made familiar by many pictures. 7. *prone*, bending forward. 29. *flag-bird*. Napoleon's flag had an eagle on it. *vans*, wings. 35. *film* is subject of *sheathes* (34), which means "covers."

My Last Duchess. — An excellent example of the "dramatic monologue," a poetic form created by Browning. Although only one person speaks, the presence of another is implied; and the character, thoughts, and actions of both, and frequently of others not on the scene, are clearly revealed. In *My Last Duchess* the Duke has just concluded with a certain count's representative arrangements for his marriage with the count's daughter. As the interview closes, the Duke draws a curtain and reveals a portrait of his first wife, which he admires exceedingly as a work of art. In all he says he shows her a most attractive character, and himself most arrogant, selfish, jealous. Lines 45-46 —

"I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together,"

have been by some explained as meaning that the Duke had her put to death. Browning approved this explanation, and then added, "Or he might have had her shut up in a convent." It really is of no importance how she was got out of the way. 47. *We'll meet*, etc., shows that the Duke and the Count's man have held their interview in an upper apartment while some sort of entertainment was taking place below. 53. *Nay, we'll go*, etc. The visitor stands back to let his superior go first. 54-56. The Duke calls attention

to a fine piece of statuary in the lower hall, or perhaps seen outside through a window. His utter heartlessness is shown by his prompt dismissal of the Duchess from his thoughts. 56. *Claus of Innsbruck* is an imaginary artist, as is *Frà Pandolf* of line 3.

Home-Thoughts. — "The allusion to the English thrush" (lines 14-16), says Professor Phelps, "has given immortality to this poem. Many had observed that the thrush sings a lilt, and immediately repeats it; but Browning was the first to give a pretty reason for it. The thrush seems to say, 'You think that beautiful melody is an accident? Well, I will show you it is no fluke, I will sing it correctly right over again.'" (*Browning: How to Know Him*, page 84.)

Rabbi Ben Ezra contains many sentiments based on the writings of a famous Jewish scholar of the twelfth century; but it embodies much of Browning's own "philosophy of life." The poem is difficult, and even close examination will not reveal all its greatness to the student; but since it has no logical development of thought, much inspiration and other kinds of satisfaction can be got from separate passages. It is one of many poems of Browning which entitle him to the praise Arnold gives Emerson (see page 393) — "he is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." The following summary by Berdoo (*Browning Cyclopædia*) may assist the student to understand the leading thought of the poem:

"According to Rabbi Ben Ezra, man's life is to be viewed as a whole. God's plan in our creation has arranged for youth and age, and no view of life is consistent with it which ignores the work of either. Man is not a bird or a beast, to find joy solely in feasting; care and doubt are the life stimuli of his soul: the Divine spark within us is nearer to God than are the recipients of his inferior gifts. So our rebuffs, our stings to urge us on, our strivings, are the measure of our ultimate success: aspiration, not achievement, divides us from the brute. The body is intended to subserve the highest aims of the soul: it will do so if we live and learn. The flesh is pleasant, and can help soul as that helps the body. Youth must seek its heritage in age; in the repose of age he is to take measures for his last adventure. This he can do with prospect of success proportionate to his use of the past. Wait death without fear, as you awaited age. Sentence will not be passed on mere 'work' done: our purposes, thoughts, fancies, all that the coarse methods of human estimates failed to appreciate, these will be put in the diamond scales of God and credited to us. God is the Potter; we are clay, receiving our shape and form

and ornament by every turn of the wheel and faintest touch of the Master's hand. The uses of a cup are not estimated by its foot or by its stem; but by the bowl which presses the Master's lips to slake the Divine thirst. We cannot see the meaning of the wheel and the touches of the potter's hand and instrument; we know this, and this only, — our times are in his hand who has planned a perfect cup." This summary is intended to help one to understand the poem, not to take the place of it.

24. This line is an instance of the harshness not infrequently found in Browning. He had great musical talent, but his poetry is not always harmonious. 40-42. Cf. Stevenson, page 435, line 17: "An aspiration is a joy forever." 52. *dole*, share. 75. *term*, stopping-place. 84. *indue*, put on. 113. *tempt*, try. 124-125. Supply "whom" after *I* and *they*. 150. The figure of the potter, which is continued to the end of the poem, is from *Isaiah* LXIV, 8, and *Jeremiah* XVIII, 2-6. 168. *impressed*, shaped. 169-174. The first half of this stanza refers to youth, the last half to age.

Epilogue, which appeared first in a volume published the day Browning died, is his confession of faith in a future life of activity and usefulness. Berdoe quotes the following from a London paper a short time after the poet's death: "One evening, just before his death illness, the poet was reading this (the third verse) from a [printer's] proof to his daughter-in-law and sister. He said: 'It almost looks like bragging to say this, and as if I ought to cancel it; but it's the simple truth: and as it's true, it shall stand.' His faith knew no doubting. In all trouble, against all evil, he stood firm."

5. Supply "will you." 17. *unseen*, the poet after death.

STEVENSON. — *El Dorado* is Spanish, meaning "the golden." The name was applied by Spaniards of the sixteenth century to an imaginary city of great wealth in South America, from which it came to mean any place of fabulous wealth. It then came to have the meaning, as in Stevenson, anything valuable, much desired and sought, but unattainable.

15. *term*, termination. 17. *An aspiration is a joy forever*. A recollection of the first line of Keats's *Endymion* — "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." 23. *piece*, play. 34. *amulets*, charms. 53. Edward Gibbon spent more than twenty years writing his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. 79. *Of making*, etc. *Ecclesiastes* XII, 12. 83-85. Cf. *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, 31-42.

KIPLING. — *Fuzzy-Wuzzy* was the nickname given by the British "Tommy," or regular soldier, to the Arab of the Soudan in Africa. These powerful tribes, under a fanatical leader called the Mahdi, invaded Egypt from the south in 1881, overrunning the whole country and destroying the native population. England sent an Expeditionary Force against them and although the British soldiers "eld their bloomin' own" yet the country was not finally pacified until the campaign completed by Kitchener in 1898. This poem, one of the best of the *Barrack-Room Ballads*, reflects the humor and the sense of fair play of the honest fighting-man. Note especially the vigorous swing of the metre.

3. *Pathan*: the soldiers' name for the Afghans, on the northern frontier of India. Fighting took place here in 1878 and 1880. *Zulu*: fierce warrior tribes of South Africa; the "Zulu War" occurred in 1879. *Burmese*: Burma is east of India, across the Bay of Bengal. 5. *a ha'porth's change of 'im*: slang: we couldn't get any advantage over him. 6. *'ocked our 'orses*: i.e., slashed their hind legs so as to lame them. 7. *Suakim*: a town on the Red Sea coast of Egypt; headquarters of the Soudan Expeditionary Force. 13. *Kyber 'ills*: the Khyber Hills, on the northwest frontier of India. 14. *Boers*: a reference to the first Boer war, in 1881. 15. *Irrivaddy*: a river in Burma. The Burmese campaign of 1885 is here referred to; read Kipling's *Mandalay* in this connection. 16. *Zulu impi*: the Zulu regiments were known as "impis." 23. *Martinis*: the service rifle of that time was the "Martini-Henry." 24. Note that the soldier is most strongly impressed by the fact that Fuzzy broke the square. This was a strong defensive formation, and had never before been broken; even at Waterloo the squares, though decimated, stood firm. A vivid description of desert fighting is found in the second chapter of Kipling's novel, *The Light That Failed*.

If —. — This poem is found in *Rewards and Fairies*, where it follows a story ("Brother Squaretoes") in which Washington is one of the characters. Kipling here indicates some of the difficulties and misunderstandings which the great leader had to face.

The Gipsy Trail. — Note how travel and adventure all over the world is suggested by this striking poem. The "Trail" is the road for the wanderer who is weary of cities and men, and longs to be off again to strange lands. The imagery is phrased in gipsy language; the appeal of the poem lies partly in the unusual setting and partly

in the lilting music of the verses. You would find it interesting to compare this love-song with others in the collection. Look up *To Althea* (p. 101), *To Lucasta* (p. 101), *Flow Gently, Sweet Afton* (p. 231).

1. *bine*: woodbine, honeysuckle. 9. *gorgio camp*: the town. In gipsy language "gorgio" meant an outsider, one who wasn't a gipsy. 15. *Romany*: Gipsy. 17. *pied*: spotted. 25. *patteran*: trail, road. 30. *Austral Light*: the "Aurora Australis" — the southern equivalent of the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights. 31. *besom*: broom. 35. *junk-sails*: sails of Chinese junks. *houseless drift*: current off the Chinese coast. 40. *Mahim*: on the coast of India, north of Bombay. 42. *wold*: open country.

Recessional. — Was written on the occasion of the "Diamond Jubilee," or celebration of the sixtieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria, in 1897. It is considered by many the greatest of Kipling's poems.

MASEFIELD. — *Cargoes* affords a good example of the skilful and suggestive use of words to produce certain effects. The poem contrasts the beauty of old romance with the harsh realities of modern industrial life. The unusual metre is worthy of special attention.

NOYES. — Sherwood was the forest near York in the north of England, where dwelt Robin Hood and his men. Many old ballads sang the deeds of this famous outlaw. See page 57.

SASSOON. — *Aftermath*. — This poem and the two which follow relate to the Great War. The first is grimly realistic, while the others depict the beauty of sacrifice and the love of country.

WELLS. — The selection gives an adequate idea of the power of Wells to indicate character vividly. If you read the novel from which the passage is taken, together with *The War of the Worlds* and *Joan and Peter*, you will gain a comprehensive view of this versatile writer.

GALSWORTHY. — We have here an example of the work of a prominent modern novelist, both in character work and in pure description. The selection should be compared with those from Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray (see pages 303-310, 346-356, 363-367).

BELLOC. — The best of the essays of this writer. 22. *Solent*: a famous yachting water between the Isle of Wight and the mainland. 62. *Orford River*: on the east coast of England, about forty miles north of the Thames.

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